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THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.
IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS.
BY MR SAMUEL RICHARDSON,
AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

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M,DCC,LXXVI.

THE HISTORY OF THE

OF

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

IN THE

SEVENTH CENTURY

BY THE REV. J. H. W. L. M. D. C.

AND OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

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HISTORY
OF
Sir Charles Grandison, Bart.

LETTER I.

Miss BYRON, *To* *Miss* SELBY.

Colnebrook, Monday, March 27.

DR BARTLETT, seeing our impatience, asked leave to take the assistance of his nephew in transcribing from Sir Charles's letters the passages that will enable him to perform the task he has so kindly undertaken. By this means he has already presented us with the following transcripts. We have eagerly perused them. When you have done so, be pleased to hasten them up, that my cousins Reeves may have the same opportunity. *They* are so good as to give chearfully the preference to the venerable circle, as my cousin, who dined with us yesterday, bid me tell you. O my Lucy! what a glorious young man is Sir Charles Grandison! but he had the happiness of a

Dr Bartlett, as he is fond of owning, to improve upon a foundation that was so nobly laid by the best and wisest of mothers.

Dr BARTLETT's first Letter.

MY task, my good Miss Byron, will be easy, by the assistance you have allowed me: For what is it, but to transcribe part of Sir Charles's letters, adding a few lines here and there by way of connection? And I am delighted with it, as it will make known the heart of my beloved patron in all the lights which the most interesting circumstances can throw upon it, to so many worthy persons as are permitted a share in this confidence.

The first of your commands runs thus—

I should imagine, say you, that the debate Sir Charles mentions between himself and Signor Jeronymo, and his companions, at their first acquaintance, must be not only curious, but edifying.

They *are*, my good Miss Byron: But as I presume that you ladies are more intent upon being obeyed in the other articles [See, Lucy, I had better not have dissembled!] I will only at present transcribe for you, with some short connexions, two letters; by which you will see how generously Mr Grandison sought to recover his friend to the paths of virtue and honour, when he had formed schemes, in conjunction with, and by the instigation of, other gay young men of rank, to draw him in to be a partaker in their guilt, and an abettor of their enterprizes.

You will judge from these letters, madam (without shocking you by the recital), what were the common-place pleas of those libertines, despisers of marriage, of the laws of society, and of Wo-

MEN,

MEN, but as they were subservient to their pleasures.

To the Barone della Porretta.

WILL my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandison, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendship he professes for him be such a one, as a great mind can, on reflection, glory in, he *will*. And what is this liberty, but such as constitutes the essence of true friendship? Allow me, on this occasion, to say, that your Grandison has seen more of the world than most men who have lived no longer in it have had an opportunity to see. I was sent abroad for improvement, under the care of a man who came out to be the most intriguing and profligate of those to whom a youth was ever entrusted. I saw in *him* the inconvenience, the odiousness of libertinism; and, by the assistance of an excellent monitor, with whom I happily became acquainted, and (would it not be false shame, and cowardice, if I did not say) by the divine assistance, I escaped snares that were laid to corrupt my morals: Hence my dearest friend will the more readily allow me to impart to him some of the lessons that were of so much use to myself.

I am the rather encouraged to take this liberty, as I have often flattered myself, that I have seen my Jeronymo affected by the arguments urged in the course of the conversations that have been held in our select meetings at Padua and at Rome, in which the cause of virtue and true honour has been discussed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your request, I have of late so often met: But of *you* I still have hopes, because you continue to declare, that you prefer my friendship to theirs. You think that I was

disgusted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not answer: But, as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unsuccessfully; but still they renewed the charge, and we had the same arguments one day to refuse that the preceding were given up. They could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit therefore (yet not without regret) the society I cannot meet with pleasure: But let not my *Jeronymo* renounce me. In *his* opinion I had the honour to stand high, before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to *them*; we cultivated, with mutual pleasure, each other's acquaintance, independent of this association. Let us be to each other what we were for the first month of our intimacy. You have noble qualities; but are diffident, and too often suffer yourself to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wished to have a more than temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper of some of *them*, and urge to you others: The end I have in view is your good, in hopes to confirm, by the efficacy they may have on you, my own principles: Nor think me too serious. The occasion, the call that true friendship makes upon you is weighty.

You have shewed me letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and others from your uncle, and still, if possible, more admirable ones from your sister—All filled with concern for your present and future welfare! How dearly is my *Jeronymo* beloved by his whole family! and by *such* a family! And how tenderly does he love them all—What ought to be the result! *Jeronymo* cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the
character

character of a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to enforce *their* arguments upon him.

By the endeavours of my friend to find excuses for some of the liberties in which he allows himself, I infer, that if he thought them criminal, he has too much honour to be guilty of them. He cannot say with the mad Medea,

——*Video meliora, proboque ;
Deteriora sequor.*——

No ! His judgment must be misled before he can *allow* himself in a deviation. But let him beware; for has not every faulty inclination something to plead in its own behalf?—Excuses, my dear friend, are more than tacit confessions : And the health of the mind, as of the body, is impaired by almost imperceptible degrees.

My Jeronymo has pleaded, and justly may he boast of, a disposition to benevolence, charity, generosity—What pity that he cannot be still more perfect!—that he resolves not against meditated injuries to others of his fellow-creatures ! But remember, my lord, that true goodness is an uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man's conduct ; and that true generosity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Besides, who, though in the least guilty instance, and where some false virtue may hold out colours to palliate an excess, can promise himself to stop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of lawless appetite ? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power ? He suffers himself to be a led man !—O that he would chuse his company anew, and be a leader ! Every virtue, then, that warms his heart, would have a sister-virtue to encourage the noble flame, instead of a vice to damp it.

Justly

Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent; of the excellency of every branch of your family: Bear with my question, my lord; are you determined to sit down satisfied with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reason to applaud *their* worthiness: Will you not give them cause to boast of *yours*?

In answer to the earnest entreaties of all your friends, that you will marry, you have said, that, were women angels, you would with joy enter into the state—But what ought the *men* to be who form upon women such expectations?

Can you, my dear lord, despise matrimony, yet hold it to be a sacrament? Can you, defying the maxims of your family, and wishing to have the sister I have heard you mention with such high delight and admiration, strengthen your family interest in the female line, determine against adding to its strength in the male?

You have suffered yourself to speak with contempt of the generality of the Italian women, for their illiterateness: Let not their misfortune be imputed to them, my noble friend, as their fault. They have the same geniuses that used to distinguish the men and women of your happy climate. Let not the want of cultivation induce you, a learned man, to hold them cheap. The cause of virtue, and of the sex, can hardly be separated.

But, O my friend, my Jeronymo, have I not too much reason to fear, that guilty attachments have been the cause of your flighting a legal one?—That you are studying for pretences to justify the way of life into which you have fallen?

Let us consider the objects of your pursuit—Alas! there have been more than one!—Are they women seduced from the path of virtue by yourself?—Who otherwise perhaps would have married,

ried, and made useful members of society?—Consider, my friend, what a capital crime is a seduction of this kind! Can you glory in the virtue of a sister of your own, and allow yourself in attempts upon the daughter, the sister, of another? And, let me ask, how can that crime be thought pardonable in a man, which renders a woman infamous?

A good heart, a delicate mind, cannot associate with a corrupt one. What tie can bind a woman who has parted with her honour? What, in such a guilty attachment, must be a man's alternative, but either to be the tyrant of a wretch who has given him reason to despise her, or the dupe of one who despises him?

It is the important lesson of life (allow me to be serious on a subject *so* serious) in this union of soul and body, to restrain the unruly appetites of the latter, and to improve the faculties of the former—Can this end be attained by licentious indulgences, and profligate associations?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose, that nature has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given of such superiority, is, in the protection afforded by the stronger to the weaker. What can that man say for himself, or for his proud pretension, who employs all his arts to seduce, betray, and ruin, the creature whom he should guide and protect—Sedulous to save her, perhaps from every foe but the devil and himself!

It is unworthy of a man of spirit to be solicitous to keep himself within the boundaries of human laws, on *no other* motive than to avoid the temporal inconveniencies attending the breach of them. The laws were not made so much for the direction of good men as to circumscribe the bad. Would a man of honour wish to be considered as one of the latter, rather than as one of those who
would

would have distinguished the fit from the unfit, had they *not* been discriminated by human fancies? Men are to approve themselves at an higher tribunal than at that of men.

Shall not public spirit, virtue, and a sense of duty, have as much influence on a manly heart, as a new face? How contemptibly low is that commerce in which *mind* has no share?

Virtuous love, my dear Jeronymo, looks beyond this temporary scene; while guilty attachments usually find a much earlier period than that of human life. Inconstancy, on one side or the other, seldom fails to put a disgraceful end to them. But were they to endure for *life*, what can the reflections upon them do towards softening the agonies of the inevitable hour?

Remember, my Jeronymo, that you are a MAN, a rational and immortal agent; and act up to the dignity of your nature. Can sensual pleasure be the great end of an immortal spirit in this life?

That pleasure cannot be lasting, and it must be followed by remorse, which is obtained either by doing injustice to, or degrading, a fellow-creature. And does not a woman, when she forfeits her honour, degrade herself, not only in the sight of the world, but in the secret thoughts of even a profligate lover, destroying her own consequence with him?

Build not, my noble friend, upon penances and absolutions: I enter not into those subjects on which we differ as Catholics and Protestants: But if we would be thought men of true greatness of mind, let us endeavour so to act, as not, in essential articles, and with our eyes open, either to want absolution, or incur penances. Surely, my lord, it is nobler not to offend, than to be obliged to atone.

Are

Are there not, let me ask, innocent delights enow to fill with joy every vacant hour? Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me seek for such, and make them the cement of our friendship.

Religion out of the question, consider what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What, were the examples set by you and your acquaintances to be *generally* followed, would become of public order and decorum? What of national honours? How will a regular succession in families be kept up? You, my lord, boast of your descent, both by father's and mother's side: Why will you deprive *your* children of a distinction in which *you* glory?

Good children, what a blessing to their parents! But what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world heirs of disgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have not family honour to support, no fair example to imitate, but must be warned by their father, when bitter experience has convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which *he* has trode?

How delightful the domestic connexion! To bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a sister, a daughter, that shall be received there with tender love; to strengthen your own interest in the world by alliance with some noble and worthy family, who shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes—This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the source of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy objects of a vagrant affection? Must not my Jeronymo even estrange himself from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out by all the laws of honour from their society? The persons,
fo

so shut out, must hate the family to whose *interests* theirs are so contrary. What sincere union then, what sameness of affection, between Jeronimo and the objects of his passion?

But the present hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, "that the welfare and order of society ought to be maintained by submission to divine and human laws; but *his* single exception for himself can be of no importance." Of what, then, is *general* practice made up?—If every one excepts himself, and offends in the instance that best suits his inclination, what a scene of horror will this world become! affluence and a gay disposition tempt to licentious pleasures; penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge, and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But, even in this universal depravity, would not *his* crime be much worse, who robbed me of my child from *riot* and *licentiousness*, and under the guise of love and trust, than *his* who despoiled me of my substance, and had *necessity* to plead in extenuation of his gift.

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at *least*, kindly, these expostulations, though some of them are upon subjects on which our conversations have been hitherto ineffectual. I submit them to your consideration. I can have no interest in making them, nor motive, but what proceeds from that true friendship with which I desire to be thought

Most affectionately Yours.

YOU have heard, my good Miss Byron, that the friendship between Mr Grandison and Signor Jeronimo was twice broken off: Once it was, by the unkindly taken freedom of the expostulatory letter. Jeronimo, at that time of his life, ill-brooked

brooked opposition in any pursuit his heart was engaged in. When pushed, he was vehement; and Mr Grandison could not be over solicitous to keep up a friendship with a young man who was under the dominion of his dissolute companions; and who would not allow of remonstrances in cases that concerned his morals.

Jeronymo, having afterwards been drawn into great inconveniencies by his libertine friends, broke with them; and Mr Grandison and he meeting by accident at Padua, their friendship, at the pressing instances of Jeronymo, was again renewed.

Jeronymo thought himself reformed; Mr Grandison hoped he was: But, soon after, a temptation fell in his way, which he could not resist. It was from a lady who was more noted for her birth, beauty, and fortune, than for her virtue. She had spread her snares for Mr Grandison before Jeronymo became acquainted with her; and revenge for her slighted advances taking possession of her heart, she hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of wreaking it upon him.

The occasion was given by the following letter, which Mr Grandison thought himself obliged, in honour, to write to his friend, on his attachment; the one being then at Padua, the other at Cremona.

I AM extremely concerned, my dear Jeronymo, at your new engagement with a lady, who, though of family and fortune, has shewn but little regard to her character. How frail are the resolutions of men! How much in the power of women! But I will not reproach—Yet I cannot but regret that I must lose your company in our projected visits to the German courts: This, however, more for your sake than my own; since to the principal of them I am no stranger. You have

excused yourself to me: I wish you had a better motive: But I write rather to warn than to upbraid you. This lady is mistress of all the arts of woman. She may glory in *her* conquest; you ought not to be proud of *yours*. You *will not*, when you know her better. I have had a singular opportunity of being acquainted with her character. I never judged of characters, of women's especially, by *report*. Had the Barone della Porretta been the first for whom this lady spread her blandishments, a man so amiable as he is might the more assuredly have depended on the love she professes for him. She has two admirers, men of violence, who, unknown to each other, have equal reason to look upon her as their own. You propose not to marry her. I am silent on this subject. Would to heaven you *were* married to a woman of virtue! Why will you not oblige all your friends? Thus liable as you are—But neither do I expostulate. Well do I know the vehemency with which you are wont to pursue a new adventure. Yet I *had* hoped—But again I restrain myself. Only let me add, that the man who shall boast of his success with this lady may have more to apprehend from the competition in which he will find himself engaged, than he can be aware of. Be prudent, my Jeronymo, in this pursuit, for your own sake. The heart that dictates this advice is wholly yours: But, alas! it boasts no further interest in that of its Jeronymo. With infinite regret I subscribe to the latter part of the sentence the once better regarded name of

GRANDISON.

AND what was the consequence? The unhappy youth, by the instigation of the revengeful woman, defied his friend, in her behalf. Mr Grandison, with a noble disdain, appealed to Jeronymo's cooler deliberation; and told him, that he never would
meet

meet as a foe the man he had ever been desirous to consider as his friend. You know, my lord, said he, that I am under a disadvantage in having once been obliged to assert myself, in a country where I have no natural connections, and where you, Jeronymo, have many. If we meet again, I do assure you it must be by accident; and if that happens, we shall *then* find it time enough to discuss the occasion of our present misunderstanding.

Their next meeting was indeed by accident. It was in the Cremonese; when Mr Grandison saved his life.

AND now, madam, let me give you, in answer to your second enquiry,

The particulars of the conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with Clementina, in favour of the Count of Belvedere; and which her father and mother, unknown to either of them, overheard.

You must suppose them seated; a Milton's Paradise lost before them: And that, at this time, Mr Grandison did not presume that the young lady had any particular regard for him.

Clementina. You have taught the prelate, and you have taught the soldier, to be in love with your Milton, Sir: But I shall never admire him, I doubt. Don't you reckon the language hard and crabbed.

Grandison. I did not propose him to you, madam: Your brother chose him. We should not have made the proficiency we have, had I not began with you by easier authors. But you have heard me often call him a sublime poet, and your ambition (it is a laudable one) leads you to make him your own too soon. Has not your tutor ta-

ken the liberty to chide you for your impatience, for your desire of being every thing at once?

Clem. You have; and I own my fault—But to have done, for the present, with Milton: What shall I do to acquit myself of the addresses of this Count of Belvedere?

Gr. Why *would* you acquit yourself of the Count's addresses?

Clem. He is not the man I can like: I have told my papa as much, and he is angry with me.

Gr. I think, madam, your papa *may* be a little *displeased* with you; though he loves you too tenderly to be *angry* with you. You reject the Count, without assigning a reason.

Clem. Is it not reason enough, that I don't like him?

Gr. Give me leave to say, that the Count is a handsome man. He is young; gallant; sensible; of a family antient and noble; a grace to it. He is learned, good-natured: He adores you—

Clem. And so let him, if he will: I never can like him.

Gr. Dear lady! You must not be capricious. You will give the most indulgent parents in the world apprehension that you have cast your thoughts on some other object. Young ladies, except in a case of prepossession, do not often reject a person who has so many great and good qualities as shine in this gentleman; and where equality of degree, and a father's and mother's high approbation, add to his merit.

Clem. I suppose you have been spoken to, to talk with me on this subject—It is a subject I don't like.

Gr. You began it, madam.

Clem. I did so; because it is uppermost with me. I am grieved at my heart, that I cannot see the Count with my father's eyes: My father deserves
from

from me every instance of duty, and love, and veneration; but I cannot think of the Count of Belvedere for a husband.

Gr. One reason, madam? One objection?

Clem. He is a man that is not to my mind: A fawning, cringing man, I think—And a spirit that can fawn, and cringe, and kneel, will be a tyrant in power.

Gr. Dear madam, to whom is he this obsequious man, but to you—Is there a man in the world that behaves with a more proper dignity to every one else? Nay, to *you*, the lover shines out in him, but the man is not forgot. Is the tenderness shewn in a well-placed love, the veneration paid to a deservedly loving object, any derogation to the manly character? Far from it; and shall you think the less of your lover for being the most ardent, and I have no knowledge of the man, if he is not the most sincere of men?

Clem. An excellent advocate!—I am sure you have been spoken to—Have you not? Tell me truly? Perhaps by the Count of Belvedere?

Gr. I should not *think*, and of consequence not *speak*, so highly as I do of the Count, if he were capable of asking any man, your father and brothers excepted, to plead his cause with you.

Clem. I can't bear to be chidden, Chevalier. Now *you* are going to be angry with me too. But has not my mamma spoken to you?—Tell me?

Gr. Dear lady, consider, if she *had*, what you owe to a mother, who deserving, for her tenderness to her child, the utmost observances and duty, would condescend to put her authority into mediation. And yet let me declare, that no person breathing should make me say what I do not think, whether in favour or disfavour of any man.

Clem. That is no answer. I owe implicit, yes I will say implicit, duty to my mamma, for her indulgence to me: But what you have said is no direct answer.

Gr. For the *honour* of that indulgence, madam, I own to you, that your mamma and my lord too, have wished that their Clementina could or would give one substantial reason why she cannot like the Count of Belvedere; that they might prepare themselves to acquiesce with it, and the Count be induced to submit to his evil destiny.

Clem. And they have wished this to *you*, Sir? And you have taken upon you to answer their wishes—I protest, you are a man of prodigious consequence with us all; and by your readiness to take up the cause of a man you have so *lately* known, you seem to know it too well.

Gr. I am sorry I have incurred your displeasure, madam.

Clem. You have. I *never* was more angry with you than I now am.

Gr. I hope you never were angry with me *before*. I never gave you reason: And if I have now, I beg your pardon.

I arose to go.

Clem. Very humble, Sir!—And are for going before you have it. Now call me *capricious* again!

Gr. I did not know that you could be so easily displeased, madam.

She wept.

Clem. I am a very weak creature: I believe I am wrong: But I never knew what it was to give offence to any body till within these few months. I love my father, I love my mother, beyond my own life; and to think that now, when I with most for the continuance of their goodness to me, I am in danger of forfeiting it!—I can't bear it!—Do *you* forgive me, however. I believe I have
been

been too petulant to you. Your behaviour is noble, frank, disinterested. It has been a happiness that we have known you. You are every body's friend. But yet I think it is a little officious in you to plead so *very* warmly for a man of whom you know so little; and when I told you, more than once, I could not like him.

Gr. Honoured as I am, by your whole family, with the appellation of a fourth son, a fourth brother, was I, dear madam, to blame to act up to the character? I know my own heart; and if I have consequence given me, I will act so as to deserve it; at least, my own heart shall give it to me.

Clem. Well, Sir, you may be right: I am sure you *mean* to be right: But as it would be a diminution of the *Count's* dignity to apply to you for a supposed interest in you, which *he* cannot have, it would be much *more* so, to have you interfere where a father, mother, and other brothers [You see, Sir, I allow your claim of fourth brotherhood] are supposed to have less weight: So no more of the Count of Belvedere, I beseech you, from your mouth.

Gr. One word more only—Don't let the goodness of your father and mother be construed to the disadvantage of the parental character in them. They have not been positive. They have given their wishes, rather than their commands. Their tenderness for you, in a point so *very* tender, has made them unable to tell their own wishes to you, for fear they should not meet with yours; yet would be, perhaps, glad to hear one solid objection to their proposal—And why? That they might admit of it—Impute, therefore, to my officiousness, what you please; and yet I would not wish to disoblige or offend you; but let *their* indulgence (they never will use their authority) have its full merit with you.

Clem.

Clem. Your servant, Sir. I never yet had a slight notion of their indulgence; and I hope I never shall. If you *will* go, go: But, Sir, next time I am favoured with your lectures, it shall be upon languages, if you please; and not upon lovers.

I withdrew, profoundly bowing. But surely, thought I, the lovely Clementina is capricious.

Thus far my patron.—Let me add, that the Marchioness, having acquainted Mr Grandison that her lord and she had heard every word that had passed, expressed her displeasure at her daughter's petulance; and, thanking him in her lord's name, as well as for herself, for the generous part he had taken, told him, that Clementina should ask his pardon. He begged that, for the sake of their own weight with her on the same subject, she might not know that they had heard what had passed.

I believe that's best, Chevalier, answered the Marchioness; and I am apt to think, that the poor girl will be more ready than perhaps one would wish, to make up with you, were she to find you offended with her in earnest; as you have reason to be, as a *disinterested* man.

You see, Chevalier, I know to whom I am speaking; but both my lord, and self, hope to see her of another mind; and that she will soon be Countess of Belvedere. My lord's heart is in this alliance; so is that of my son Giacomo.

I come now, madam, to your third command; which is, to give you,

The conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with the unhappy Clementina, on her being seized with melancholy [Mr Grandison still not presuming on any particular favour from Clementina.]

The

The young lady was walking in one alley of the garden; Mr Grandison, and the marquis and marchionefs, in another. She was attended by her woman, who walked behind her; and with whom she was displeased for endeavouring to divert her; but who, however, seemed to be talking on, though without being answered.

The dear creature! said the marquis, tears in his eyes—See her there, now walking slow, now with quicker steps, as if she would shake off her Camilla. She hates the poor woman for her love to her: But who *is* it that she sees with pleasure? Did I think that I should ever behold the pride of my heart with the pain that I now feel for her? Yet she is lovely, in my eyes, in all she does, in all she says—But, my dear Grandison, we cannot now make her speak, more than yes, or no. We cannot engage her in a conversation, no, not on the subject of her newly acquired language. See if you can, on *any* subject.

Ay, Chevalier, said the Marchionefs, do you try to engage her. We have told her, that we will not talk of marriage to her at all, till she is herself inclined to receive proposals. Her weeping eyes thank us for our indulgence. She prays for us with lifted up hands. She courtesies her thanks, if she stands before us: She bows, in acknowledging gratitude for our goodness to her, if she sits; but she cares not to speak. She is not easy while we are talking to her. See! she is stepping into the Greek temple; her poor woman, unanswered, talking to her. She has not seen us. By that winding walk we can, unseen, place ourselves in the myrtle-grove, and hear what passes.

The Marchionefs, as we walked, hinted, that in their last visit to the general at Naples, there was a Count Marulli, a young nobleman of merit, but a soldier of fortune, who would have clandestinely obtained

obtained the attention of their Clementina. They knew nothing of it till last night, she said; when herself and Camilla, puzzling to what to attribute the sudden melancholy turn of her daughter, and Camilla mentioning what was *unlikely*, as well as likely, told her, that the Count would have bribed her to deliver a letter to the young lady; but that she repulsed him with indignation: He besought her then to take no notice of his offer to the general, on whom all his fortunes depended. She did not, for that reason, to any body; but, a few days since, she heard her young lady (talking of the gentlemen she had seen at Naples) mention the young Count favourably—Now it is impossible there can be any thing in it, said the Marchioness: But do you, however, Chevalier, lead to the subject of love, but at a distance; nor name Marulli, because she will think you have been talking with Camilla. The dear girl has pride: She would not endure you, if she thought you imagined her to be in love, especially with a man of inferior degree, or dependent fortunes. But on your prudence we wholly rely; mention it, or not, as matters fall in.

There can be no room for this surmise, my dear, said the Marquis; and yet Marulli was lately in Bologna: But Clementina's spirit will not permit her to encourage a clandestine address.

By this time we had got to the myrtle-grove, behind the temple, and overheard them talk as follows:

Camilla. And why, why, must I leave you, madam?—From infancy you know how I have loved you. You used to love to hold converse with your Camilla. How have I offended you? I will not enter this temple till you give me leave; but indeed, indeed, I must not, I cannot, leave you.

Clem.

Clem. Officious love!—Can there be a greater torment than an officious prating love!—If you loved me, you would wish to oblige me.

Cam. I *will* oblige you, my dear young lady, in every thing I can—

Clem. Then *leave* me, Camilla. I am *best* when I am alone: I am *chearfullest* when I am alone. You haunt me, Camilla; like a ghost, you haunt me, Camilla. Indeed you are but the ghost of my once obliging Camilla.

Cam. My dearest young lady, let me beseech you—

Clem. Ay, now you come with your *beseeches* again: But if you love me, Camilla, leave me. Am I not to be trusted with myself? Were I a vile young creature, suspected to be running away with some base-born man, you could not be more watchful of my steps.

Camilla would have entered into farther talk with her; but she absolutely forbade her.

Talk till doomsday, I will not say one word more to you, Camilla. I will be silent. I will stop my ears.

They were both silent. Camilla seemed to weep.

Now, my dear Chevalier, whispered the Marquis, put yourself in her sight; engage her into talk about England, or any thing: You will have an hour good before dinner. I hope she will be chearful at table: She *must* be present; our guests will enquire after her. Reports have gone out as if her head were hurt.

I am afraid, my lord, that this is an unseasonable moment. She seems to be out of humour; and pardon me if I say, that Camilla, good woman as she is, and well meaning, had better give way to her young lady's humour at such times.

Then,

Then, said the Marchioness, will her malady get head; then will it become habit. But my lord and I will remain where we are for a few minutes, and do you try to engage her in conversation. I would have her be chearful before the patriarch, however; he will expect to see her. She is as much his delight as she is ours.

I took a little turn; and, entering the walk which led to the temple, appeared in her sight; and bowed, on seeing her sitting in it. Her woman stood silent, with her handkerchief at her eyes, at the entrance. I quickened my steps, as if I would not break into her retirement, and passed by; but, by means of the winding walk, could hear what she said.

She arose; and, stepping forward, looking after me, He is gone, said she. Learn, Camilla, of the Chevalier Grandison—

Shall I call him back, madam?

No. Yes. No. Let him go. I will walk. You may now leave me, Camilla: There is somebody in the garden who will watch me: Or you may stay, Camilla; I don't care which: Only don't talk to me when I wish to be silent.

She went into an alley which crossed that in which I was, but took the walk that led from me. When we came to the center of both, and were very near each other, I bowed: She courtesied; but not seeming to encourage my nearer approach, I made a motion, as if I would take another walk. She stopt. Learn of the Chevalier Grandison, Camilla—repeated she.

May I presume, madam? Do I not invade—

Camilla is a little officious to-day: Camilla has teased me. Are the poets of your country as severe upon women's tongues as the poets of ours?

Poets,

Poets, madam, of all countries, boast the same inspiration: Poets write, as other men speak, to their *feeling*.

So, Sir!—you make a pretty compliment to us poor women.

Poets have finer imaginations, madam, than other men; they therefore feel quicker: But as they are not often intitled to boast of judgment (for imagination and judgment seldom go together), they may, perhaps, *give* the cause, and then break out into satire upon the effects.

Don't I see before me, in the orange-grove, my father and mother?—I do. I have not kneeled to them to-day. Don't go, Chevalier.

She hastened towards them. They stopt. She bent her knee to each, and received their tender blessings. They led her towards me. You seemed engaged in talk with the chevalier, my dear, said the marquis. Your mamma and I were walking in; we leave you.—They did.

The best of parents! said she. O that I were a more worthy child!—Have not you seen them, Sir, *before* to-day?

I have, madam. They think you the worthiest of daughters; but they lament your thoughtful turn.

They are very good. I am grieved to give them trouble. Have they expressed their concern to you, Sir?—I will not be so petulant as I was once before, provided you keep clear of the same subject. You are the confidant of us all; and your noble and disinterested behaviour deservedly endears you to every-body.

They have been, this very morning, lamenting the melancholy turn you seem to have taken. With *tears*, madam, they have been lamenting it. Camilla, you may draw near; you will hear your own cause supported: The rather draw near, and hear all the chevalier seems to be going to say, be-

cause it may save you and me too a great deal of trouble.

Madam, I have done, said I.

But you must *not* have done. If you are commissioned, Sir, by my father and mother, I am, I *ought* to be prepared to hear all you have to say.

Camilla came up.

My dearest young lady, said I, what can I say? My wishes for your happiness may make me appear importunate: But what hope have I of obtaining your confidence when your mother fails.

What, Sir, is aimed at? What is sought to be obtained? I am not very well: I used to be a very sprightly creature: I used to talk, to sing, to dance, to play, to visit, to receive visits: And I don't like to do any of these things now. I love to be alone: I am contented with my own company. Other company is, at times, irksome to me; and I can't help it.

But whence this sudden turn, madam, in a lady so young, so blooming? Your father, mother, brothers, cannot account for it; and this disturbs them.

I see it does, and am sorry for it.

No other favourite diversion takes place in your mind. You are a young lady of exemplary piety. You cannot pay a greater observance than you always paid to the duties of religion.

You, Sir, an Englishman, an heretic, give me leave to call you; for are you *not* so?—Do you talk of piety, of religion?

We will not enter into this subject, madam: What I meant—

Yes, Sir, I know what you meant—And I will own, that I am, at times, a very melancholy strange creature. I know not whence the alteration; but so it is; and I am a greater trouble to myself than I can be to any body else.

But,

But, madam, there must be some cause—And for you to answer the best and most indulgent of mothers with sighs and tears only; yet no obstinacy, no fullness, no petulance appearing: All the same sweetness, gentleness, observance, that she ever rejoiced to find in her Clementina, still shining out in her mind. She cannot urge her *silent* daughter; her tenderness will not permit her to urge her: And how can you, my sister, allow of my claim, madam? How can you still silently withdraw from such a mother? How can you, at other times, suffer *her* to withdraw, her heart full, her eyes running over, unable to stay, yet hardly knowing how to go, because of the *ineffectual* report she must make to your sorrowing father; yet the cause of this very great alteration (which they dread is growing into habit, at a time of life when you were to crown all their hopes) a secret fast locked up in your own heart?

She wept, and turned from me, and leaned upon the arm of her Camilla; and then quitting her arm, and joining me, how you paint my obstinacy, and my mamma's goodness? I only wish—With all my soul I wish—that I was added to the dust of my ancestors. I who was their comfort, I see now must be their torment.

Fie, fie, my sister!

Blame me not: I am by no means satisfied with *myself*. What a miserable being must she be who is at variance with herself!

I do not hope, madam, that you should place so much confidence in your fourth brother as to open your mind to him: All I beg is, that you will relieve the anxious, the apprehensive heart of the best of mothers; and, by so doing, enable her to relieve the equally anxious heart of the best of fathers.

She paused, stood still, turned away her face, and wept; as if half overcome.

Let your faithful Camilla, madam, be commissioned to acquaint your mamma—

But hold, Sir! (seeming to recollect herself) not so fast—*Open my mind*—What! whether I have any thing to reveal or not?—Insinuating man! You had almost persuaded me to think I had a secret that lay heavy at my heart: And when I began to look for it, to oblige you, I could not find it. Pray, Sir—She stopt.

And pray, *madam* (taking her hand), do not think of receding thus—

You are too free, Sir. Yet she withdrew not her hand.

For a brother, madam? Too free for a brother! And I quitted it.

Well, and what further would my *brother*?

Only to implore, to beseech you, to reveal to your mamma, to your excellent, your indulgent—

Stop, Sir, I beseech you—What! whether I have any thing to reveal, or not?—Pray, Sir, *tell me, invent* for me, a secret that is fit for me to own; and then, perhaps, if it will save the trouble of enquiries, I may make, at least, my *four* brothers easy.

I am pleased, however, madam, with your agreeable railery. Continue but in this temper, and the secret *is* revealed: Enquiry will be at an end.

Camilla here is continually teasing me with her *persuasions* to be *in love*, as she calls it: That is the silly thing, in our sex, which gives importance to yours: A young creature cannot be grave, cannot indulge a contemplative humour, but she must be in love. I should hate myself, were I to put it in the power of any man breathing to give me uneasiness. I hope, Sir, I hope, that you, my brother, have not so poor, so low, so mean a thought of me.

It

It is neither *poor*, nor *low*; it is not *mean*, to be in love, madam.

What! not with an improper object?

Madam!

What have I said? You want to—But what I have now said was to introduce what I am going to tell you; that I saw your insinuation, and what it tended to, when you read to me those lines of your Shakespeare, which, in your heart, I suppose, you had the goodness, or what shall I call it? to apply to me. Let me see if I can repeat them to you in their original English.

With the accent of her country, she very prettily repeated those lines:

—*She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.—*

Now, Chevalier, if you had any design in your pointing to these very pretty lines, I will only say, you are mistaken; and so are all those who affront and afflict me, with attributing my malady to so great a weakness.

I meant not at the *time*, madam—

Nor *now*, I hope, Sir—

Any such application of the lines. How could I?

Your refusal of many lovers; your declining the proposals of a man of the Count of Belvedere's consequence and merit, though approved of by every one of your friends, are convictions—

See, Camilla! interrupting me with quickness, the Chevalier is convinced!—Pray let me have no more of your affronting questions and conjectures.

on this subject. I tell you, Camilla, I would not be in love for the world and all its glory.

But, madam, if you will be pleased to assign one cause to your mamma for the melancholy turn your lively temper has taken, you will free yourself from a suspicion that gives you pain, as well as displeasure. Perhaps you are grieved that you cannot comply with your father's views—Perhaps—

Assign one cause, again interrupted she—*Assign one cause!*—Why, Sir—I am not well—I am not pleased with myself—as I told you.

If it were any thing that lay upon your mind, your conscience, madam; your confessor—

Would not make me easy. He is a good, but (*turning aside, and speaking low*) a severe man. Camilla hears not what I say [*She had dropt behind.*] He is more afraid of me, in some cases, than he need to be. And why? Because you have almost persuaded me to think charitably of people of different persuasions, by your noble charity for all mankind: Which I think, heretic as you are, (forgive me, Sir,) carries an appearance of true Christian goodness in it: Though Protestants, it seems, will persecute one another; but you would not be one of those, except you are one man in Italy, another in England.

Your mother, madam, will ask, if you have honoured me with any part of your confidence? Her communicative goodness makes her think everybody should be as unreserved as herself. Your father is so good as to *allow* you to explain yourself to me, when he wishes that I could prevail upon you to open your mind to me in the character of a fourth brother. My lord the bishop—

Yes, yes, Sir, interrupted she, all our family worships you almost. I have myself a very great regard for you, as the fourth brother who has been the deliverer and preserver of my third. But, Sir,
who

who can prevail upon you, in any thing you are determined upon?—Had I any thing upon my heart, I would not tell it to one, who, brought up in error, shuts his eyes against conviction, in an article in which his everlasting good is concerned. Let me call you a Catholic, Sir, and I will not keep a thought of my heart from you. You shall *indeed* be my brother; and I shall free one of the holiest of men from his apprehensions on my conversing with so determined a heretic as he thinks you. Then shall you, *as my brother*, command those secrets, if any I have, from that heart in which you think them locked up.

Why then, madam, will you not declare them to your mamma, to your confessor, to my lord bishop?

Did I not say, *if any I have*?

And is your reverend confessor uneasy at the favour of the family to me?—How causeless!—Have I ever, madam, talked with you on the subject of religion?

Well but, Sir, are you so obstinately determined in your errors, that there is no hope of convincing you? I really look upon you, as my papa and mamma first bid me do, as my *fourth* brother: I should be glad that *all* my brothers were of one religion. Will you allow father Marescotti and father Geraldino to enter into a conference with you on this subject? And if they answer all your objections, will you act according to your convictions?

I will not, by any means, madam, enter upon this subject.

I have long intended, Sir, to propose this matter to you.

You have often intimated as much, madam, tho' not so directly as now; but the religion of my country is the religion of my choice. I have a great deal to say for it. It will not be heard with patience by such strict professors as either of those you have named. Were I to be
questioned

questioned on this subject before the Pope, and the whole sacred college, I would not prevaricate: But good manners will make me shew respect to the religion of the country I happen to be in, were it the Mahometan, or even the Pagan, and to venerate the good men of it: But I never will enter into debate upon the subject as a traveller, a sojourner; that is a rule with me.

Well, Sir, you are an obstinate man, that's all I will say. I pity you; with all my soul I pity you: You have great and good qualities. As I have sat at table with you, and heard you converse on subjects that every one has in silence admired you for, I have often thought to myself, surely this man was not designed for perdition!—But begone, Chevalier; leave me. You are an obstinate man. Yours is the *worst* of obstinacy; for you will not give yourself a *chance* for conviction.

We have so far departed from the subject we began upon, that it is proper to obey you, madam; I only beg that my sister—

Not so far departed from it, perhaps, as you imagine, interrupted she; and turned a blushing cheek from me—But *what* do you beg of your sister?

That she will rejoice the most indulgent of parents and the most affectionate of brothers, with a chearful aspect at table, especially before the Patriarch. Do not, madam, in silence—

You find, Sir, I have been talkative enough with *you*.——Shall we go through your Shakespeare's Hamlet to-night?—Farewel, Chevalier. I will try to be chearful at table. But, if I am *not*, let not your eye reproach me.——She took another walk.

I was loth, my dear Dr Bartlett, to impute to myself the consequence with this amiable lady, which might but naturally be inferred from the turn
which

which the conversation took ; but I thought it no more than justice to the whole family to hasten my departure : And when I hinted to Clementina, that I should soon take leave of them, I was rejoiced to find her unconcerned.

This, my good Miss Byron, is what I find in my patron's letters relating to this conference. He takes notice, that the young lady behaved herself at table as she was wished to do.

Mr Grandison was prevailed upon, by the entreaties of the whole family, to suspend his departure for a few days.

The young lady's melancholy, to the inexpressible affliction of her friends, increased ; yet she behaved with so much greatness of mind, that neither her mother nor her Camilla could persuade themselves that love was the cause. They sometimes imagined, that the earnestness with which they solicited the interest of the Count of Belvedere with her, had hurried and affected her delicate spirits ; and therefore they were resolved to say little more on that subject till they should see her disposed to lend a more favourable ear to it ; And the Count retired to his own palace at Parma, expecting and hoping for such a turn in his favour : For he declared, that it was impossible for him to think of any other woman for a wife.

But Signor Jeronymo doubted not, all this time, of the cause ; and, without letting any-body into his opinion, not even Mr Grandison, for fear a disappointment should affect him, resolved to make use of every opportunity that should offer in favour of the man he loved, from a principle of gratitude that reigned with exemplary force in the breast of every one of this noble family ; a principle which took the firmer root in their hearts, as the prudence, generosity, magnanimity, and other great and equally-amiable qualities of Mr Grandison, appeared

appeared every day more and more conspicuous to them all.

I will soon, madam, present you with further extracts from the letters in my possession, in pursuance of the articles you have given me in writing. I am not a little proud of my task.

Continuation of Miss BYRON'S Letter.

Begun P. 1.

CAN you not, Lucy, gather from the setting-out of this story, and the short account of it given by Sir Charles in the library-conference, that I shall soon pay my duty to all in Northamptonshire? I shall, indeed.

Is it not strange, my dear, that a father and mother, and brothers, so jealous as Italians in general are said to be of their women, and so proud as this Bologna family is represented to be of their rank, should all agree to give so fine a man as this is, in mind, person, and address, such free access to their daughter, a young lady of eighteen?

Teach her English!—Very discreet in the father and mother, surely! And to commission him to talk with the poor girl in favour of a man whom they wished her to marry!—Indeed you will say, perhaps, that by the *honourable* expedient they fell upon, unknown to either tutor or pupil, of listening to all that was to pass in the conference, they found a method to prove his integrity; and that, finding it proof, they were justified to prudence in their future confidence.

With all my heart, Lucy: If you will excuse these parents, you may. But I say, that *any-body*, though *not* of Italy, might have thought such a tutor as this was dangerous to a young lady; and the more for being a man of honour and family. In every case the teacher is the obliger. He is called

called *master*, you know: And where there is a *master*, a *servant* is implied. Who is it that seeks not out for a married man among the common tribe of tutors, whether professing music, dancing, languages, science of any kind? But a tutor such a one as *this*—

Well, but I will leave them to pay the price of their discretion.

I AM this moment come from the Doctor. I insinuated to him, as artfully as I could, some of the above observations. He reminded me, that the Marchioness herself had her education at Paris; and says, that the manners of the Italians are very much altered of late years; and that the French freedom begins to take place among the people of condition, in a very visible manner, of the Italian reserve. The women of the family of Porretta particularly, he says, because of their learning, freedom, and conversableness, have been called by their enemies French-women.

But you will see, that honour, and the laws of hospitality, were Mr Grandison's guard: And I believe a young flame may be easily kept under. Sir Charles Grandison, Lucy, is used to do only what he *ought*. Dr Bartlett once said, that the life of a good man was a continual warfare with his passions.

You will see, in the second conference between Mr Grandison and the lady, upon the melancholy way she was in, how artfully, yet I must own honourably, he reminds her of the *brotherly* character which he passes under to her! How officiously he *sisters* her!

Ah, Lucy! your Harriet is his *sister* too, you know! He has been *used* to this dialect, and to check the passions of us forward girls; and yet I have gone on confessing mine to the whole venerable circle, and have almost gloried in it to them.

Have

Have not also his sisters detected me? While the noble Clementina, as in that admirable passage cited by her,

———*Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.*———

How do I admire her for her silence? But yet, had she been circumstanced as your Harriet was, would Clementina have been so *very* reserved?

Shall I run a parallel between our two cases?

Clementina's relations were all solicitous for her marrying the Count of Belvedere, a man of unexceptionable character of family, of fortune; and who is said to be a gallant and a handsome man, and who adores her, and is of her own faith and country.

What difficulties had Clementina to contend with! It was *great* in her to endeavour to conquer a love, which she could not, either in duty, or with her judgment and conscience, acknowledge.

Harriet's relations were all solicitous, from the first, for an alliance with their child's deliverer. They never had encouraged any man's address; nor had *she*: And all his nearest and dearest friends were partial to her, and soon grew ardent in her favour.

Harriet, not knowing of any engagement he had, could have no difficulties to contend with; except inferiority of fortune were one. She had therefore no reason to *endeavour* to conquer a passion not ignobly founded; and of which duty, judgment, and conscience, approved.

No

Suspense,

No wonder, then, that so excellent a young lady suffered *concealment, like a worm in the bud, to feed on her damask cheek.*

Suspense, therefore, only, and not *concealment*, (since every one called upon Harriet to acknowledge her love) could feed on *her* cheek.

And is it not *suspense* enough to make it pale, though it has not yet given it a *green and yellow* cast? O what tortures has *suspense* given me! But certainty is now taking place.

What a right method, Lucy, did Clementina, so much in earnest in her own persuasion, take, in this second conference, could she have succeeded, in her solicitude for his change of religion!— Could that have been effected, I dare say she would have been less reserved, as to the *cause* of her melancholy; especially as her friends were all as indulgent to her as mine are to me.

But my pity for the noble Clementina begins to take great hold of my heart. I long to have the whole before me.

Adieu, Lucy: If I write *more*, it will be all a recapitulation of the doctor's letter. I can think of nothing else.

LETTER II.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tuesday, March 28.

LET me now give you a brief account of what we are doing here. Sir Charles so much rejoiced the heart of Lord G. who waited on him the moment he knew he was in town, that he could not defer his attendance on Miss Grandison, till

the left Colnebrook ; and got hither by our breakfast-time this morning.

He met with a very kind reception from Lord and Lady L. and a civil one from Miss Grandison ; but she is already beginning to play her tricks with him.

O Lucy, where is the sense of parading it with a worthy man, of whose affection we have no reason to doubt, and whose visits we allow ?

Silly men in love, or pretending to be in love, generally say hyperbolical things, all, in short, that could be said to a creature of superior order (to an angel) ; because they know not how to say polite, proper, or sensible things. In like manner, from the same defects in understanding, some of us women act as if we thought coyness and modesty the same thing ; and others, as if they were sensible, that if they were not insolent, they must drop into the arms of a lover upon his first question.

But Miss Grandison, in her behaviour to Lord G. is governed by motives of archness, and, I may say, downright roguery of temper. Courtship is play to her. She has a talent for railery, and in no instance is so successful, yet so improper, as on that subject. She could not spare her brother upon it, though she suffered by it.

Yet had she a respect for Lord G. she could not treat him ludicrously. Cannot a witty woman find her own consequence, but by putting a fool's coat on the back of a friend ?—Sterling wit, I imagine, requires not a foil to set it off.

She is indeed good-natured, and this is all Lord G. has to depend upon—Saving a little reliance that he may make upon the influence her brother has over her. I told her, just now, that were I Lord G. I would not wish to have her mine, on any consideration. She called me silly creature, and asked me, if it were not one of the truest signs of

of love, when men were most fond of the women who were least fit for them, and used them worst? These men, my dear, said she, are very sorry creatures, and know no medium. They will either, spaniel-like, fawn at your feet, or be ready to leap into your lap.

She has charming spirits: I wish I could borrow some of them. But I tell her, that I would not have a single drachm of those over lively ones which I see she will *play off* upon Lord G. Yet he will be pleased, at present, with any treatment from her; though he wants not feeling, as I can see already—Don't, Charlotte, said I to her, within this half-hour, let him find his own weight in your levity. He admires your wit; but don't let it wound him.

But perhaps she is the sprightlier, in order to give me and Lord and Lady L. spirits. They are very good to me, and greatly apprehensive of the story, which takes up, in a manner, my whole attention: So is Miss Grandison: And my sweet Emily, as often as she may, comes up to me when I am alone, and hangs upon my arm, my shoulder; and watches, with looks of love, every turn of my eyes.

I have opened my whole heart to her, for the better guarding of hers; and this history of Clementina affords an excellent lesson for the good girl. She blesses me for the lectures I read her on this subject, and says that she sees love is a very subtle thing; and, like water, will work its way through the banks that are set up to confine it, if it be not watched, and dammed out in time.

She pities Clementina; and prettily asked my leave to do so. I think, said she, my *heart* loves her; but not so well as it does you. I long to know what my guardian will do about her. How good is it in her father and mother to love her so dearly! Her two elder brothers one cannot dis-

like ; but Jeronymo is my favourite. He is a man worth saving ; i'n't he, madam ? But I pity her father and mother, as well as Clementina.

Charming young creature ! What an excellent heart she has !

Sir Charles is to dine with Sir Hargrave and his friends to-morrow, on the forest, in his way to Grandison-hall. The doctor says, he expects to hear from him, when there. What ! will he go by this house, and not call in ?—With all my heart—We are *only* sisters ! Miss Grandison says, she'll be *hang'd* (that is her word) if he is not *afraid of me*. Afraid of me ! A sign, if he is, he knows not what a poor froward creature I am. But as he seems to be pre-engaged—Well, but I shall soon know every thing as to that. But sure he might call in as he went by.

The doctor says, he longs to know how he approves of the decorations of his church, and of the alterations that are made and making, by his direction, at the hall. It is a wonder, methinks, that he takes not Dr Bartlett with him : Upon my word, I think he is a little unaccountable, such sisters as he has. Should *you* like it, Lucy, were he *your* brother ? I really think his sisters are too acquiescent.

He has a great taste, the doctor tells us, yet not an expensive one ; for he studies situation and convenience, and pretends not to level hills, or to force and distort nature ; but to help it, as he finds it, without letting art be seen in his works, where he can possibly avoid it. For he says, he would rather let a stranger be pleased with what he sees, as if it were always so, than to obtain comparative praise by informing him what it was in its former situation.

As he is to be a suitor for Lord W. before he returns, he will not, perhaps, be with us, while I
am

am here. He *may* court for others: He has had very little trouble of that sort for himself, I find.

A very disturbing thought is just come into my head: Sir Charles, being himself in suspense, as to the catastrophe of this knotty affair, did not intend to let us know it till all was over—As sure as you are alive, Lucy, he had seen my regard for him through the thin veil that covered it; and began to be apprehensive (*generously* apprehensive) for the heart of the poor fool; and so has suffered Dr Bartlett to transcribe the particulars of the story, that they may serve for a check to the over-forward passion of your Harriet.

This thought excites my pride; and *that* my contempt of myself: Near borderers, Lucy!—What a little creature does it make me, in my own eyes!—O Dr Bartlett, your kindly intended transcripts shall cure me: Indeed they shall.

But now this subject is got uppermost again. What, Lucy, can I do with it?

Miss Grandison says, that I shall be with her every day when I go to town: I can have no exception, she says, when her brother is *absent*—Nor when he is *present*, I begin now to think.

Lord help me, my dear! I must be so very careful of my punctilio!—No, thought I, in the true spirit of prudery, I will not go to Sir Charles's house for the world: And why? Because he is a single man; and because I think of something—that he perhaps has no notion of. But now I may go and visit his sister without scruple, may I not? For he perhaps thinks only of his Clementina—And is not this charming difficulty got over, Lucy?—But, as I said, I will *soon* be with you.

I told Miss Grandison that I *would*, just now—Lovers, said she, are the weakest people in the world;

world; and people of punctilio the most *un-punctilious*—You have not talked till *now* of going in such a hurry. Would you have it thought that you staid in town for a *particular* reason? and, when that ceased, valued nobody else?—She held up her finger—Consider! said she.

There is something in this, Lucy. Yet what *can* I do?

But Dr Bartlett says, he shall soon give me another letter.

Farewel, my Dear.

LETTER III.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Wednesday, March 29.

SIR Charles came hither this morning time enough to breakfast with us.

Lady L. is not an early riser. I am sure this brother of hers is: So is Miss Grandison. If I say *I* am, my Lucy, I will not allow you to call it boasting, because you will, by so calling it, acknowledge early rising to be a virtue; and if you thought it such, I am sure you would distinguish it by your practice. Forgive me, my dear: This is the only point in which you and I have differed—And why have I in the main so patiently suffered this difference, and not tried to tease you out of it? Because my Lucy always *so well* employs her time when she is *alive*. But would not one the *more* wish that well-employed life to be made as long as possible?

I endeavoured to be very chearful at breakfast; but I believe my behaviour was awkward and affected. After Sir Charles was gone, on my putting the question to the two sisters, whether it
was

was not so? they acquitted me—Yet my heart, when in his company, laboured with a sense of constraint.

My pride made me want to find out pity for me in his looks and behaviour, on purpose to quarrel with him in my mind; for I could not get out of my head that degrading surmise, that he had permitted Dr Bartlett to hasten to me the history of Clementina, in order *generously* to check any hopes that I might entertain, before they had too strongly taken hold of my foolish heart.

But nothing of this was discoverable. Respect, tender respect, appeared, as the ladies afterwards took notice, in every word, when he addressed himself to me; in every look that he cast upon me.

He studiously avoided speaking of the Bologna family. We were not indeed any of us fond of leading to the subject.

I am sure I pitied *him*.

Pity, my dear, is a softer passion, I dare say, in the bosom of a woman, than in that of a man. There *is*, there *must be*, I should fancy, more generosity, more tenderness, in the pity of the one, than in that of the other. In a man's pity [I write in the first case from my own sensibilities, in the other from my apprehensions] there is, too probably, a mixture of insult or contempt. Unhappy, indeed, must the woman be, who has drawn upon her the *helpless* pity of the man she loves!

The ladies and Lord L. will have it, that Sir Charles's *love*, however, is not so much engaged for Clementina as his *compassion*. They are my sincere friends: They see that I am pretty delicate in my notions of a first love; and they generously endeavour to inculcate this distinction upon me: But to what purpose, when we evidently see, from what we already know of this story, that his engagements,

gagements, be the motive what it will, are of such a nature, that they cannot be dispensed with while this lady's destiny is undetermined?

Poor Lady Clementina! From my heart I pity her: And tendernefs, I am fure, is the fole motive of my compaffion for this fair unfortunate.

Sir Charles fet out, immediately after breakfast, for Sir Hargrave's. He will dine with him, and intends to pafs the evening with Lord W. We fhall all go to town to-morrow.

WITH this I fend the doctor's fecond packet. O my dear! What a noble young lady is Clementina? What a purity is there in her paffion! A letter of Mrs Beaumont (Mrs Beaumont herfelf an excellent woman) will fhew you that Clementina deferves every good wifh. Such a noble ftruggle did I never hear of, between religion and love. O Lucy! you will be delighted with Clementina! You will even, for a while, forget your Harriet; or, if you are juft, will think of her but next after Clementina! Never did a young lady do more honour to her fex than is done it by Clementina! A flame, the moft vehement, fuppreffed from motives of piety, till, poor lady! it has devoured her intellects!

Read the letter, and be loft, as I was, for half an hour after I had read it, in filent admiration of her fortitude! O my dear! fhe *muft* be rewarded with a Sir Charles Grandifon! My reason, my juftice, compels from me my vote in her favour.

My Lord L. and the two ladies admire her as much as I do. They look at me with eyes of tender concern. They fay little. What *can* they fay?—But they kindly applaud me for my unfeigned admiration of this extraordinary young lady.

lady. But where is *my* merit? Who can forbear admiring her?

Dr BARTLETT'S second Letter.

YOUR fourth enquiry, madam, is,

Whether the particularly chearful behaviour of the young lady, on the departure of Mr Grandison from Bologna, after a course of melancholy, is any where accounted for?

And your fifth is, *What were the particulars of Mrs Beaumont's management of the lady at Florence, by which she brought her to own her love, after she had so long kept it a secret from her mother, and all her family?*

What I shall transcribe, in order to satisfy you, madam, with regard to the fifth article, will include all that you can wish to be informed of respecting the fourth.

But let me premise, that Mrs Beaumont, at the request of the marchioness, undertook to give an account of the health of the young lady, and what effect the change of air, of place, and her advice, had upon her mind, after she had been at Florence for two or three days. She, on the fourth day of their being together, wrote to that lady the desired particulars. The following is a translation of her letter:

YOUR ladyship will excuse me for not writing till now, when you are acquainted, that it was not before last night that I could give you any tolerable satisfaction on the subject upon which I had engaged to do myself that honour.

I have

I have made myself mistress of the dear young lady's secret. Your ladyship guessed it, perhaps, too well. Love, but a pure and laudable love, is the malady that has robbed her of her tranquillity for so long a space, and your splendid family of all comfort: But such a magnanimity shewn, or endeavoured at, that she deserved to be equally pitied and admired. What is it that the dear young lady has not suffered in a conflict between her duty, her religion, and her love!

The discovery, I am afraid, will not give pleasure to your family; yet certainty, in what must be, is better than suspense. You will think me a managing person, perhaps, from the relation I have to give you: But it was the task prescribed me; and you commanded me to be very minute in the account of all my dealings with her, that you might know how to conduct yourselves to her for the cure of the unhappy malady. I obey.

The first and second days, after our return to Florence, were passed in endeavouring to divert her, as our guest, in all the ways we could think of: But finding, that company was irksome to her, and that she only bore with it for politeness sake, I told the ladies, that I would take her entirely into my own care, and devote my whole time to her service. They acquiesced: And when I told Lady Clementina of my intention, she rejoiced at it, and did me the honour to assure me, that my conversation would be balm to her heart, if she could enjoy it without mixt company.

Your ladyship will see, however, from what I have mentioned of her regard for me, that I had made use of my time in the two past days to ingratiate myself into the favour of your Clementina. She will have me call her nothing but Clementina: Excuse, therefore, madam, the freedom of my stile.

She

She engaged me last night to give her a lesson, as she called it, in an English author. I was surprised at her proficiency in my native tongue. Ah, my dear, said I, what an admirable manner of teaching must your tutor have had, if I am to judge by the great progress you have made in so short a time, in the acquiring a tongue that has not the sweetness of your own, though it has a force and expressiveness, that is more than equal, I think, to any of the modern languages?

She blushed—Do you think so? said she—And I saw, by the turn of her eye, and her consciousness, that I had no need to hint to her Count Marulli, nor any other man.

I took upon me, without pushing her, just then, upon the supposed light dropt in from this little incident, to mention the Count of Belvedere with distinction, as the marquis had desired I would.

She said, she could not by any means think of him.

I told her, that as all her family approved highly of the count, I thought they were intitled to know her objections; and to judge of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of them. Indeed, my dear, said I, you do not, in this point, treat your father and mother with the dutifulness that their indulgence deserves.

She started. That is severely said; is it not, madam?

Consider of it, my dear, and if you pronounce it so, after an hour's reflection, I will call it so, and ask your pardon.

I am afraid, said she, I am in fault. I have the best and most indulgent of parents. There are some things, some secrets, that one cannot be forward to divulge. One should perhaps be commanded out of them with a high hand.

Your

Your acknowledgment, my dear, said I, is more generous than the occasion given for it: But if you will not think me impertinent—

Don't, don't ask me too close questions, madam, interrupted she; I am afraid I can deny you nothing.

I am persuaded, my dear Clementina, that the mutual unbosoming of secrets is the cement of faithful friendship and true love. Whenever any new turn in one's affairs happens, whenever any new lights open, the friendly heart rests not, till it has communicated to its fellow-heart the new lights, the interesting events; and this communicativeness knits the true lover's knot still closer. But what a solitariness, what a gloom, what a darkness, must possess that mind which can trust no friend with its inmost thoughts! The big secret, when it is of an interesting nature, will swell the heart till it is ready to burst. Deep melancholy must follow—I would not for the world have it so much as thought, that I had not a soul large enough for friendship. And is not the essence of friendship communication, mingling of hearts, and emptying our very soul into that of a true friend?

Why, that's true. But, madam, a young creature may be so circumstanced as not to have a true friend; or, if she has near her a person to whom she *might* communicate her whole mind without doubt of her *fidelity*, yet there may be a forbiddingness in the person; a difference in years; in degree; as in my Camilla, who is, however, a very good woman—We people of condition, madam, have more courtiers about us than friends: But Camilla's fault is teasing, and always harping upon one string, and that by my friends' commands: It would be therefore more laudable to open my mind to my mother than to her; as it would be the same thing.

Very

Very true, my dear: And as you have a mother, who is less of the mother than she would be of the sister, the friend; it is amazing to me that you have kept such a mother in the dark so long.

What can I say?—Ah, madam!—There she stopt. At last said, but my mother is in the interest of a man I cannot love.

The question recurs—Are not your parents intitled to know your objections to the man whose interest they so warmly espouse!

I have no particular objections. The Count of Belvedere deserves a better wife than I can make him. I should respect him very much, had I a sister, and he made his addresses to her.

Well then, my dear Clementina, if I *guess* the reason why you cannot approve of the Count of Belvedere, will you tell me, with that candour, with that friendship, of the requisites of which we have been speaking, whether I am right or not?

She hesitated. I was silent in expectation.

She then spoke, I am *afraid* of you, madam.

You have reason to be so, if you think me unworthy of your friendship.

What is your guess, Mrs Beaumont?

That you are prejudiced in favour of some other man: or you could not, if you had a sister, wish her a husband that you thought unworthy of yourself.

I don't think the Count of Belvedere unworthy neither, madam.

Then my conjecture has received additional strength.

O Mrs Beaumont! How you press upon me.

If impertinently, say so; and I have done.

No, no, not impertinently neither; yet you distress me.

That could not be, if I were not right; and if the person were not too unworthy of you to be acknowledged.

O Mrs Beaumont! How closely you urge me! What can I say?

If you have any confidence in me—If you think me capable of advising you—

I *have* confidence: Your known prudence—And then she made me compliments that I could not deserve.

Come, my dear Clementina, I will *guess* again—Shall I?

What would you guess?

That there is a man of low degree—Of low fortunes—Of inferior sense—

Hold, hold, hold!—And do you think that the Clementina before you is sunk *so* low? If you do, why don't you cast the abject creature from you?

Well, then, I will *guess* again—That there is a man of royal house; of superior understanding; of whom you can have no hope.

O Mrs Beaumont! And cannot you guess that this prince is a Mahometan, when your hand is in?

Then, madam, and from the hints your ladyship had given, I had little doubt that Clementina was in love; and that religion was the apprehended difficulty. Zealous Catholics think not better of Protestants than of Mahometans: Nor, indeed, are zealous Protestants without their prejudices. Zeal will be zeal, in persons of whatever denomination.

I would not, however, madam, like a sudden frost, nip the opening bud.

There is, said I, a young foldier of fortune, who has breathed forth passionate wishes for Clementina.

A foldier

A foldier of fortune, madam! with an air of disdain. There cannot be fuch a man living that can have his wifhes answered.

Well, then, to fay nothing of *him*, there is a Roman nobleman—a younger brother—of the Borghefe houfe—Permit me to fuppofe *him* the man.

With all my heart, madam.

She was eafy, while I was at a diftance.

But if the Chevalier Grandifon [She coloured at his name]—has done him ill offices—

The Chevalier Grandifon, madam, is incapable of doing *any* man ill offices.

Are you fure, madam, that the Chevalier has not art?—He has great abilities. Men of great abilities are not always to be trusted. They don't ftrike till they are fure.

He has *no* art, madam. He is *above* art. He *wants* it not. He is beloved where-ever he goes. He is equally noted for his prudence and freedom of heart. He is *above* art, repeated fhe, with warmth.

I own that he deferves every thing from your family. I don't wonder that he is careffed by you all: But it is amazing to me, that, in contradic-tion to all the prudent maxims and cautions of your country, fuch a young gentleman fhould have been admitted—I ftopt.

Why, now, you don't imagine that I—that I—She ftopt, and hesitated.

A prudent woman would not put it in any man's power to give her a prejudice to per-fons of unexceptionable honour; and to ma-nage—

Nay, madam, now has fomebody prejudiced you againft your countryman—He is the moft dif-interested of men.

I have heard young ladies, when he was here, fpeak of him as a handsome man.

A handsome man! And is not Mr Grandison an handsome man? Where will you see a man so handsome?

And do you think he is so very extraordinary a man, as to *sense*, as I have heard him reported to be? I was twice in his company—I thought, indeed, he looked upon *himself* as a man of consequence.

Nay, madam, don't say he is not a *modest* man. It is true, he knows when to speak, and when to be silent: But he is not a confident man; nor is he, in the least, conceited.

Was there so much bravery in his relieving your brother, as some people attribute to him in that happy event? Two servants and himself well armed; the chance of passengers on the same road; the assassins that appeared but two; their own guilt to encounter with—

Dear, dear Mrs Beaumont, with what prejudiced people have you conversed! The scripture says, *A prophet has no honour in his own country*; but Mr Grandison has not much from his own countrywoman.

Well, but did Mr Grandison ever speak to you of any one man, as a man worthy of your favour?

Did he!—Yes, of the Count of Belvedere. He was *more* earnest in *his* favour than—

Really?

Yes, really—than I thought he ought to be.

Why so?

Why so!—Why because—because—Why what was it to him—you know?

I suppose he was put upon it—

I believe so.

Or he would not—

I believe, if the truth were known, you, Mrs Beaumont, hate Mr Grandison. You are the only person

person that I ever in my life heard speak of him, even with indifference.

Tell me, my dear Clementina, what are your sincere thoughts of Mr Grandison, person and mind?

You may gather them from what I have said.

That he is a handsome man; a generous, a prudent, a brave, a polite man.

Indeed I think him to be all you have said: And I am not singular.

But he is a *Mahometan*—

A *Mahometan*! madam—Ah, Mrs Beaumont!

And ah, my dear Clementina!—And do you think I have not found you out?—Had you never known Mr Grandison, you would not have scrupled to have been Countess of Belvedere.

And can you *think*, madam—

Yes, yes, my dear young lady, I can.

My good Mrs Beaumont, you don't know what I was going to say.

Be sincere, my dear young lady. Cannot a lover, talking to a second person, be sincere?

What, madam, a man of another religion! A man obstinate in his errors! A man who has never professed love to me! A man of inferior degree! A man who owns himself absolutely dependent upon his father's bounty!—His father living to the height of his estate!—Forbid it pride, dignity of birth, duty, religion—

Well then, I may safely take up the praises of Mr Grandison: You have imputed to me, flight, injustice, prejudice against him: Let me now shew you, that the *prophet* HAS *honour with his country-woman*. Let me collect his character from the mouth of every man who has spoken of him in my hearing or knowledge—His country has not in this age sent abroad a private man who has done it more credit. He is a man of honour in every sense of the word. If moral rectitude, if

practical religion (your brother the Barone testifies this on his own experience) were lost in the rest of the world, it would, without glare or ostentation, be found in him. He is courted by the best, the wisest, the most eminent men, wherever he goes; and he does good without distinction of religion, sects, or nation: His own countrymen boast of him, and apply to him for credentials to the best and most considerable men, in their travels through more countries than one: In France, particularly, he is as much respected as in Italy. He is descended from the best families in England, both by father and mother; and can be a senator of it, whenever he pleases. He is heir to a very considerable estate; and is, as I am informed, courted to ally with some of the greatest families in it. Were he not born to a fortune, he would make one. You own him to be generous, brave, handsome.

O my dear, dear Mrs Beaumont! All this is too, too much!—Yet all this I think him to be!—I can no longer resist you. I own, I own, that I have no heart but for Mr Grandison. And now, as I don't doubt but my friends set you to find out the love-sick girl, how shall I, who cannot disown a secret you have so fairly, and without condition, come at, ever look them in the face! Yet let them know (I will enable you to tell them) how all this came about, and how much I have struggled against a passion so evidently improper to be encouraged by a daughter of their house.

He was, in the first place, as well you know, the preserver of a beloved brother's life; and that brother afterwards owned, that had he followed his friendly advice, he never would have fallen into the danger from which he rescued him.

My father and mother presented him to me, and bid me regard him as a fourth brother; and

it was not immediately that I found out that I *could* have but three brothers.

My brother's deliverer proved to be the most amiable and humane, and yet bravest of men.

All my friends cared for him. Neither family forms nor national forms were stood upon. He had free access to us all as one of us.

My younger brother was continually hinting to me his wishes that I were his. Mr Grandison was above all other reward; and my brother considered me in a kind light, as *able* to reward him.

My confessor, by his fears and invectives, rather confirmed than lessened my esteem for a man whom I thought injured by them.

His own respectful and disinterested behaviour to me contributed to my attachment. He always addressed me as his *sister*, when he put on the familiar friend, in the guise of a tutor; I could not therefore arm against a man I had no reason to suspect.

But still I knew not the strength of my passion for him, till the Count of Belvedere was proposed to me with an earnestness that alarmed me: Then I considered the Count as the interrupter of my hopes; and yet I could not give my friends the reason *why* I rejected him. How *could* I, when I had none to give but my prepossession in favour of another man? A prepossession entirely hidden in my own heart.

But still I thought I would sooner die than be the wife of a man of a religion contrary to my own. I am a zealous Catholic myself; all my relations are zealous Catholics. How angry have I been at this obstinate heretic, as I have often called him; the first heretic, my dear Mrs Beaumont (for once I did not love *you*), that my soul detested not! For he is as tenacious a Protestant as ever came out of England. What had he to do in Italy? Why did he not stay at home? Or why, if he must come abroad,

abroad, did he stay so long among us; yet hold his obstinacy, as if in defiance of the people by whom he was so well received?

These were the reproaches that my heart in silence often cast upon him.

I was at first concerned only for his *soul's* sake: But afterwards, finding him essential to my earthly happiness, and yet resolving never to think of him if he became not a Catholic, I was earnest for his conversion for my *own* sake, hoping that my friends' indulgence to me would make my wishes practicable; for on his part, I doubted not, if that point were got over, he would think an alliance with our family an honour to him.

But when I found him invincible on this article, I was resolved either to conquer my passion, or die. What did I not undergo in my endeavours to gain this victory over myself! My confessor hurt me by terrors, my woman teased me, my parents and two elder brothers, and all my more distant relations, urged me to determine in favour of the Count of Belvedere. The Count was importunate: The Chevalier was importunate in the Count's behalf—Good heaven! What could I do?—I was hurried, as I may say: I had not time given me to weigh, ponder, recollect. How could I make my mother, how could I make *any-body* my confidante? My judgment was at war with my passion; and I hoped it would overcome. I struggled, yet every day the object appearing more worthy, the struggle was too hard for me. O that I had had a Mrs Beaumont to consult—Well might melancholy seize me—Silent melancholy!

At last the Chevalier was resolved to leave us. What pain, yet what pleasure did this his resolution give me! Most sincerely I hoped that his absence would restore my tranquillity.

What a secret triumph did I give myself, on my behaviour to him before all my friends, on the part-
ing

ing evenings! My whole deportment was uniform. I was chearful, serene, happy in myself, and I made all my friends so. I wished him happy where-ever he set his foot, and whatsoever he engaged in. I thanked him, with the rest of my friends, for the benefits we had received from him, and the pleasure he had given us, in the time he had bestowed upon us: and I wished that he might never want a friend so agreeable and entertaining as he had been to us all.

I was the more pleased with myself, as I was not under a necessity of putting on stiffness or reserve to hide a heart too much affected. I thought myself secure, and stood out forwarder than he seemed to hope for, and with *more* than my offered hand, at the moment of his departure. I thought I read in his eyes a concern, for the first time, that called for a pity which I imagined I myself wanted not. Yet I had a pang at parting—When the door shut out the agreeable man, never again, thought I, to be opened to give him entrance! I sighed at the reflection: But who perceived it!—I never could be insensible in a parting scene, with *less* agreeable friends: It was the easier for me to attribute to the gentleness of my heart the instant sensibility. My father clasped me to his bosom: My mother embraced me, without mortifying me by saying for what; My brother the bishop called me twenty fine names: All my friends complimented me, but only on my chearfulness, and said, I was once more their own Clementina. I went to rest, pleased that I had so happily acquitted myself, and that possibly I contributed to the repose of dear friends, whose repose I had been the cause of disturbing.

But alas! this conduct was too great for the poor Clementina to maintain: My soul was too high set.—You know the rest; and I am lost to the joys of this life: For I never, never, will be
the

the wife of a man, if I *might*, who by his religion is an enemy to the faith I never wavered in ; nor would ever change, were an earthly crown on the head of the man I love to be the reward, and a painful death, in the prime of my life, the contrary.

A flood of tears prevented farther speech. She hid her face in my bosom. She sighed—Dear lady ! How she sighed !

This, madam, is the account I have to give of what has passed between your beloved Clementina and me. Never was there a more noble struggle between duty and affection, though her heart was too tender, and, in short, the man's merits too dazzling to allow it to be effectual. She is unwilling that I should send you the particulars: She shall be ashamed, she says, to look her father, her mother, in the face ; and she dreads still more, if possible, her confessor's being made acquainted with the state of her heart, and the cause of her disorder. But I tell her, it is absolutely necessary for her mother to know every thing that I know, in order to attempt a cure.

This cure, madam, I am afraid, will never be effected, but by giving her in marriage to the happy man. I must think him so, who will be intitled, by general consent, to so great a blessing.

You, madam, will act in this affair as you judge proper: But if you can at Bologna, at Urbino, and Naples, get over your family objections, you will perhaps find yourself obliged, such are the young lady's *own* scruples, on the score of religion, to take *pains* to persuade her to pursue her inclination, and accept Mr Grandison for a husband.

Be this as it may, I would humbly recommend a gentle and soothing treatment of her. She never knew yet what the contrary was ; and were she to experience *that* contrary now, upon an occasion so very delicate, and in which her judgment and her
love

love are, as she hints, at variance, I verily think she would not be able to bear it.—*That* God direct you for the best, whom you and yours have always served with signal devotion!

I will only add, that since the secret which had so long preyed upon her fine spirits is revealed, she appears to be much more easy than before; but yet she dreads the reception she shall meet with on her return to Bologna. She begs of me, when that return shall be ordered, to accompany her, in order to enable her, as she says, to support her spirits. She is very desirous to enter into a nunnery. She says, she never can be the wife of any other man; and she thinks she ought not to be his on whom her heart is fixed.

A word of comfort on paper, from your honoured hand, I know, madam, would do a great deal towards healing her wounded heart.

I am, madam, with the greatest veneration and respect,

Your Ladyship's

Most faithful humble servant,

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Let me add, my good Miss Byron, that the Marchioness sent an answer to this letter, expressing the highest obligation and gratitude to Mrs Beaumont, and inclosed a letter to her daughter, filled with tender and truly motherly consolation, inviting her back to Bologna out of hand, and her amiable friend with her; promising, in the name of her father and brothers, a most indulgent welcome, and assuring her, that every thing should be done that *could* be done, to make her happy in her own way.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

Wed. Night, March 29.

I INCLOSE, my Lucy, the Doctor's *third* packet. From its contents you will pity Sir Charles as well as Clementina; and if you enter impartially into the situation of the family, and allow as much to their zeal for a religion they are satisfied with, as you will do for Sir Charles's steadiness in his, you will also pity them. They are all good, all considerate. A great deal is to be said for them, tho' much more for Sir Charles, who insisted not upon that change of religion in the lady which they demanded from him.

How great does he appear in my eyes! A confessor, though not a martyr, one may call him, for his religion and country.—How deep was his distress! A mind so delicate as his, and wishing, for the sake of the sex, and the lady and family, as he did, rather to be repulsed by them, than to be obliged himself to decline their intended favour.

You will admire the lady in her sweetly modest behaviour, on his first visit before her mother; but more, for the noble spirit she endeavoured to resume in her conversation with him in the garden.

But how great will he appear in your eyes, in the eyes of my grandmother, and aunt Selby, for that noble apostrophe!—"But, O my religion and my country! I cannot, cannot renounce you! What can this short life give, what can it promise to warrant such a sacrifice!"

Yet *her* conduct, you will find, is not inferior to *his*; firmly persuaded, as she is, of the truth of her religion; and loving him with an ardor that he had from the first restrained in himself from hopelessness.

But

But to admire her as she deserves, I should transcribe all she says, and his account of her whole behaviour.

O my dear ! Who could have acted as Clementina acted !—Not, I fear,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

Dr BARTLETT's third Letter.

THE next thing you injoin me in, madam, is, to give you

The particulars of Mr Grandison's reception from the Marchioness and her Clementina, on his return to Bologna from Vienna, at the invitation of Signor Jeronymo.

Mr Grandison was received at his arrival with great tokens of esteem and friendship, by the marchioness himself, and by the bishop.

Signor Jeronymo, who still kept his chamber, the introducer being withdrawn, embraced him : And now, said he, is the affair, that I have had so long in view, determined upon. O Chevalier ! you will be a happy man. Clementina will be yours : You will be Clementina's : And now indeed do I embrace my brother—But I detain you not : Go to the happy girl : She is with her mother, and both are ready to receive and welcome you. Allow for the gentle spirit : She will not be able to say half she thinks.

Camilla then appeared to conduct me, says Mr Grandison, to her ladies in the marchioness's drawing-room. She whispered me in the passage, Welcome, thrice welcome, best of men ! Now will you be rewarded for all your goodness !

I found the marchioness sitting at her toilette, richly dressed as in ceremony ; but without attendants ; even Camilla retired, as soon as she had opened the door for me.

The lovely Clementina stood at the back of her mother's chair. She was elegantly dressed: But her natural modesty, heightened by a glowing consciousness that seemed to arise from the occasion, gave her advantages that her richest jewels could not have given her.

The marchioness stood up. I kissed her hand—You are welcome, Chevalier, said she. The only man on earth that I could *thus* welcome, or is fit to be *so* welcomed!—Clementina, my dear!—turning round, and taking her hand.

The young lady had shrunk back, her complexion varying, now glowing, now pale—Excuse her *voice*, said the condescending mother; her *heart* bids you welcome.

Judge for me, my dear Dr Bartlett, how I must be affected at this gracious reception: I, who knew not the terms that were to be prescribed to me. “Spare me, dear lady, thought I, spare me my conscience, and take all the world's wealth and glory to yourself: I shall be rich enough with Clementina.”

The marchioness seated her in her own chair. I approached her: But how *could* I with that grateful ardour that, but for my doubts, would have sprung to my lips? Modest love, however, was attributed to me; and I had the praise *wholly* for that which was but partly due to it.

I drew a chair for the marchioness, and, at her command, another for myself: The mother took one hand of her bashful daughter: I presumed to take the other: The amiable lady held down her blushing face, and reproved me not, as she did once before, on the like freedom, for being *too* free. Her mother asked me questions of an indifferent nature, as of my journey, of the courts I had visited since I left them; when I heard from England; after my father; my sisters: The latter
questions

questions in a kind way, as if she were asking after relations that were to be her own.

What a mixture of pain had I with the favour shewn me, and *for* the favour shewn me! For I questioned not but a change of religion would be proposed and insisted on; and I had no doubt in my mind about my own.

After a short conversation the amiable daughter arose, courtesied low to her mother, with dignity to me, and withdrew.

Ah, Chevalier! said the Marchioness, as soon as she was gone, little did I think, when you left us, that we should so soon see you again, and on the account we see you: But you know how to receive your good fortune with gratitude. Your modesty keeps in countenance our forwardness.

I bowed—What could I say?

I shall leave, so will my lord, particular objects to be talked of between the bishop and you. You will, if it be not your own fault, have a treasure in Clementina, and a treasure with her. We shall do the same things for her as if she had married the man we wished her to have when we thought her affections disengaged. You may believe we love our daughter—Else—

I applauded their indulgent goodness.

I can have no doubt, Mr Grandison, that you love Clementina above all women.

[I had never seen the woman, Dr Bartlett, that I *could* have loved so well, had I not restrained myself at first from the high notion I knew they had of their quality and rank, from considerations of the difference in religion, of the trust and confidence the family placed in me, and by the resolution I had made, as a guard to myself from the time of my entering upon my travels, of never aiming to marry a foreigner.]

I assured the marchioness, that I was absolutely disengaged in my affections: That, not having

presumed to encourage hopes of the good fortune that seemed to await me, I could hardly *yet* flatter myself that so great a happiness was reserved for me.

She answered, that I deserved it all: That I knew the value they had for me: That Clementina's regard was founded in virtue: That my character was my happiness: That, however, what the *world* would say had been no small point with them; but that was as good as got over; and she doubted not but all that depended upon me, would, as well from generosity as gratitude, be complied with.

[Here, thought I, is couched the expectation: And if so, would to heaven I had never seen Italy!]

The marquis joined his lady and me soon after. His features had a melancholy cast. This dear girl, said he, has fastened upon me part of her malady. Parents, Chevalier, who are blessed with even *hopeful* children are not always happy. This girl—But no more: She is a good child. In the general oeconomy of Providence, none of the sons of men are unhappy, but some others are the happier for it. Our son the bishop will talk to you upon terms.

I have hinted to the Chevalier, my lord, said the marchioness, the happiness that awaits him.

How *does* the poor girl?—Bashful enough, I suppose!

Indeed, my lord, she cannot look up, answered the lady.

Poor thing! I supposed it would be so.

Why, why, thought I, was I suffered to see this mother, this daughter, before their conditions were proposed to me!

But what indulgent parents are these, Dr Bartlett! What an excellent daughter! Yet not to be happy!—But how much more unhappily circum-
stanced

stanced did I think myself!—I, who had rather have been rejected with disdain by twenty women in turn, than to be obliged to decline the honour intended me by a family I revered!

Thus far Mr Grandison. This, madam, will answer your question, as to the sixth article; but I believe a few more particulars will be acceptable.

The marquis led me, proceeds Mr Grandison, into the chamber of signor Jeronymo. Your good fortune, Chevalier, said he, as we entered it, is owing to Jeronymo, who owes his life to you. I bless God, we are a family that know not what ingratitude means!

I made my acknowledgments both to father and son.

The marquis then went into public affairs; and soon after left us together.

I was considering, whether I had best tell that sincere friend my apprehensions in relation to the articles of religion and residence; for he had with an air of humour congratulated me on the philosophical manner in which I bore my good fortune; when Camilla entered, and whispered me, of her own head, as she said, that her young lady was just gone into the garden.

I dare say, it *was* of her own head: For Camilla has a great deal of good-nature, and is constantly desirous of obliging, where she thinks she shall not offend any body.

Follow her then, said Jeronymo, who heard what Camilla said: Clementina perhaps expects you.

Camilla waited for me at the entrance into the garden. One word, Sir, if you please. I am afraid of the return of my young lady's thoughtfulness. She says, she is ashamed of the poor figure she made before her mother: She is sure she

must look mean in your eyes. A man to be sent for, Camilla, said she, in compliment to my weakness! Why did not my too indulgent father bid me conquer my folly, or die! O that I had not owned my attachment! “Naughty Mrs Beaumont! said she, had it not been for you, my own bosom had contained the secret; till shame, and indignation against myself, had burst my heart.” She is resolved, she says, to resume a spirit becoming her birth and quality; and I am afraid of her elevations. Her great apprehensions are, that, with all this condescension of her parents, obstacles will arise on *your* part. If so, she says, she shall not be able to bear her own reflections, nor look her friends in the face.

My dear Dr Bartlett, how have I, who have hitherto so happily escaped the snares by which the feet of unreflecting youth are often entangled by women of light fame, been embarrassed by perverse accidents that have arisen from my friendships with the *worthy* of the sex! Was there ever a more excellent family than this?—Every individual of it is excellent. And is not their worthiness, and even their piety, the cause to which our mutual difficulties are owing?

But, O my religion and my country! I cannot, cannot renounce you! What can this short life give, what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice!

I said nothing to Camilla, you may believe, of what I *could* or *could not* do; yet she saw my distress: She took notice of it. Being firmly persuaded of the excellency of her own religion, she wondered that a man of reflection and reading could be of a contrary one. Her heart, she said, as well as the heart of her young lady, boded an unhappy issue to our loves: Heaven avert it! said the honest woman: But what may we not fear by way of judgment, where a young lady—(Forgive me,

me, Sir)—prefers a man she thinks she ought *not* to prefer ; and where a gentleman will not be convinced of errors which the church condemns ?

She again begged I would forgive her. I praised her good intention, and sincere dealing ; and leaving her, went into the garden.

I found the young lady in the orange-grove. You have been in that garden, Dr Bartlett.

She turned her face towards me, as I drew near her ; and, seeing who it was, stopt.

Clementina, armed with conscious worthiness, as if she had resumed the same spirit which had animated her on the eve of my departure from Bologna, condescended to advance two or three paces towards me.

Lovely woman, thought I, encourage the true dignity that shines in that noble aspect !—Who knows what may be our destiny ?

I bowed. Veneration, esteem, and concern from the thought of what *that* might be, all joined to make my obeisance profound.

I was going to speak. She prevented me. Her air and manner were great.

You are welcome, Sir, said she. My mamma bid me say welcome. I could not *then* speak : And she was so good to *you* as to answer for my heart. My *voice* is now found : But tell me—Do I see the same generous, the same noble Grandison, that I have heretofore seen ?—Or, do I see a man inclined to flight the creature whom her indulgent parents are determined to oblige, even to the sacrifice of all their views ?

You see, madam, the same Grandison, his heart only oppressed with the honour done him ; and with the fear that the happiness designed for him may yet be frustrated. If it should, how shall I be able to support myself ?

[What a difficult situation, my dear Dr Bartlett, was mine !—Equally afraid to urge my suit with
ardour,

ardour, or to be imagined capable of being indifferent to her favour.]

What do you fear, Sir?—You have grounds in your own heart, perhaps, for your fear. If you *have*, let me know them. I am not *afraid* to know them. Let me tell you, that I opposed the step taken. I declared that I would sooner die than it *should* be taken. It was to you, they said; and you would know how to receive as you ought the distinction paid you. I have a soul, Sir, not unworthy of the spirit of my ancestors: Tell me what you fear?—I only fear one thing; and that is, that I should be thought to be more in your power than in my own.

Noble lady! And think you, that while my happiness is not yet absolutely resolved upon, I have not *reason* to fear?—You will always, madam, be in your own power: You will be most so when in mine. My gratitude will ever prompt me to acknowledge your goodness to me as a condescension.

But say; tell me, Sir; did you not, at first receiving the invitation, despise, in absence, the Clementina, that now perhaps, in presence, you have the *goodness* to *pity*?

O that the high-soul'd Clementina would not think so contemptibly of the man before her, as she *must* think, when she puts a question that would intitle him to infamy, could he presume to imagine an *answer* to it necessary!

Well, Sir: I shall see how far the advances made on the *wrong* side will be justified, or rather countenanced, by the advances, or, shall I say (I will if you please) *condescensions* to be made on *yours*.

[What a petulance, thought I!—But can the generous, the noble Clementina, *knowing* that terms will be proposed, with which in honour and conscience I cannot comply, put my regard for her

on such a test as this!—I will not suppose that she is capable of mingling art with her magnanimity.]

Is this, madam, said I, a generous anticipation? Forgive me: But when your friends are so good as to think me incapable of returning ingratitude for obligation, I hope I shall not be classed, by their beloved daughter, among the lowest of mankind.

Excuse me, Sir; the woman who has been once wrong, has reason to be always afraid of herself. If *you* do not think meanly of me, I will endeavour to think well of *myself*; and then, Sir, I shall think better of *you*, if better I *can* think: For, after all, did I not more mistrust *myself* than I do *you*, I should not perhaps be so capricious as, I am afraid, I sometimes am.

The marquis has hinted to me, madam, that your brother the bishop is to discourse with me on the subject now the nearest to my heart of all others: May I presume to address myself to their beloved daughter upon it, without being thought capable of endeavouring to prepossess her in my favour before my lord and I meet?

I will answer you frankly, Sir: There are preliminaries to be settled; and, till they are, I that *know* there are do not think myself at liberty to hear you upon *any* subject that may tend to prepossession.

I acquiesce, madam: I would not for the world be thought to wish for the honour of your attention, while it is improper for you to favour me with it.

[I did not know, Dr Bartlett, but upon a supposition of a mutual interest between us, as I had hoped she would allow, Clementina might *wish* that I would lead to some particular discourse. Tho' modesty becomes ours as well as the other sex, yet it would be an indelicacy not to prevent a lady, in
some

some certain cases. But thus discouraged,] Perhaps, madam, said I, the attendance I do myself the honour to pay you here, may not be agreeable to the marquis.

Then, Sir, you will chuse, perhaps, to withdraw. But don't—Yes, do.

I respectfully withdrew; but she taking a winding alley, which led into that in which I slowly walked, we met again. I am afraid, said she, I have been a little petulant: Indeed, Sir, I am not satisfied with myself. I *wish*—And there she stopt.

What, madam, do you wish? Favour me with your wishes. If it be in *my* power—

It is *not*, interrupted she—I wish I had not been at Florence. The lady I was with is a good woman; but she was too hard for me. Perhaps (and she sighed) had I not been with *her*, I had been at rest, and happy, before now; but if I had *not*, there is a pleasure, as well as pain, in melancholy. But now I am so fretful!—If I hated the bitterest enemy I have as *much* as at times I hate myself, I should be a very bad creature.

This was spoken with an air so melancholy, as greatly disturbed me. God grant, thought I, that the articles of religion and residence may be agreed upon between the bishop and me!

Here, my good Miss Byron, I close this letter. Sir Charles has told you, briefly, the event of the conference between the bishop and him; and I hasten to obey you in your next article.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

Thursday morning, March 30.

I SEND you now inclosed the doctor's fourth letter. I believe I must desire my grandmamma and my aunt Selby to send for me down.

We shall all be in London this evening.

Would to heaven I had never come to it!—What of pleasure have I had in it!—This abominable Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—But for *him*, I had been easy and happy; since but for *him*, I had never wanted the relief of Sir Charles Grandison; never had known him. Fame perhaps might have brought to my ears, in general conversation, as other persons of distinction are talked of, some of his benevolent actions; and he would have attracted my admiration without costing me one sigh. And yet, had it been so, I should then have known none of those lively sensibilities that have mingled pleasure with my pain, on the pride I have had in being distinguished as a sister to the sisters of so extraordinary a man. O that I had kept my foolish heart free! I should then have had enough to boast of for my whole life; enough to talk of to every one: And when I had been asked by my companions and intimates, what diversions, what entertainments, I had been at? I should have said, “I have been in company and conversed with
“SIR CHARLES GRANDISON; and been favoured
“and distinguished by all his family:” And I should have passed many a happy winter evening, when my companions came to work and read with me at Selby-house, in answering their questions about all these; and Sir Charles would have been known among us principally by the name of *the fine gentleman*; and my young friends would
have

have come about me, and asked me to tell them something more of *the excellent man*.

But now my ambition has overthrown me : Aiming, wishing, to be every thing, I am nothing. If I am asked about him, or his sisters, I shall seek to evade the subject : And yet, what other subject can I talk of? For what have I seen, what have I known, since I left Northamptonshire, but him and them ; and what else, indeed, since I have known this family, have I wished to see, and to know ?

On reviewing the above, how have I, as I see, suffered my childish fancies to delude me into a short forgetfulness of *his*, of *every* body's distresses ! —But, O my Lucy, my heart is torn in pieces ; and, I verily think, more for the unhappy Clementina's sake, than for my own ! How severely do I pay for my curiosity ! Yet it was necessary that I should know the worst. So Sir Charles seems to have thought, by the permission he has given to Dr Bartlett to oblige me.

Your pity will be more raised on reading the letter I inclose, not only for Clementina and Sir Charles, but for the whole family ; none of whom, though they are all unhappy, are to be blamed. You will dearly love the noble Jeronimo, and be pleased with the young lady's faithful Camilla : But, my dear, there is so much tenderness in Sir Charles's woe—It must be love—But he *ought* to love Clementina : She is a glorious, though unhappy young creature. I must not have one spark of generosity left in my heart, I must be lost wholly in *self*, if I did not equally admire and love her.

Dr BARTLETT'S fourth Letter.

AS I remember, madam, Sir Charles mentions to you, in a very pathetic manner, the distresses

trefs he was in when the terms and conditions, on which he was to be allowed to call the noble Clementina his, were proposed to him; as they were by the bishop. He has briefly told you the terms, and his grief to be obliged to disappoint the expectation of persons so deservedly dear to him. But you will not, I believe, be displeased, if I dwell a little more on these particulars, tho' they are not commanded from me.

The bishop, when he had acquainted Mr Grandison with the terms, said, you are silent, my dear Grandison: You hesitate. What, Sir! Is a proposal of a daughter of one of the noblest families in Italy, that daughter a *Clementina*, to be slighted by a man of a private family; a foreigner; of dependent fortunes; her dowry not unworthy a prince's acceptance? Do you hesitate upon such a proposal as this, Sir?

My lord, I am grieved, rather than surprized, at the proposal: I was apprehensive it would be made. My joy at receiving the condescending invitation, and at the honour done me, on my arrival, otherwise would have been immoderate.

A debate then followed, upon some articles in which the church of Rome and the Protestant churches differ. Mr Grandison would fain have avoided it; but the bishop, supposing he should have some advantages in the argument, which he met not with, would not permit him. He was very warm with Mr Grandison more than once, which did not help his cause.

The particulars of this debate I will not at this time give you: They would carry me into great length; and I have much to transcribe, that I believe, from what Sir Charles has let me see of your manner of writing to your friends, you would prefer. To that I will proceed, after a passage or two, which will

shew you how that debate, about the difference in religion, went off.

You will call to mind, chevalier, said the bishop, that your church allows of a possibility of salvation out of its pale—Ours does not.

My lord, our church allows not of its members indulging themselves in capital errors, against conviction; but I hope that no more need be said on this subject.

I think, replied the bishop, we will quit it. I did not expect that you were so firmly rooted in error as I find you: But to the point on which we began: I should think it an extraordinary misfortune, were we to find ourselves reduced to the necessity of reasoning a private man into the acceptance of our sister Clementina. Let me tell you, Sir, that were she to know that you *but hesitate*—He spoke with earnestness, and reddened.

Pardon an interruption, my lord: You are disposed to be warm. I will not so much as *offer* to defend myself from any imputations that may, in displeasure, be cast upon me, as if I were capable of slighting the honour intended me of a lady who is worthy of a prince. I am persuaded that your lordship cannot think such a defence necessary. I am indeed a private man, but not inconsiderable; if the being able to enumerate a long race of ancestors, whom hitherto I have not disgraced, will give me consideration. But what, my lord, is ancestry? I live to my own heart. My principles were known before I had the condescending invitation. Your lordship would not persuade me to change them, when I cannot think them wrong; and since, as you have heard, I have something to offer, when called upon, in support of them.

You will consider this matter, my dear chevalier. It is you, I think, that are disposed to be warm; but you are a valuable man. We, as well as our sister, wish to have you among us: Our church

church would wish it. Such a profelyte will justify us to every other consideration, and to all our friends. Consider of it, Grandison; but let it not be known to the principals of our family, that you think consideration necessary: The dear Clementina, particularly, must not know it. Your *person*, chevalier, is not so dear to the excellent creature, as your *soul*. Hence it is that we are all willing to encourage in her a flame so pure, and so bright.

My distress, my lord, is beyond the power of words to describe. I revere, I honour, and will to my last hour, the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, and on better motives than for their grandeur and nobility. Their sons—You know not, my lord, the pride I have always had to be distinguished even by a nominal relation to *them*: And give me your Clementina, without the hard conditions you prescribe, and I shall be happy beyond my highest wish. I desire not dowry with her. I have a father on whose generosity and affection I can rely. But I must repeat, my lord, that my principles are so well known, that I hoped a compromise would be accepted. I would not for the world compel your sister. The same liberty that I crave, I would allow.

And will you not take time, Sir, to consider? Are you absolutely determined?

If your lordship knew the pain it gives me to say that *I am*, you would pity me.

Well, Sir, I am sorry for it. Let us go in to Signor Jeronymo. He has been your advocate ever since he knew you. Jeronymo has gratitude; but you, Chevalier, have no affections.

I thank God, said I, that your lordship does not do me justice.

He led me into his brother's apartment.

There, what did I not suffer, from the friendship, from the love of that brother, and from

the urgency of the bishop! But what was the result?

The bishop asked me, if he were to conduct me to his father, to his mother, to his sister?—This was the alternative. My compliance or non-compliance was to be thus indicated. I respectfully bowed. I recommended myself to the favour of the two brothers, and through them to that of the three truly respectable persons they had named; and withdrew to my lodgings with a heart sorely distressed.

I was unable to stir out for the remainder of the day. The same chair into which I threw myself, upon my first coming in, held me for hours.

In the evening Camilla, in disguise, made me a visit. On my servant's withdrawing, revealing herself, O Sir, said she, what a distracted family have I left! They know not of my coming hither; but I could not forbear this officiousness: I cannot stay. But let me just tell you how unhappy we are; and your own generosity will suggest to you what is best to be done.

As soon as you were gone, my lord bishop acquainted my lady marchioness with what had passed between you. O Sir! you have an affectionate friend in signor Jeronymo. He endeavoured to soften every thing. My lady marchioness acquainted my lord with the bishop's report. I never saw that good nobleman in such a passion. It is not necessary to tell you what he said—

In a passion with *me*, Camilla!

Yes. He thought the whole family dishonoured, Sir.

The Marquis della Porretta is the worthiest of men, Camilla, said I. I honour him.—But proceed.

The marchioness, in the tenderest manner, broke the matter to my young lady: I was present. She

She apprehended, that there might be occasion for my attendance, and commanded me to stay.

Before she could speak all she had to say, my young lady threw herself on her knees to her mamma, and blessing her for her goodness to her, begged her to spare the rest. I see, said she, that I, a daughter of the Porretta family, *your* daughter, madam, am refused. Palliate not, I beseech you, the indignity. You need not. It is enough that I am refused. Surely, madam, your Clementina is not so base in spirit as to need your maternal consolation on such a contempt as this. I feel for my papa, for you, madam, and for my brothers. I feel the indignity. Blessings follow the man wherever he goes! It would be mean to be angry with him. He is his own master; and now he has made me my own mistress. Never fear, madam, but this affair now will sit as light upon me as it ought. His humility will allow him to be satisfied with a meaner wife. You, madam, my papa, my brothers, shall not find *me* mean.

The marchioness embraced, with tears of joy, her beloved daughter. She brought my lord to her, and reported what her daughter had said: He also tenderly embraced the dear young lady, and rejoiced in her assurances, that now the cure was effected.

But unseasonably, as the event shewed, father Marefcotti, being talked with, was earnest to be allowed to visit her: *Then*, he said, was the proper time, the very crisis, to urge her to accept of the Count of Belvedere.

I was bid to tell her, that his reverence desired to attend her.

O let me go, said she, to Florence; to my dear Mrs Beaumont!—To-morrow morning let me go; and not see father Marefcotti, till I can see him as I wish to see him!

But the good father prevailed: He meant the best.

He was with her half an hour. He left her in a melancholy way. When her mamma went to her, she found her spiritless, her eyes fixed, and as gloomy as ever. She was silent to two or three of her mother's questions; and when she *did* speak, it was with wildness; but declaring, without being solicited in the Count of Belvedere's favour, against marrying him, or any man in the world.

Her mother told her, she should go to Florence, as soon as she pleased: But then the humour was off. Would to heaven she had gone before she saw his reverence! So they all now wish.

Camilla, said she to me, when we were alone, was it necessary to load the Chevalier Grandison? Was it necessary to inveigh against him?—It was ungenerous to do so. Was the man then obliged to have the creature whose forwardness had rendered her contemptible in his eyes? I could not bear to hear him inveighed against. But never, never, let me hear his name mentioned. Yet, Camilla, I cannot bear being despised neither.

She arose from her seat, and from that moment her humour took a different turn. She now talks: She raves: She starts: She neither sits nor stands with quietness—She walks up and down her room, at other times, with passion and hurry; yet weeps not, though she makes every body else weep. She speaks to herself, and answers herself; and, as I guess, repeats part of the talk that passed between father Marefcotti and her: But still, *To be despised!* are the words she often repeats.—*Jesu!* once, said she—*To be despised!*—And by an English Protestant! Who can bear that?

In this way, Sir, is Lady Clementina. The sweetest creature!—I see, I see you have compassion, Sir! You never wanted humanity! Generosity is a part of your nature!—I am sure you love her—

her—I *see* you love her—I pain your noble heart!—Indeed, indeed, Sir, Lady Clementina's love extended beyond the limits of this world: She hoped to be yours to all eternity.

Well might Camilla, the sensible, the faithful, the affectionate Camilla, the attendant from infant years of her beloved Clementina, thus run on, without interruption. I could not speak. And had I been able, to what purpose should I have pleaded to Camilla the superior attachment which occasioned an anguish that words cannot describe?

What can I say, but thank you, my good Camilla, for your intention? I hope you have eased your own heart, but you have loaded mine—Nevertheless I thank you. Would to heaven that your lady's own wishes had been complied with! that she had been encouraged to go to the excellent Mrs Beaumont! the first natural impulses of the distressed heart often point out the best alleviation. Would to heaven they had been pursued! I have great dependence on the generous friendship of Signor Jeronymo. All that is in my power to do I will do. I honour, I venerate every one of the truly-noble family: I never can deserve their favour. On all occasions, Camilla, let them know my devotion to them.

I beg of God, said she, to put it into your heart to restore the tranquillity of a family which was, till lately, the happiest in Bologna. It may not be yet too late. I beg of you to excuse my officiousness. Pray take no notice that I have waited on you. I shall be wanted.

She was hastening away. Good Camilla, said I, taking a ring of some value from my finger, and forcing it upon hers (she is above accepting of pecuniary presents, and struggled against this), accept this as a remembrance, not acknowledgment. I may be forbid the palace of the Marquis della Porretta,

Porretta, and so have no opportunity again to see the equally faithful and obliging Camilla.

What other conditions could have been prescribed, Dr Bartlett, that I should have refused to comply with? How was I anew distressed at the account Camilla gave me! But my great consolation in the whole transaction is, that my own heart, on the maturest deliberation, acquits me: And the rather, as it is impossible for me to practise a greater piece of self-denial: For can there be on earth a nobler woman than Clementina?

The next morning early, Mr Grandison received the following letter from his friend Signor Jeronimo. I translated it, my good Miss Byron, at the time I received it. I will send you the translation only.

My dear Chevalier!

SHALL I blame you?—I cannot. Shall I blame my father, my mother?—They blame themselves, for the free access you were allowed to have to their Clementina; yet they own that you acted nobly. But they had forgot that Clementina had eyes. Yet who knew not her discernment? Who knew not her regard for merit, wherever she found it? Can I therefore blame my sister?—Indeed no. Has she a *brother* whom I can blame?—No. But ought I not to blame myself? The dear creature owned, it seems, to Mrs Beaumont, that my declaration in your favour, which was made long before you knew it, was one of her influences. Must I therefore accuse myself?—If I regard my intention, gratitude, for a life preserved by you, and for a sense of my *social* duties (soul as well as body indebted to you, though a Protestant yourself), will not suffer it. Is there then nobody whom we can blame for the calamity befallen us?—How strangely is that calamity circumstanced!

But

But is there so irreconcilable a difference between the two religions?—There is: The bishop says there is: Clementina thinks there is: My father, my mother think there is.

But does *your* father think so? Will you put the whole matter on that issue, Chevalier?

O no, you will not. You are as determined as we are: Yet, surely, with less reason.

But I debate not the matter with you. I know you are a master of the question.

But what is to be done? Shall Clementina perish? Will not the gallant youth who ventured his life so successfully to save a brother, exert himself to preserve a sister?

Come and see the way she is in—Yet they will not admit you into her presence while she is in that way.

The sense she has of her dignity debased, and the perpetual expostulations and apprehensions of her zealous confessor—Can the good man think it his duty to wound and tear in pieces a mind tenacious of its honour, and of that of her sex? At last, you see, I have found somebody to accuse.—But I come to my motive for giving you this trouble.

It is to request you to make me a visit. Breakfast with me, my dear Chevalier, this morning. You will perhaps see nobody else.

Camilla has told me, and *only* me, that she attended you last night: She tells me how greatly you are grieved. I should renounce your friendship were you *not*. At my soul I pity you, because I knew, long since, your firm attachment to your religion; and because you love Clementina.

I wish I were able to attend *you*: I would save you the pain of this visit; for I know it must pain you. But come nevertheless.

You hinted to my brother, that you thought, as your principles were so well known, a compromise would

would be accepted—Explain yourself to me upon this compromise—If I can smoothe the way between you—Yet I despair that any thing will do but your conversion. They love your soul; *they* think they love it better than you do yourself. Is there not a merit in them, which you cannot boast in return!

The general, I hear, came to town last night: We have not seen him yet. He had business with the Gonfaloniere. I think you must not meet. He is warm. He adores Clementina. He knew not, till last night, that the bishop broke to him at that magistrate's our unhappy situation. What a disappointment! One of the principal views he had in coming was, to do you honour, and to give his sister pleasure. Ah, Sir! he came to be present at two solemn acts: The one your nuptials, in consequence of the other.—You must not meet. It would go to my heart, to have offence given you by any of my family, especially in our own house.

Come, however; I long to see you, and to comfort you, whether your hard heart (I did not use to think it a hard one) will allow you, or not, to give comfort to,

*Your ever affectionate
and faithful friend,*

JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

I accepted of the invitation. My heart was in this family. I longed, before this letter came, to see and to hear from it. The face of the meanest servant belonging to it would have been *more* than welcome to me. What, however, were my hopes? Yet, do you think, Dr Bartlett, that I had not pain in going; a pain that took more than its turn, with the desire I had once more to enter doors that used to be opened to me with so much pleasure on both sides!

Dr

Dr BARTLETT's fifth Letter.

MR Grandison thus proceeds: I was introduced to signor Jeronymo. He sat expecting me. He bowed more stiffly than usual in return to my compliment.

I see, said I, that I have lost my friend.

Impossible, said he. It cannot be.

Then speaking of his sister, dear creature! said he. A very bad night. My poor mother has been up with her ever since three o'clock: Nobody else has any influence with her. These talking fits are worse than her silent ones.

What could I say? My soul was vexed. My friend saw it, and was grieved for me. He talked of indifferent things. I could not follow him in them.

He then entered upon the subject that would not long allow of any other. I expect the general, said he. I will not, I think, have you see each other. I have ordered notice to be given me before any one of the family is admitted while you are with me. If you chuse not to see the general, or my father or mother, should they step in to make their morning compliments, you can walk down the back-stairs into the garden, or into the next chamber.

I am not the least sufferer in this distress, replied I. You have invited me. If on your own account you would have me withdraw, I will; but else I cannot conceal myself.

This is like you. It is yourself. O Grandison! that we could be *real* brothers!—In soul we are so. But what is the compromise you hinted at?

I then told him, that I would reside one year in Italy, another in England, by turns, if the dear Clementina would accompany me; if not, but three months in England in every year. As to religion, she should keep her own; her confessor only to be a man of known discretion.

He

He shook his head. I'll propose it as from yourself, if you would have me to do so, Chevalier. It would do with me; but will not with any-body else. I have undertaken for *more* than that already; but it will not be heard of. Would to God, Chevalier, that you, for *my* sake, for *all* our sakes—But I know you have a great deal to say on this subject, as you told my brother. New converts, added he, may be zealous; but you old Protestants, Protestants by descent, as I may say, 'tis strange you should be so very steadfast. You have not many young gentlemen, I believe, who would be so very tenacious; such offers, such advantages—And surely you must love my sister. All our family you surely love. I will presume to say, they deserve your love; and they give the strongest proofs that can be given of their regard for you.

Signor Jeronymo expected not an argumentative answer to what he said. My steadfastness was best expressed, and surely it was sufficiently expressed (the circumstances of the case so interesting), by silence.

Just then came in Camilla. The Marchioness, Sir, knows you are here. She desires you will not go till she sees you. She will attend you here, I believe.

She is persuading Lady Clementina to be bled. She has an aversion to that operation. She begs it may not be done. She has been hitherto, on that account, bled by leeches. The marquis and the bishop are both gone out. They could not bear her solicitations to them to *save* her, as she called it.

The Marchioness soon after entered—Care, melancholy, yet tenderness, was in her aspect: Grief for her daughter's malady seemed fixed in the lines of her fine face. Keep your seat, Chevalier. She sat down, sighed, wept; but would not have had her tears seen.

Had

Had I not been so deeply concerned in the cause of her grief, I could have endeavoured to comfort her. But what could I say? I turned my head aside. I would also have concealed *my* emotion; but Signor Jeronymo took notice of it.

The poor Chevalier, kindly said he, with an accent of compassion—

I don't doubt it, answered she as kindly, though he spoke not out what he had to say. He may be obdurate, but not ungrateful.

Excellent woman! How was I affected by her generosity! This was taking the direct road to my heart. You *know* that heart, Dr Bartlett, and what a task it had.

Jeronymo enquired after his sister's health; I was afraid to enquire.

Not worse, I hope; but so talkative! poor thing! She burst into tears.

I presumed to take her hand—O madam! Will no compromise! Will no—

It *ought not*, chevalier. I cannot urge it. We know your power, *too well* we know your power over the dear creature. She will not be long a Catholic, if she be yours; and you know what we then should think of her precious soul!—Better to part with her for ever—Yet how can a mother—Her tears spoke what her lips could not utter.

Recovering her voice, I have left her, said she, contending with the doctors against being let blood. She was so earnest with me to prevent it, that I could not stay. It is over by this time—She rang.

At that moment, to the astonishment of all three, in ran the dear Clementina herself.—A happy escape! Thank God! said she—Her arm bound up.

She had felt the lancet; but did not bleed more than two or three drops.

O my mamma! And *you* would have run away from me too, would you!—You don't use to be cruel; and to leave me with these doctors—See! see! and she held out her lovely arm a little bloody, regarding nobody but her mother; who, as well as we, was speechless with surprize—They did attempt to wound; but they could not obtain their cruel ends—And I ran for shelter to my mamma's arms (throwing hers about her neck)—Dearest, dearest madam, don't let me be sacrificed. What has your poor child done to be thus treated?

O my Clementina!

And O my mamma, too! Have I not suffered enough?—

The door opened. She cast her fearful eye to it, clinging faster to her mother—They are come to take me!—Begone, Camilla, [it was she]; begone, when I bid you! They shan't take me—My mamma will save me from them—Won't you, my mamma? clasping more fervently her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her bosom: Then, lifting up her face, Begone, I tell you, Camilla. They shan't have me—Camilla withdrew.

Brother! my dear brother! you will protect me; won't you?

I arose. I was unable to bear this affecting scene—She saw me.

Good God! said she—Then in English breaking out into that line of Hamlet, which she had taken great notice of, when we read that play together—

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!

She left her mother, and stepped gently towards me, looking earnestly with her face held out, as if she were doubtful whether it were I or not.

I snatched

I snatched her hand, and pressed it with my lips—O madam!—Dearest lady!—I could say no more.

It is he! It is he, indeed, madam! turning her head to her mother, one hand held up, as in surprise, as I detained the other.

The son's arms supported the almost fainting mother; his tears mingled with hers.

For God's sake! for my sake, dear Grandison! said he, and stopt.

I quitted Clementina's hand; Jeronymo's unhealed wounds had weakened him, and I hastened to support the marchioness.

O chevalier! spare your concern for me, said she. My child's *head* is of more consequence to me than my own *heart*.

What was it of distress that I did not at that moment feel!

The young lady turning to us—Well, Sir, said she, here is sad work! Sad work, to be sure! Somebody is wrong: I won't say who.—But *you* will not let these doctors use me ill—Will you?—See here! shewing her bound-up arm to me—what they would have done!—See! They did get a drop or two; but no more. And I sprung from them, and ran for it.

Her mother then taking her attention, my dearest mamma! How do you do?—

O my child! and she clasped her arms about her Clementina.

Camilla came in. She added by *her* grief to the distressful scene. She threw her arms, kneeling, about the marchioness: O my dearest lady! said she—The marchioness feeling for her *salts*, and taking them out of her pocket, and smelling to them: Unclasp me, Camilla, said she: I am better. Are the doctors gone?

No, madam, whispered Camilla: But they say, it is highly proper; and they talk of blistering!—

Not her head, I hope—the dear creature, when she used to value herself upon any thing, took pride, as well she might, in her hair.

Now you are whispering, my mamma—And this impertinent Camilla is come—Camilla, they shall not have me, *I* tell you—See, barbarous wretches! what they have done to me already!—again holding up her arm, and then with indignation tearing off the fillet.

Her brother begged of her to submit to the operation. Her mother joined her gentle command—Well, I won't love you, brother, said she: You are in the plot against me—But *here* is one who *will* protect me; laying her hand upon my arm, and looking earnestly in my face, with such a mixture of woe and tenderness in her eye as pierced my very soul.

• Persuade her, chevalier, said the marchioness.

My good young lady, will you not obey your mamma? You are not well. Will you not be well? See how you distress your noble brother!

She stroked her brother's cheek (it was wet with his tears) with a motion inimitably tender, her voice as inimitably soothing—Poor Jeronymo! My dearest brother! And have you not suffered enough from vile assassins? Poor dear brother!—and again stroked his cheek—How was I affected!

A fresh gush of tears broke from his eyes—Ah, Grandison! said he.

O why, why, said I, did I accept of your kind invitation? This distress could not have been so deep, had not I been present.

See! see! chevalier! holding out her spread hand to me, Jeronymo weeps—He weeps for his sister, I believe.—These—look, my hand is wet with them! are the tears of my dear Jeronymo! My hand—see! is wet with a brother's tears!—And *you*, madam, are affected too! turning to her mother

mother. It is a grievous thing to see men weep! What ail they?—Yet I cannot weep—Have they softer hearts than mine!—Don't weep, chevalier—See, Jeronymo has done!—I would stroke your cheek too, if it would stop your tears.—But what is all this for? It is because of these doctors, I believe—But, Camilla, bid them be gone: They shan't have me.

Dearest madam, said I, submit to your mamma's advice. Your mamma wishes you to suffer them to breathe a vein—It is no more—Your Jeronymo also beseeches you to permit them.

And do *you* wish it too, chevalier!—Do *you* wish to see me wounded!—To see my heart bleeding at my arm, I warrant. Say, can *you* be so hard-hearted?

Let me join with your mamma, with your brother, to entreat it: For your father's sake! For——

For *your* sake, chevalier?—Well, will it do you good to see me bleed?

I withdrew to the window. I could not stand this question; but with an air of tenderness for me, and in an accent *equally* tender.

The irresistible lady (O what eloquence in her disorder!) followed me; and laying her hand on my arm, looking earnestly after my averted face, as if she would not suffer me to hide it from her—Will it, will it comfort *you* to see me bleed?—Come then, *be* comforted; I *will* bleed: But you shall not leave me. You shall see that these doctors shall not kill me quite.

O Dr Bartlett! How did this address to me torture my very soul!

Camilla, proceeded she, I *will* bleed. Madam, to her mother, will it please *you* to have me bleed? Will it please *you*, my Jeronymo? turning to him—And, Sir, Sir, stepping to me with quickness, will it please *you*?—Why then, Camilla, bid the

doctors come in.—What would I not do to please such kind friends? You grudge not your tears: And as I cannot give you tears for tears from my eyes, shall not my arm weep?—But do *you* stand by me, chevalier, while it is done. You will: Won't you?—seeking again with her eye my averted face.

O that my life, thought I, would be an *effectual* offering for the restoring the peace of mind of this dear lady and her family! and that it might be taken by any hand but my own!—But my conscience!—Prepossessed as I am in favour of my own religion, and in disfavour of that I am wished to embrace: How, thought I, can I make a sacrifice of my conscience!

The dear lady was then as earnest for the operation, as before she had been averse to it: But she did and said every thing in a hurry.

The marchioness and my friend were comforted, in hopes that some relief would follow it. The doctors were invited in.

Do you stand by me, Sir, said she to me.—Come, make haste. But it sha'n't be the same arm—Camilla, see, I can bare my own arm—It will bleed at this arm, I warrant—I will *bid* it flow.—Come, make haste—Are you always so tedious?—The preparation in all these things, I believe, is worse than the act.—Pray, pray, make haste.

They did; though she thought they did not.

Turn your face another way, madam, said the doctor.

Now methinks I am Iphigenia, chevalier, going to be offered—looking at me, and from the doctors.

And is this all?—The puncture being made, and she bleeding freely.

The doctors were not satisfied with a small quantity. She fainted, however, before they had taken quite so much as they intended; and her
women.

women carried her out of her brother's apartment into her own, in the chair she sat in.

Dear Clementina!—My compassion and my *best* wishes followed her.

You see your power over the dear girl, Grandison, said her brother.

The marchioness sighed; and looking at me with kind and earnest meaning, withdrew to attend her daughter's recovery.

LETTER VI.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

RECEIVE, my Lucy, the doctor's sixth letter. The fifth has almost broken the hearts of us all.

Dr BARTLETT's sixth Letter.

A SCENE of another nature took place of this, proceeds Mr Grandison.

Camilla slept in and said, the general was come: and was, at that time lamenting with the marchioness the disordered state of mind of his beloved sister, who had again fainted away, but was quiet when Camilla came in.

The general will be here presently, said Jeronimo. Do you chuse to see him?

As, perhaps, he has been told I am here, it would look too particular to depart instantly. If he comes not in soon, I will take my leave of you.

I had hardly done speaking when the general entered, drying his eyes.

Your servant, Mr Grandison, said he. Brother, How do you? Not the better, I dare say, for the present affliction. Who the devil would have thought

thought the girl had been so deeply affected?—Well, Sir, you have a glorious triumph!—Clementina's heart is not a vulgar one. Her family—

My lord, I hope I do not deserve this address!—*Triumph*, my lord!—Not a heart in this family can be more distressed than mine.

And is religion, is conscience, *really* of such force, Chevalier?

Let me ask that question, my lord, of your own heart: Let me ask it of your brother the bishop; of the other principals of your noble family: And the answer given will be an answer for me.

He seemed displeased. Explain yourself, Chevalier.

If, my lord, said I, you think there is so great, so essential a difference in the two religions, that you cannot consent that I should keep my own, what must I be, who think as highly of my own as you can of yours, to give it up, though on the highest temporal consideration! Make the case your own, my lord.

I can. And were I in your situation, such a woman as my sister, such a family as ours, such a splendid fortune as she will have, I believe, I should not make the scruples you do. My brother the bishop indeed might not have given the same answer. He might have been more tenacious.

The bishop cannot be better satisfied with *his* religion than I am with *mine*. But I hope, my lord, *from what you have said*, that I may claim the honour of your friendship in this great article. It is proposed to me that I renounce my religion: I make no such proposal to your family; on the contrary, I consent that Lady Clementina should keep hers; and I am ready to allow a very handsome provision for a discreet man, her confessor, to attend her, in order to secure her in it. As to residence, I will consent to reside one year in Italy, one in England; and even, if she chuse not to go
to

to England at all, I will acquiesce, and visit England myself but for three months in every year.

As to the children, Mr Grandison? said Signor Jeronymo, desirous of promoting the compromise.

I will consent that daughters shall be the mother's care; the education of sons must be left to me.

What will the poor daughters have done, Chevalier, sneeringly spoke the general, that *they* should be left to perdition?

Your lordship, without my entering into the opinion of the professors of both religions on this subject, will consider my proposal as a *compromise*. I would not have begun an address upon these terms with a princess. I do assure you, that mere fortune has no bias with me. Prescribe not to me in the article of religion, and I will, with all my soul, give up every ducat of your sister's fortune.

Then what will you have to support—

My lord, leave that to your sister and me. I will deal honourably with her. If she renounce me on that article, you will have reason to congratulate yourselves.

Your fortune, Sir, by marriage, will be much more considerable than it can be by patrimony, if Clementina be yours: Why then should you not look forward to your posterity as Italians? And in *that* case—

He stopt there.—It was easy to guess at his inference.

I would no more renounce my country than my religion: I would leave posterity free, but would not deprive them of an attachment that I value myself upon; nor yet my country of a family that never gave it cause to be ashamed of it.

The general took snuff, and looked on me and off me, with an air too supercilious. I could not but be sensible of it.

I have

I have no small difficulty, my lord, said I, to bear the hardships of my situation, added to the distress which that situation gives me, to be looked upon in this family as a delinquent, without having done any thing to reproach myself with, either in thought, word, or deed—My lord, it is extremely hard.

It is, my lord, said Signor Jeronymo. The great misfortune in the case before us is, that the Chevalier Grandison has merit superior to that of most men; and that our sister, who was not to be attached by common merit, could not be insensible to his.

Whatever were my sister's attachments, Signor Jeronymo, we know *yours*; and generous ones they are: But we all know how handsome men may attach young ladies, without needing to say a single word. The poison once taken in at the eye, it will soon diffuse itself through the whole mass.

My honour, yet, my lord, was never called in question, either by man or woman.

Your character is well known, Chevalier—Had it not been unexceptionable, we should not have entered into treaty with you on this subject, I do assure you; and it piques us not a little to have a daughter of our house refused. You don't know the consequence, I can tell you, of such an indignity offered in this country.

Refused! my lord!—To *endeavour* to obviate this charge, would be to put an affront upon your lordship's justice, as well as an indignity offered to your truly noble house.

He arose in anger, and swore that he would not be treated with contempt.

I stood up too: And if I am, my lord, with indignity, it is not what I have been used to bear.

Signor Jeronymo was disturbed. He said, he had opposed our seeing each other. He knew his brother's

brother's warmth; and I, he said, from the scenes that had before passed, ought perhaps to have shewn more pity than resentment.

It was owing to my regard for the delicacy of your sister, Signor Jeronymo, said I (for whom I have the tenderest sentiments), as well as to do justice to my own conduct towards her, that I could not help shewing myself affected *by* the word *refused*.

Affected by the word refused! Sir, said the general—Yes you have soft words for hard meanings. But I, who have not your choice of words, make use of those that are explained by actions.

I was in hopes, my lord, that I might rather have been favoured with your weight in the proposed compromise, than to have met with your displeasure.

Consider, Chevalier, coolly consider this matter: How shall we answer it to our country (we are public people, Sir), to the church, to which we stand related, to our own character, to marry a daughter of our house to a Protestant? You say you are concerned for her honour: What *must* we, what *can* we say in her behalf, if she be reflected upon as a love-sick girl, who, though stedfast in her religion, could refuse men of the first consideration, all of her own religion and country, and let a foreigner, an Englishman, carry her off?—

Preserving nevertheless by *stipulation*, you will remember, my lord, her religion.—If you shall have so much to answer for to the world with such a stipulation in the lady's favour, what shall I be thought of, who, though I am not, nor wish to be a public man, am not of a low or inconsiderable family, if I, against my conscience, renounce my religion and my country, for a consideration, that, though the highest in private life, is a partial and selfish consideration?

No

No more, no more, Sir—If you can despise worldly grandeur, if you can set light by riches, honours, love, my sister has *this* to be said in her praise, that she is the first woman, that ever I heard of, who fell in love with a philosopher: And she must, I think, take the consequence of such a peculiarity. Her example will not have many followers.

Yes, my lord, it will, said Jeronymo, if Mr Grandison be the philosopher. If women were to be regimented, he would carry an army into the field without beat of drum.

I was vexed to find an affair that had penetrated my heart go off so lightly; but the levity shewn by the general was followed by Jeronymo, in order to make the past warmth between us forgotten.

I left the brothers together. As I passed through the saloon, I had the pleasure of hearing, by a whisper from Camilla, that her young lady was somewhat more composed for the operation she had yielded to.

In the afternoon the general made me a visit at my lodgings. He told me, he had taken amiss some things that had fallen from my mouth.

I owned that I was at one time warm; but excused myself by *his* example.

I urged him to promote my interest as to the proposed compromise. He gave me no encouragement, but took down my proposals in writing.

He asked me if my father were as tenacious in the article of religion as I was?

I told him that I had forbore to write any thing of the affair to my father.

That, he said, was surprizing. He had always apprehended, that a man who pretended to be strict in religion, be it what religion it would, should be uniform. He who could dispense with one duty, might with another.

I answered,

I answered, that having no view to address lady Clementina, I had only given my father general accounts of the favour I had met with from a family so considerable: That it was but *very lately* that I had entertained any hopes *at all*, as he must know: That those hopes were allayed by my fears that the articles of religion and residence would be an insuperable obstacle: But that it was my resolution, in the same hour, that I could have any prospect of succeeding, to lay all before him; and I was sure of his approbation and consent to an alliance so answerable to the magnificence of his own spirit.

The general, at parting, with a haughty air said, I take my leave, Chevalier: I suppose you will not be in haste to *leave* Bologna. I am extremely sensible of the indignity you have cast upon us all. I *am*, and swore—We shall not disgrace our sister and ourselves, by courting your acceptance of her. I understand that Olivia is in love with you too. These contentions for you may give you consequence with yourself: But Olivia is not a *Clementina*. You are in a country jealous of family-honour. Ours is a first family in it. You know not what you have done, Sir.

What you have said, my lord, I have not deserved of you. It can-*not* be answered, at least by me. I shall not leave Bologna till I apprize you of it, and till I have the misfortune to be assured, that I cannot have any hope of the honour once designed me. I will only add, that my principles were well known before I was written to at Vienna.

And do you reproach us with that step? It was a *base* one. It had not *my* concurrence. He went from me in a passion.

I had enough at my heart, Dr Bartlett, had I been spared this insult from a brother of Clementina. It went very hard with me to be threaten-

ed. But, I thank God, I do not deserve the treatment.

LETTER VII.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

London, Friday Morning, Mar. 31.

HERE, my Lucy, once more I am. We arrived yesterday in the afternoon.

Lady Betty Williams and Miss Clements have been already to welcome me on my return. My cousin says, they are inseparable. I am glad of it, for Lady Betty's sake.

Dr Bartlett is extremely obliging. One would think that he and his kinsman give up all their time in transcribing for us. I send you now his seventh, eighth, and ninth letters. In reading the two latter, we were struck (for the two sisters and my lord were with us) with the nobleness of Clementina. Her motive, through her whole delirium, is so apparently owing to her concern for the soul of the man she loved (entirely regardless of any interest of her own), that we all forgot what had been so long our wishes, and joined in giving preference to her.

Dr BARTLETT's seventh Letter.

I HAD another visit paid me, proceeds Mr Grandison, two hours after the general left me, by the kind-hearted Camilla, disguised as before.

I come now, Chevalier, said she, with the marchioness's connivance, and, I may say, by her command; and, at the same time, by the command of Signor Jeronymo, who knows of my last
attendance

attendance upon you, though no one else does, not even the marchioness. He gave me this letter for you.

But how does the noblest young lady in Italy, Camilla? How does Lady Clementina?

More composed than we could have hoped for from the height of her delirium. It *was* high; for she has but a very faint idea of having seen you this morning.

The marchioness had bid her say, that although I had now given her despair instead of hope, yet that she owed it to my merit, and to the sense she had of the benefits they had actually received at my hands, to let me know, that it was but too likely that resentments might be carried to an unhappy length; and that therefore she wished I would leave Bologna for the present. If happier prospects presented, she would be the first to congratulate me upon them.

I opened the letter of my kind Jeronymo. These were the contents:

I AM infinitely concerned, my dear Grandison, to find a man equally generous and brave as my brother is, hurried away by passion. You *may* have acted with your usual magnanimity in preferring your religion to your love, and to your glory. I, for my part, think you to be a distressed man. If you are not, you must be very insensible to the merits of an excellent woman, and very ungrateful to the distinction she honours you with. I must write in this style, and think she does honour by it even to my Grandison. But should the consequences of this affair be unhappy for either of you, if, in particular, for my *brother*, What cause of regret would our family have, that a *younger* brother was saved by the hand which deprived them of a more worthy *elder*? If for *you*, how deplorable would be the reflection, that you

I 2

saved.

saved one brother, and perished by the hand of another! Would to God that his passion, and your spirit, were more moderate! But let me request this favour of you, that you retire to Florence, for a few days at least.

How unhappy am I, that I am disabled from taking part in a more active mediation!—Yet the general admires you. But how can we blame in him a zeal for the honour of his family, in which he would be glad at his soul to include a zeal for yours?

For God's sake quit Bologna for a few days only. Clementina is more sedate. I have carried it, that her confessor shall not at present visit her; yet he is an honest and a pious man.

What a fatality! Every one to mean well, yet every one to be miserable! And can religion be the cause of so much unhappiness? I cannot *act*. I can only *reflect*. My dear friend, let me know by a line, that you will depart from Bologna tomorrow, and you will then a little lighten the heart of your

JERONYMO.

I sent my grateful compliments to the marchioness by Camilla. I besought her to believe, that my conduct on this occasion should be such as should merit her approbation. I expressed my grief for the apprehended resentments. I was sure that a man so noble, so generous, so brave, as was the man from whom the resentments might be supposed to arise, would better consider of every-thing: But it was impossible for me, I bid Camilla say, to be far distant from Bologna; because I still presumed to hope for a happy turn in my favour.

I wrote to Signor Jeronimo to the same effect. I assured him of my high regard for his gallant brother; I deplored the occasion which had subjected me to the general's displeasure; bid him de-
pend

pend upon my moderation. I referred to my known resolution of long standing, to avoid a meditated rencounter with *any* man; urging, that he might, for that reason, the more securely rely upon my care to shun any acts of offence either to or from a son of the Marquis della Porretta, a brother of my dear friend Jeronymo, and of the most excellent and beloved of sisters!

Neither the marchioness nor Jeronymo were satisfied with the answers I returned: But what could I do? I had promised the general that I would not leave Bologna till I had apprised him of my intention to do so; and I still was willing, as I bid Camilla tell the marchioness, to indulge my hopes of some happy turn.

The marquis, the bishop, and general, went to Urbino; and there, as I learnt from my Jeronymo, it was determined, in full assembly, that Grandison, as well from difference in religion as from inferiority in degree and fortune, was unworthy of their alliance: And it was hinted to the general, that he was equally unworthy of his resentment.

While the father and two brothers were at Urbino, Lady Clementina gave hopes of a sedate mind. She desired her mother to allow her to see me: But the marchioness, believing there were no hopes of my complying with their terms, and being afraid of the consequences, and of incurring blame from the rest of her family, now especially that they were absent, and consulting together on what *was* proper to be done, desired she would not think of it.

This refusal made Clementina the more earnest for an interview. Signor Jeronymo gave his advice in favour of it. The misfortune he had met with had added to his weight with the family. It is a family of harmony and love. They were hardly more particularly fond of Clementina than they

were of one another, throughout the several branches of it: This harmony among them added greatly to the family consequence, as well in public as private. Till the attempt that was made upon their Jeronymo, they had not known calamity.

But the confessor strengthening the marchioness's apprehensions of what the consequence of indulging the young lady might be, all Jeronymo's weight would have failed to carry this point, had it not been for an enterprize of Clementina, which extremely alarmed them, and made them give into her wishes.

Camilla has enabled me to give the following melancholy account of it, to the only man on earth to whom I could communicate particulars, the very recollection of which tears my heart in pieces.

The young lady's malady, after some favourable symptoms which went off, returning in another shape, her talkativeness continued; but the hurry with which she spoke and acted, gave place to a sedateness that she seemed very fond of. They did not suffer her to go out of her chamber; which she took not well: But Camilla, being absent about an hour, on her return missed her, and alarmed the whole house upon it. Every part of it and of the garden was searched. From an apprehension that they dared not so much as whisper to one another, they *dreaded* to find her whom they so carefully sought after.

At last, Camilla seeing, as she supposed, one of the maid-servants coming down stairs with remarkable tranquillity, as she thought, in her air and manner; Wretch! said she, how composed do you seem to be in a storm that agitates every body else!

Don't be angry with me, Camilla, returned the supposed servant.

O my

O my lady! my *very* Lady Clementina, in Laura's cloaths! Whither are you going, madam?—But let the marchioness know (said she to one of the women-servants who then appeared in sight) that we have found my young lady—What, dear madam, is the meaning of this?—Go, Martina (to another woman-servant), go this instant to my lady!—Dear Lady Clementina, what concern have you given us!

And thus she went on, asking questions of her young lady, and giving orders, almost in the same breath, till the marchioness came to them in a joyful hurry, from one of the pavilions in the garden, into which she had thrown herself; tortured by her fears, and dreading the approach of every servant, with fatal tidings.

The young lady stood still, but with great composure. I *will* go, Camilla, said she; indeed I will. You disturb me by your frantic ways, Camilla. I wish you would be as sedate and calm as I am: What's the matter with the woman?

Her mother folding her arms about her—O my sweet girl! said she, how could you terrify us thus! What's the meaning of this disguise? Whither were you going?

Why, madam, I was going on God's errand; not on my own—What is come to Camilla? The poor creature is beside herself!

O my dear! said her mother, taking her hand, and leading her into her own apartment (Camilla following, weeping with joy for having found her), tell me, said she, tell me, has Laura furnished you with this dress?

Why no, madam: I'll tell you the whole truth. I went and hid myself in Laura's room, while she changed her cloaths: I saw where she put those she took off; and when she had left her room, I put them on.

And

And for what? For what, my dear? Tell me what you designed?

I am neither afraid nor ashamed to tell. It was God's errand I was going upon.

What *was* the errand?

Don't weep then, my dear mamma, and I'll tell you. Do let me kiss away these tears—And she tenderly embraced her mother.

Why, I have a great mind to talk to the chevalier Grandison. I had many fine thoughts upon my pillow; and I believe I could say a great deal to the purpose to him; and you told me I must not see him: So I thought I would not. But then I had other notions came into my head; and I believed, if I could talk freely to him, I should convince him of his errors. Now, thought I, I know he will mind what I say to him, more than perhaps he will my brother the bishop, or father Marefcotti. I am a simple girl, and can have no interest in his conversion; for he has refused me, you know: So there is an end of all matters between him and me. I never was refused before: *Was* I, my mamma? I never will be twice refused. Yet I owe him no ill-will. And if one can save a soul, you know, madam, there is no harm in that. So it is God's errand I go upon, and not my own. And shall I not go? Yes, I shall. I know you will give me leave.—She courtesied. Silence is permission! Thank you, madam—And seemed to be going.

Well might her mother be silent. She could not speak; but rising, went after her to the door, and taking her hand, sobbed over it her denial (as Camilla described it); and brought her back, and motioned to her to sit down.

She whispered Camilla, what ails my mamma? Can you tell?—But see how calm, how composed I am! This world, Camilla! what a vain thing is this world! and she looked up. And so I shall
tell

tell the chevalier. I shall tell him not to refuse heaven, though he has refused a simple girl, who was no enemy to him, and might have been a faithful guide to him thither, for what he knew. Now all these things I wanted to say to him, and a vast deal more; and when I have told him my mind, I shall be easy.

Will my precious girl be easy, broke out into speech her weeping mother, when you have told the chevalier your mind? You *shall* tell him your mind, my dear; and God restore my child to peace, and to me!

Well now, my mamma, this is a good sign—For if I have moved you to oblige me, why may I not move him to oblige himself?—That's all I have in view. He has been my tutor, and I want, methinks, to return the favour, and be his tutress; and so you will let me go—Wont you?

No, my dear, we will send for him.

Well, that may do as well, provided you will let us be alone together: For these proud men may be ashamed, before company, to own themselves convinced by a simple girl.

But, my dearest love, whither would you have gone? Do you know where the chevalier's lodgings are?

She paused.—She does not, surely, Camilla!

Camilla repeated the question, that the young lady might herself answer it.

She looked as if considering—Then, why no, truly, said she; I did not think of that: But every body in Bologna knows where the chevalier Grandison lives—Don't you think so—But when shall he come! That will be better; *much* better.

You shall go, Camilla, disguised as before. Probably he has not quitted Bologna yet. And let him know, to a tittle, all that has passed, on this attempt of the dear soul—If he can bring his mind to comply with our terms, it may not yet be too

too late: Though it *will be* so after my lord and my two sons return from Urbino. But small are my hopes from him. If the interview makes my poor child easy, that will be a blessed event: We shall all rejoice in that. Mean time, come with me, my dear—But first resume your own dress—And then we will tell Jeronymo what we were determined upon. He will be pleased with it, I know.

You tell me, my good Miss Byron, that I cannot be too particular; yet the melancholy tale, I see, affects you too sensibly: As it also does my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison. No wonder, when the transcribing of them has the same effect upon me, as the reading had at my first being favoured with the letters that give the moving particulars.

Dr BARTLETT's eighth Letter.

I PROCEED now to give an account of Mr Grandison's interview with Lady Clementina.

He had no sooner heard the preceeding particulars, than he hastened to her, though with a tortured heart.

He was introduced to the marchioness and signor Jeronymo, in the apartment of the latter.

I supposed, said the marchioness, after first civilities, Camilla has told you the way we are now in. The dear creature has a great desire to talk with you. Who knows but she may be easier after she has been humoured?—She is more composed than she was, since she knows she may expect to see you. Poor thing! she has hopes of converting you.

Would to heaven, said Jeronymo, that compassion for her disordered mind may have that effect upon my Grandison, which argument has not had!
—Poor

—Poor Grandison! I can pity you at my heart. These are hard trials to your humanity! Your distress is written in your countenance!

It is deeper written in my heart, said I.

Indeed, Dr Bartlett, it was.

The marchioness rang. Camilla came in. See, said she, if Clementina is disposed now to admit of the chevalier's visit; and ask her, if she will have her mamma introduce him to her.

By all means, was the answer returned.

Clementina at our entrance was sitting at the window, a book in her hand. She stood up. A great, but solemn composure appeared in her air and aspect.

The marchioness went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound respect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to speak first—*She* could speak. She did, without hesitation—

You are nothing to me now, chevalier: You have refused me, you know; and I thank you: You are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you saw what trouble I gave to the best of parents and friends. You are certainly in the right. She that can give so much concern to them, must make any man afraid of her. But religion, it seems, is your pretence. Now I am sorry that you are an obstinate man. You *know* better, chevalier. I think you *should* know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?

I shall attend to every instruction that you will honour me with.

But let me, Sir, comfort my mamma.

She went to her, and kneeled: Why weeps my mamma? taking a hand in each of hers, and kissing first one, then the other. Be comforted, my mamma. You see I am quite well. You see I am sedate—Bless your Clementina!

God

God blefs my child !

She arofe from her knees; and ftepping towards me—You are very filent, Sir; and very fad.—But I don't want you to be fad.—Silent I will allow you to be; becaufe the tutored fhould be all ear. So I ufed to be to you.

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead—I had a great deal to fay to you; but I have forgot it all—Why do you look fo melancholy, chevalier? You know your own mind; and you did what you thought juft and fit—Did you not? Tell me, Sir.

Then turning to her weeping mother—The poor chevalier cannot fpeak, madam—Yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that—He is forry, to be fure!—Well, but, Sir, turning to me, don't be forry.—And yet the man who once refufed me—Ah, chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: But I foon got over it. You fee how fedate I am now. Cannot you be as fedate as I am?

What could I fay? I could not foothe her: She boasted of her fedatenefs. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromise have been allowed of, I could have been unreferved in my declarations. Was ever man fo unhappily circumftanced?—Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendship with me? Why did this excellent mother bind me to her, by the fweet ties of kindnefs and efteem; engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

But let me afk you, chevalier, how could you be fo *unreasonable* as to expect, that I fhould change my religion, when you were fo very tenacious of yours? Were you not *very* unreasonable to expect this?—Upon my word, I believe, you men think, it is no matter for us women to have any confciences, fo as we do but ftudy your wills, and do
our

our duty by you. Men look upon themselves as Gods of the earth, and on us women but as their ministring servants!—But I did not expect that *you* would be so unreasonable. You used to speak highly of our sex. Good women, you used to say, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud that I *was* a woman. How could *you*, chevalier, be so unreasonable?

May I, madam, to her mother, acquaint her with the proposals I made?—She seems to think that I insisted upon her change of religion.

It was not designed she should think so: But I remember now, that she would not let me tell all I had to say, when I was making my report to her of what had passed between the bishop and you. It was enough, she said, that she had been refused; she besought me to spare the rest: And since that, she has not been in such a way that we *could* talk to her on that part of the subject. We took it for granted, that *she* knew it all, because *we* did. Could we have yielded to your proposals, we should have enforced them upon her.—If you acquaint her with what you had proposed, it may make her think she has not been *despised*, as she calls it; the notion of which changed her temper, from over-thoughtful to over-lively.

No need of speaking low to each other, said the young lady. After your flight, Sir, you may let me hear *any thing*.—Madam! you see how sedate I am. I have quite overcome myself. Don't be afraid of saying *any thing* before me.

Slight, my dearest Lady Clementina! Heaven is my witness, your honoured mamma is my witness, that I have not slighted you!—The conditions I had proposed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happiest of men!

Yes, and me the unhappiest of women. Why you refused me, did you not? And putting both her hands spread before her face, Don't let it be told

abroad, that a daughter of that best of mothers was refused by any man less than a prince!—Fie upon that daughter! To be able to stand before the proud refuser! [She walked from me.] I am ashamed of myself!—O Mrs Beaumont! but for you!—My secret had been buried here, putting one hand on her bosom, holding still the other before her face.—But, Sir, Sir, coming towards me, don't speak! Let me have all my talk out—And then—everlasting silence be my portion!

How her mother wept! How was I affected!

I had a great deal to say to you, I thought: I wanted to convince you of your errors. I wanted *no* favour of you, Sir: Mine was a pure, disinterested esteem. A voice from heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was setting out to convert you. I should have been enabled to do it, I doubt not: *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings*: Do you remember that text, Sir?—Could I have gone, when I would have gone—I had it *all* in my head then—But now I have lost it—O that impertinent Camilla!—*She* must question me—The woman addressed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to see me so sedate.

I was going to speak—Hush, hush, when I bid you! and she put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment, and kissed it.

Ah, chevalier! said she, not withdrawing it, I believe you are a flattering man! How *can* you, to a poor *despised* girl—

Let me *now* speak, madam—Use not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the proposals I made—

I mentioned them; and added, Heaven only knows the anguish of my soul—Hush, said she, interrupting, and turning to her mother—I know nothing of these men, madam! Do you think, my mamma, I may believe him? He *looks*
as

as if one might!—Do you think I may believe him?

Her mother was silent through grief.

Ah, Sir! My mamma, though she is not your enemy, cannot vouch for you!—But I will have you bound by your own hand. She stepped to her closet in a hurry, and brought out pen, ink, and paper.—Come, Sir, you must not play tricks with me. Give me under your hand what you have now said—But I will write it, and you shall sign it.

She wrote in an instant as follows:

THE Chevalier Grandison solemnly declares, that he did, in the most earnest manner, of his own accord, propose, that he would *allow* a certain young creature, if she might be *allowed* to be his wife, the free use of her religion; and to have a discreet man, at her choice, for her confessor: And that he would never oblige her to go to England with him: And that he would live in Italy with her every other year.

Will you sign this, Sir?—

Most willingly.—

Do then.—

I did.

And you *did* propose this?—Did he, madam?

My dear, he hid. And I would have told you so, but that you were affected at his supposed refusal.

Why, to be sure, madam, interrupted she, it was a shocking thing to be *refused*.

Would you have wished us, my dear, to comply with these terms? Would you have chosen to marry a Protestant? A daughter of the house of Porretta, and of the house I sprung from, to marry an English Protestant?

Clementina took her mother aside; but spoke loud enough to be heard:

To be sure, madam, that would have been wrong: But I am glad I was not refused with contempt: That my tutor, and the preserver of my Jeronymo, did not *despise* me. To say truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia; and so made a pretence,

Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own faith, had you complied with the chevalier's proposals?

Why no, surely, madam!—Might I have not had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my religion, madam.

So does he, my love, in his.

That is his *fault*, madam. Chevalier, stepping towards me, I think you a very obstinate man. I hope you have not heard our discourse.

Yes, my dear, he has: And I desire not but he should.

Would to God, madam, said I to the marchioness, that I had yours and my lord's interest! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might presume—

But, Sir, you are *mistaken*, perhaps, said the young lady. Though I answer for answering's sake, and to shew that I have no doubt of my steadfastness in an article in which my soul is concerned, yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obstinate—I know what!—Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her mother aside: For God's sake, madam, encourage my presumptuous hopes. Do you not observe already an alteration in the dear lady's mind? Is she not more unaffectedly sedate than she was before? Is not her mind quieter, now she knows that every thing was yielded up that honour and conscience would permit to be yielded up?

up? See that sweet serenity almost restored to those eyes, that within these few moments had a wilder turn!

Ah, chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it *did*, I cannot allow of my daughter's marrying a man so bigotted to his errors. Excuse me, Sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I should have more hopes of you, and less objection.

If, madam, I *could* be indifferent in my religion, the temptation would have been too great to be resisted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with such a family—

Ah chevalier! I can give you no hope.

Look at the sweet lady, madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favour! Think of what she was, the joy of every heart; and what she may be! which, whatever becomes of me, heaven avert!—And shall not the noble Clementina have her mother for her advocate? God is my witness, that your Clementina's happiness is, more than my own, the object of my vows. Once more, for your Clementina's sake (What alas! is *my* sake to that), on my knee, let me request your interest: That, joined to my Jeronymo's, and if the dear lady recede not, if she blast not these budding hopes, will, I doubt not, succeed.

The young lady ran to me, and offering to help me up with both her hands, rise, chevalier!—Shall I raise the chevalier, madam?—I don't love to see him kneel. Poor chevalier!—See his tears!—What is the matter with every body? Why do you weep?—My mamma weeps too!—What ails every body?

Rise, chevalier, said the marchioness. O this sweet prattler! She will burst my heart asunder!—You cannot, Sir, prevail (I cannot *wish* that you should) but upon your own terms. And will

not this sweet soul move you?—Hard-hearted Grandison!

What a fate is mine! rising: With a soul penetrated by the disorder of this most excellent of women, and by the distress given by it to a family, every single person of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard-hearted! What is it I desire, but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conscience is satisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it one, about which, though I can love and honour every worthy member of it, I have scruples, *more* than scruples, that my heart can justify, and my reason defend! You have not, madam, yourself, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine.

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earnestness, now on me, now on her weeping mother——And at last breaking silence [her mother could not speak], and taking her hand, and kissing it, I don't, said she, comprehend the reason of all this. This house is not the house it was: Who, but I, is the same person in it? My father is not the same. My brothers neither: My mamma never has a dry eye, I think: But I don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I *will*. Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings!—O my mamma! What would you say to your girl, if *she* refused comfort? Then kneeling down, and kissing her hand with eagerness, I beseech you, my dear mamma, I *beseech* you be comforted; or lend me some of your tears—What ails me that I cannot weep for you?—But, turning to me, see, the chevalier weeps too!—Then rising, and coming to me, her hand pressing my arm——Don't weep, chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my brother's preserver! What ails you!—Be comforted!—Then taking her handkerchief out of her pocket with one hand, still pressing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes,
and

and looking upon it—No!—I thought I *could* have wept for you!—But why is all this?—You see what an example I, a silly girl, can set you—Affecting a still sedater countenance.

O Chevalier! said the weeping mother, and do you say your heart is penetrated?—Sweet creature! wrapping her arms about her; my own Clementina! would to heaven it were given me to restore my child!—O Chevalier! if complying with your terms would do it—But *you* are immoveable!

How can that be said, madam, when I have made concessions, that a princely family should not, on a *beginning* address, have brought me to make! May I *repeat*, before Lady Clementina—

What would he repeat to me? interrupted she. Do, madam, let him say all he has a mind to say. If it will make his poor heart easy, why let him say all he would say—Chevalier, speak. Can I be any comfort to you? I would make you *all* happy if I could.

This, madam, said I to her mother, is too much! Excellent young lady!—Who can bear such transcendent goodness of heart, shining through intellects so disturbed!—And think you, madam, that on earth there can be a man more unhappily circumstanced than I am?

O my Clementina! said the mother, dear child of my heart! And could you consent to be the wife of a man of a contrary religion to your own? A man of another country? You see, Chevalier, I will put *your* questions to her. A man that is an enemy to the faith of his own ancestors, as well as to your faith?

Why, no, madam!—I hope he does not expect that I would.

May I presume, madam, to put the question in my own way?—But yet I think it may distress the dear lady, and not answer the desirable end, if I may not have hope of *your* interest in my favour;
and

and of the acquiescence of the marquis and your sons with my proposals.

They will never comply.

Let me then be made to appear insolent, unreasonable, and even ungrateful, in the eyes of your Clementina, if her mind can be made the easier by such a representation. If I have no hopes of *your* favour, madam, I must indeed despair.

Had I any hope of carrying your cause, I know not what might be done: But I must not separate myself from my family in this great article.—My dear! to Clementina, you said you should be easier in your mind, if you were to talk to the Chevalier alone. This is the only time you can have for it. Your father and brothers will be here to-morrow—And then, Chevalier, all will be over.

Why, madam, I did think I had a great deal to say to him. And, as I thought I had no *interest* in what I had to say—

Would you wish, my dear, to be left alone with the Chevalier? Can you recollect any thing that you had intended to say to him, had you made him the visit you designed to make him?

I don't know.

Then I will withdraw. Shall I, my dear?

Ought I, Sir (you have been my tutor, and many excellent lessons have you taught me—tho' I don't know what is become of them!—Ought I) to wish my mamma to withdraw? Ought I to have any thing to say to you that I could not say before her?—I think not.

The marchioness was retiring. I beg of you, madam, said I, to slip unobserved into that closet. You *must* hear all that passes. The occasion may be critical. Let me have the opportunity of being either approved or censured, as I shall appear to deserve, in the conversation that may pass between the dear lady and me if you do withdraw.

O Chevalier! You are equally prudent and generous! Why won't you be one of us? Why won't you be a Catholic?

She went out at the door. Clementina courtesied to her. I led her eye from the door, and the marchioness re-entered, and slipped into the closet.

I conducted the young lady to a chair, which I placed with its back to the closet-door, that her mother might hear all that passed.—She sat down, and bid me sit by her.

I was willing she should lead the subject, that the marchioness might observe I intended not to prepossess her.

We were silent for a few moments. She seemed perplexed; looked up, looked down: then on one side, then on the other—At last, O Chevalier! said she, they were happy times when I was your pupil, and you were teaching me English!

They were *indeed* happy times, madam.

Mrs Beaumont was too hard for me, Chevalier!—Do you know Mrs Beaumont?

I do. She is one of the best of women.

Why so I think. But she turned and winded me about most strangely. I think I was in a great fault.

How so, madam?

How so! Why to let her get out of me a secret that I had kept from my mother. And yet there never was a more indulgent mother.—Now you look, Chevalier: But I sha'n't tell you what the secret was.

I do not ask you, madam.

If you did, I would not tell you.—Well, but I had a great deal to say to you I thought. I wish that frantic Camilla had not stopt me when I was going to you. I had a great deal to say to you.

Cannot you recollect, madam, any part of it?

Let me consider—Why, in the first place, I thought you *despised* me. I was not sorry for that,
I do

I do assure you: That did me good. At first it vexed me—You cannot think how much. I have a great deal of pride, Sir—But well, I got over that; and I grew sedate—You see how sedate I am. Yet this poor man, thought I, whether he thinks so or not (I will tell you all my thoughts, Sir), but don't be grieved.—You see how sedate I am. Yet I am a silly girl; you are thought to be a wise man: Don't disgrace your wisdom. Fie! a wise man to be weaker than a simple girl!—Don't let it be said—What was I saying?

Yet this poor man, whether he thinks so or not, you said, madam.

True!—has a soul to be saved. He has taken great pains with *me*, to teach me the language of England! Shall I not take some with *him*, to teach him the language of heaven!—No heretic can learn that, Sir!—And I had collected abundance of fine thoughts in my mind, and many pertinent things from the fathers; and they were all in my head—But that impertinent Camilla—And so they are all gone—But this one thing I have to say—I designed to say something like it at the conclusion of my discourse with you—So it is premeditated, you will say: And so it is. But let me whisper it—No I won't neither—But turn your face another way—I find my blushes come already—But (and she put her spread hand before her face, as if to hide her blushes) don't look at me, I tell you—Look at the window [I did]. Why, Chevalier, I did intend to say—But stay—I have wrote it down somewhere [she pulled out her pocket-book]; Here it is. Look another way when I bid you—She read—
 “ Let me beseech you, Sir (I was very earnest
 ‘ you see), to hate, to despise, to detest (now don't
 ‘ look this way) the unhappy Clementina, with all
 ‘ my heart; but, for the sake of your immortal
 ‘ soul, let me conjure you to be reconciled to our
 ‘ holy mother church!—” Will you, Sir?—fol-
 lowing

lowing my indeed averted face with her sweet face; for I *could not* look towards her. Say you will. I heard you once called an angel of a man: And is it not better to be an angel in heaven?—Tender-hearted man! I always thought you had sensibility—Say you will—Not for my sake—I told you, that I would content myself to be still despised. It shall not be said that you did this for a wife!—No, Sir, your conscience shall have all the merit of it!—And I'll tell you what, I will lay me down in peace—She stood up with a dignity that was augmented by her piety, and I will say, “Now do you, O beckoning angel (for an angel will be on the other side of the river—The river shall be death, Sir!—Now do thou) “reach
‘ out thy divine hand, O minister of peace! I will
‘ wade through these separating waters, and I will
‘ bespeak a place for the man who, many, many
‘ years hence may fill it!—And I will sit next you
‘ for ever and ever!”—And this, Sir, shall satisfy the poor Clementina, who will then be richer than the richest! So you see, Sir, as I told my mother, I was setting out on God's errand, not on my own!

For hours might the dear lady have talked on, without interruption from me!—My dear Dr Bartlett! what did I not suffer?

The marchioness was too near for herself: She could not bear this speech of her pious, generous, noble daughter. She sobbed, she groaned.

Clementina started—She looked at me. She looked round her. Whence came these groans? Did *you* groan, Sir?—You are not a hard-hearted man, though they say you are. But will you be a Catholic, Sir? Say you will. I won't be denied. And I will tell you what—If I don't resign to my destiny in a few, a very few weeks, why then I will go to a nunnery, and then shall I be God's child, you know, even in this life.

What

What could I say to the dear lady? Her mind was raised above an earthly love. Circumstanced as we were, how could I express the tenderness for her which overflowed my heart? Compassion is a motive that a woman of spirit will reject: And how could love be here *pleaded*, when the parties believed it to be in my own power to exert it? Could I endeavour to replace myself in her affection, when I refused to comply with their terms, and they with mine? To have argued against her religion, and in defence of my own, her mind so disturbed, could not be done: And ought I, in generosity, in justice to her family, to have attempted to unsettle her in a faith in which she and all her family were so well satisfied?

I could only, when I could speak, applaud her piety, and pronounce her an angel of a woman, an ornament of her sex, and an honour to her religion, and endeavour to wave the subject.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, after a silence of some minutes!—You are an obstinate man! Indeed you are—Yet, I think, you do not despise me.—But what says your paper?

She took it out of her bosom and read it. She seemed affected by it, as if she had not before considered it: And you *really* proposed these terms, Sir? And would you have allowed me the full exercise of my religion? And should I have had my confessor? And would you have allowed me to convert you, if I could? And would you have treated my confessor kindly? And would you have been dutiful to my papa and mamma? And would you have loved my two other brothers as well as you do Jeronymo?—And would you have let me live at Bologna?—You don't say, Yes.—But do you say, No?

To these terms, madam, most willingly would I have subscribed: And if, my dearest lady, they
could

could have had the wished-for effect, how happy had I been!

Well!—She then paused; and resuming, What shall we say to all these things?

I thought her mother would take it well to have an opportunity given her to quit the closet, now her Clementina had changed her subject to one so concerning to the whole family. I favoured her doing so. She flipt out, her face bathed in tears, and soon after came in at the drawing-room door.

Ah, madam! said Clementina, paying obeisance to her, I have been arguing and pleading with the Chevalier.

Then, speaking low, I believe he may in time be convinced: He has a tender heart. But hush, putting her finger to her mouth, and then speaking louder. I have been reading this paper again—

She was going on too favourably for me, as it was evident the marchioness apprehended (the first time that I had reason to think she was disinclined to the alliance): For she stopt her: My love, said she, you and I will talk of this matter by ourselves.

She rang. Camilla came in. She made a motion for Camilla to attend her daughter; and withdrew, inviting me out with her.

When we were in another room, Ah, Chevalier! said she, how was it possible that you could withstand such a heavenly pleader? You cannot love her as she deserves to be loved: You cannot but act nobly, generously; but indeed you are an invincible man.

Not love her, madam! Your ladyship adds distress to my very great distress!—*Am* I, in your opinion, an ungrateful man?—But must I lose your favour, your interest? On that, and on my dear Jeronymo's did I build my hopes, and *all* my hopes.

I know your terms can never be accepted, Chevalier: And I have now no hopes of you. After this last conversation between you and the dear girl, I *can* have no hopes of you. Poor soul! She began to waver. O how she loves you! I see you are *not* to be united: It is impossible. And I did not care to permit a daughter of mine further to expose herself, as it must have been to no manner of purpose.—You are concerned.—I should pity you, Sir, if you had it not in your power to make yourself happy, and us and ours too.

Little did I expect such a turn in my disfavour from the marchioness.

May I, madam, be permitted to take leave of the dear lady, to whose piety and admirable heart I am so much indebted?

I believe it may as well be deferred, Chevalier.

Deferred, madam!—The marquis and the general come; and my heart tells me, that I may never be allowed to see her again.

At *this* time it had better be deferred, Sir.

If it must, I submit—God for ever bless you, madam, for all your goodness! God restore to you your Clementina! May you all be happy!—Time may do much for *me*! Time, and my own not disapproving conscience, may—But a more unhappy man never passed your gates!

I took the liberty to kiss her hand, and withdrew, with great emotion.

Camilla hastened after me. Chevalier, says she, my lady asks, if you will not visit Signor Jeronimo?

Blessings attend my ever-valued friend! I cannot see him. I shall *complain* to him. My heart will burst before him. Commend me to that true friend. Blessings attend every one of this excellent family! Camilla, obliging Camilla, adieu!

O Dr Bartlett!—But the mother was right. She was to account for her conduct in the absence
of

of her lord. She knew the determination of the family; and her Clementina was on the point of shewing more favour to me, than, as things were circumstanced, it was proper she should shew me: Yet they had found out that Clementina, in the way she was in, was not easily diverted from any thing she took strongly into her head; and they never had accustomed her to contradiction.

Well, Lucy, now you have read this letter, do you not own, that this man and this woman can only deserve each other?—Your Harriet, my dear, is not worthy to be the handmaid of either. This is not an affectation of humility. You will be all of the same opinion, I am sure: And this letter will convince you, that *more* than his compassion, that his *love* for Clementina was engaged. And so it *ought*. And what is the inference but this—That your Harriet, were this great difficulty to be vincible, could pretend to hope for half a heart? There cannot be that fervor, my dear, in a second love, that was in a first. Do you think there can?

Dr BARTLETT's ninth Letter.

THE young lady, proceeds Mr Grandison, after I had left her, went to her brother Jeronymo. There I should have found her, had I, as her mother motioned by Camilla, visited my friend: But when I found he was likely to stand alone in his favour to me; when the marchioness had so unexpectedly declared herself against the compromise; I was afraid of disturbing his worthy heart, by the grief which at the instant overwhelmed mine.

The following particulars Jeronymo sent me, within three hours after I left their palace.

His sister, making Camilla retire, shewed him

the paper which she had written, and made me sign, and asked him what he knew of the contents.

He knew not what had passed between his mother and me, nor did Clementina.

He told her, that I had actually made those proposals. He assured her, that I loved her above all women. He acquainted her with my distress.

She pitied me. She thought, she said, that I had not made any overtures, any concessions; that I despised her, and sensibly asked why the Chevalier was sent for from Vienna? We all knew his mind as to religion, said she.

Then, after a pause, he never could have perverted me, proceeded she: He would have allowed me a confessor, would he not?

He would, answered Jeronymo.—

And he would have left me among my friends in Italy?—

He would, replied he.

Well, brother, and I should have been glad perhaps to have seen England once; and he would perhaps have brought over his sisters and his father to visit us: And he praises them highly, *you know*. And if I were their sister, I could have gone over with them, *you know*. Do you think, if I had loved *them*, they would not have loved *me*? I am not an ill-natured creature, *you know*; and they *must* be courteous: Are they not *his* sisters? And don't you think his father would love me? I should have brought no dishonour into his family, *you know*.—Well, but I'll tell you what, Jeronymo: He is really a tender-hearted man. I talked to him of his soul; and, upon my honour, I believe I could have prevailed in time. Father Marefcotti is a severe man, *you know*; and he has been always so much consulted, and don't love the Chevalier, I believe: So that I fancy, if I were to have a venerable sweet-tempered man for my confessor, between *my* love and my *confessor's* prudence we should gain a soul—

soul—Don't you think so, Jeronymo?—And that would cover a great many sins. And all his family might be converted too, *you know!*

He encouraged her in this way of thinking. She believed, she said, that I was not yet gone. He is *so* tender-hearted, brother! *that* is my dependence: And you say he loves me. Are you sure of that?—But I have reason to think he does. He shed tears, as I talked to him, more than once, while my eyes were as dry as they are now. I did not shed one tear. Well, I'll go to him and talk with him.

She went to the door, but came back on tiptoe; and in a whispering accent—My mamma is coming: Hush, Jeronymo! let Hush be the word!—

The door opened—Here, madam, is your girl!—But it is not my mamma: The impertinent Camilla. She follows me as my shadow!

My lady desires to see you, Lady Clementina, in her dressing-room.

I obey. But where is the Chevalier?

Gone, madam. Gone some time.

Ah, brother! said she, and her countenance fell.

What, gone! said Jeronymo, without seeing me! Unkind Grandison! He did not use to be so unkind.

This was the substance of the advices sent me by my friend Jeronymo.

I acquainted him in return, by pen and ink, with all that had passed between the marchioness and me, that he might not, by his friendship for me, involve himself in difficulties.

In the morning I had a visit from Camilla, by her lady's command, with excuses for refusing to allow me to take leave of Clementina. She hoped I was not displeased with her on that account. It was the effect of prudence, and not disrespect. She should ever regard me, even in a tender manner, as if the desired relation could have taken place.

Her lord, and her brother the Conte della Porretta (as he is called), with the general and the bishop, arrived the night before, accompanied by the count's eldest son, Signor Sebastiano. She had been much blamed for permitting the interview; but regreted it the less, as her beloved daughter was more composed than before, and gave sedate answers to all the questions put to her. But, nevertheless, she wished that I would retire from Bologna, for Clementina's sake, as well as for my own.

Camilla added from Signor Jeronymo, that he wished to hear from me from the Trentine, or Venice: And as from herself, and in confidence, that her young lady was greatly concerned that I did not wait on her again before I went away: That she fell into a silent fit upon it; and that her mamma, on her not answering to her questions for the first time, chid her: That this gave her great distress, but produced what they had so much wished for, a flood of tears; and that now she frequently wept, and lamented to her, *What should she do?* Her mamma did not love her, and her mamma talked against the Chevalier. She wished to be allowed to see him. Nobody now would love her but the Chevalier and Jeronymo! It would be better for her to be in England, or anywhere, than to be in the sweetest country in the world and hated.

Camilla told me, that the marquis, the count his brother, and the general, had indeed blamed the marchioness for permitting the interview; but were pleased that I was refused taking leave of the young lady, when she seemed disposed to dwell on the contents of the note she had made me sign: They seemed now all of a mind, she said, that were I to comply with their terms, the alliance would not by any means be a proper one. Their rank, their degree, their alliances were dwelt upon: I found that their advantages in all these respects were heightened; my degree, my consequence

quence lowered, in order to make the difference greater, and the difficulties insuperable.

Clementina's uncle, and his eldest son, both men of sense and honour, who used to be high in her esteem, had talked to her; but could get nothing from her but No and Yes. Her father had talked to her alone; but they melted each other, and nothing resulted of comfort to either. Her mother joined him; but she threw herself at her mother's feet, besought her to forgive her, and not to *chide her again*. They had intended to discourage her from thinking of me upon any terms. The general and the bishop were to talk to her that morning. They had expressed displeasure at Signor Jeronymo, for his continued warmth in my favour. Father Marecotti was now consulted as an oracle: And I found that, by an indelicacy of thinking, he imagined that the *husband* would set all right; and was for encouraging the Count of Belvedere, and getting me at distance.

Camilla obligingly offered to acquaint me, from time to time, with what occurred; but I thought it was not right to accept of a servant's intelligence out of the family she belonged to, unless some one of it authorized her to give it me. Yet you must believe I wanted not anxious curiosity on a subject so interesting. I thanked her; but said, that it might, if discovered, lay her under inconveniences which would grieve me for her sake. She had the good sense to approve of my declining her offer.

In the morning of the same day, I had a visit made me which I little expected: It was from father Marecotti. It is a common thing to load an enemy, especially if he be in holy orders, and comes to us in the guise of friendship, with the charge of hypocrisy: But partiality may be at the bottom of the accusation. Father Marecotti is a zealous Roman Catholic: I could not hope either
for

for his interest or affection: He could not but wish to frustrate my hopes. As a man in earnest in his own principles, and who knew how steadfast I was in mine, it was his duty to oppose this alliance. He is, perhaps, the honestest man for knowing but little of human nature, and of the tender passions. As to that of love, he seemed to have drawn his conclusions from general observations: He knew not how to allow for particular constitutions, nor to account for the delicacy of such a heart as Clementina's. Love he thought was always a poor blind boy, led in a string, either by folly or fancy; and that once the *impetus* got over, and the lady settled into the common offices of life, she would domesticate herself, and be as happy with the Count of Belvedere, especially as he is a very worthy man, as if she had married the man once most favoured. On this presumption, it was a condescension in such a man to come to me, and to declare himself my friend; and advise me what to do for promoting the peace of a family which I professed to venerate; and you will hear that his condescension was owing to a real greatness of mind.

I was, from the moment of his entrance, very open, very frank; more so than he expected, as he owned. He told me, that he was afraid I had conceived prejudices against him. The kinder then in him, I said, that he condescended to make me so friendly a visit. I assured him, that I regarded him as a good man. I had indeed sometimes thought him severe; but that convinced me that he was very much in earnest in his religion. I was sensible, I said, that we ought always to look to the intention; to put ourselves in the situation of the persons of whose actions we presumed to judge; and even to think well of austerities, which had their foundation in virtue, in whatever manner they affected ourselves.

He

He applauded me; and said, I wanted so little to be a Catholic, that it was a thousand pities I was not one: And he was persuaded that I should one day be a profelyte.

This father's business was, to convince me of the unfitness of an alliance between families so very opposite in their religious sentiments. He went into history upon it. You may believe, that the unhappy consequence which followed the marriage between our Charles I. and the princess Henrietta of France, were not forgotten. He expatiated upon them: But I observed to him, that the monarch was the sufferer by the zeal of the queen for her religion, and not the queen, any otherwise than as she was involved in the consequences of those sufferings which she had brought upon him. In short, father, said I, we Protestants, some of us, have zeal; but let us alone, and it is not a persecuting one. Your doctrine of *merits* makes the zeal of your devotees altogether active, and perhaps the more flaming, in proportion as the person is more honest and worthy.

I lamented, that I was sent for from Vienna, upon hopes, though my principles were well known, that otherwise I had never presumed to entertain.

He owned that that was a wrong step: And valued himself that he had not been consulted upon it; and that when he knew it had been taken, he inveighed against it.

And I am *afraid*, father, said I—

He interrupted me—Why, I believe so!—You have made such generous distinctions in favour of the duty of a man acting in my function, that, I must *own*, I have not been an idle observer on this occasion.

He advised me to quit Bologna. He was profuse in his offers of service in any other affair; and, I dare say, was in earnest.

I told

I told him, that I chose not to leave it precipitately, and as if I had done something blameworthy. I had some hopes of being recalled to my father's arms. I should set out, when I left Bologna, directly for Paris, to be in the way of such a long-wished-for call: And then, said I, adieu to travelling! Adieu to Italy for ever! I should have been happy, had I never seen it, but in the way for which I have been accustomed to censure the generality of my countrymen.

His behaviour at parting was such, as will make me for ever revere him; and will *enlarge* a charity for all good men of his religion; which yet, before, was not a narrow one. For, begging my excuse, he kneeled down at the door of my antichamber, and offered up, in a very fervent manner, a prayer for my conversion. He could not have given me, any other way, so high an opinion of him: No, not, had he offered me his interest with Clementina, and her family. I embraced him; as he did me: Tears were in his eyes. I thanked him for the favour of this visit; and, recommending myself to his frequent prayers, told him, that he might be assured of all the respectful services he should put it in my power to render him. I longed, Dr Bartlett, to make him a present worthy of his acceptance, had I known what would have been acceptable, and had I not been afraid of affronting him. I accompanied him to the outward door. I never, said he, saw a Protestant that I loved before. Your mind is still more amiable than your person. Lady Clementina, I see, might have been happy with you: But it was not fit, on *our* side. He snatched my hand before I was aware, and honoured it with his lips; and hastened from me, leaving me at a loss, and looking after him, and for him, when he was out of sight; my mind labouring as under a high sense of obligation to his goodness.

Religion and love, Dr Bartlett, which heighten our relish for the things of both worlds, what pity is it that they should ever run the human heart either into enthusiasm or superstition; and thereby debase the minds they are both so well fitted to exalt!

I am equally surprised and affected by the contents of the following letter, directed to me. It was put within the door; nobody saw by whom. The daughter of the lady at whose house I lodge found it, and gave it to one of my servants for me.

DON'T be surprised, chevalier; don't think amiss of me for my forwardness. I heard some words drop (so did Camilla, but she can't go out to tell you of them), as if somebody's life was in danger. This distracts me. I am not treated as I was accustomed to be treated. They don't love me now—They don't love their poor Clementina! Very true, chevalier! You, who were always telling me how dearly they all loved me, will hardly believe it, I suppose. Nothing now is said, but *you shall, Clementina*—from those who used to call me sister, and dear sister at every word.

They said, I was well, and quite well, and ought to be treated with a high hand.—I know from whom they have that. From myself. I said so to Mrs Beaumont; but she need not to have told *them*. I won't go to her again for that. They say *I shall*. God help me, I don't know where to go for a quiet mind. A *high hand* won't do, chevalier: I wish I knew what would; I would tell it to them. I once thought it would; else I had not said it to Mrs Beaumont: But let them go on with their high hands, with all my heart: That heart will not hold always. It had been gone before now, had not Mrs Beaumont got out of me—Something—I won't tell you what—And then they

they sent for somebody—And somebody came—
And what then?—They need not threaten me so
—Somebody is not so much to blame as they will
have it he is: And that somebody did make pro-
posals—Did you not, chevalier?—I had liked to
have betrayed myself—I stopt just in time.

But, chevalier, I'll tell you a secret—Don't
speak of it to any body—May I depend upon you?
—I know I may. Why, Camilla tells me, that
the Count of Belvedere is to come again.—Are
you not sorry for your poor pupil? But I'll tell
you another secret—And that is, what I intend
to say to him—"Look you here, my Lord,
'you are a very good sort of man; and you have
'great estates: You are very rich: You are, in
'short, a very good sort of man; but there is,
'however, a man in the world with whom I had
'rather live in the poorest hermitage in a wilder-
'ness, than with you in the richest palace in the
'world." After this, if he be not the creeping
mean man you said he was not, he will be answer-
ed—Every thing you said to me in former happy
times I remember. You always said things to me
that were fit to be remembered. Yet I don't tell
you who my hermit is that I had rather live with.
Perhaps there is no such man. But this, you
know, will be a sufficient answer to the Count of
Belvedere. Don't you think so?

Here I have been tormented again!—Would
you think it? I have been pleading for somebody,
boldly, confidently. I said I could depend upon
his honour! Ah, chevalier! Don't you think I
might?—I am to be locked up, and I can't tell
what!—They won't let me see somebody—They
won't let me see my poor Jeronymo!—You, and
I, and Jeronymo, are all put together!—I don't
care, as I tell Camilla: I don't care: They will
quite harden me.

But

But just now my mamma—O she is the best of mothers!—My mamma tells me, she will not persuade me, if I will be patient, if I will be good. My dear mamma, as I told her, I will be patient, and good: But don't let them inveigh against the chevalier then. What harm has he done?—Was he not—Ah! Sir, now I blush!—Was he not sent for?—And did he not weep over me?—Yet is he none of your bold men, who look as proudly as if they were sure of your approbation!—Well, but what do you think my mamma said—Ah, Clementina! said she, would to God the Chevalier for *his own sake* (yes, she said for *his own sake*; and that made a great impression upon me; it was so good, you know, of my mamma), that the Chevalier was in England, or a thousand miles off. So, Sir, this is my advice—Pray take it; for I and Camilla heard some words, and Camilla, as well as I, is much troubled about them—Get away to England as soon as you can—Be sure do!—And some months hence bring your two sisters over with you; and by that time all our feuds will be ended, you know: And you shall take a house, and then I can go and visit your sisters, you know, and your sisters will visit us. You will come sometimes with them: Won't you? Well, and I'll tell you how we will pass part of our time: They shall perfect me in my English: I will perfect them in Italian. They know as much of that, I suppose, at least, as I do of English: And we will visit every court, and every city. So God bless you, Sir, and get away as soon as you can. I put no name, for fear this should miscarry, and I should be found out—Ah, Sir! they are very severe with me! Pity me: But I know you will; for you have a tender heart. *It is all for you!*

These last five words were intended to be scratched out; and are but just legible.

How the contents of this letter afflict me! Words cannot express what I feel! I see evidently that they are taking wrong measures with the tenderest heart in the world; a heart that never has once swerved from its duty; and which is filled with reverence and love for all that boast a relation to it. Harsh treatment, and which is besides *new* to it, is *not* the method to be taken with such a heart. Shall I, thought I, when I had perused it, ask for an audience of a mother so indulgent, and give her my disinterested advice upon it? Once I could have done so; and even, in confidence, have shewn her this very letter: But now she is one with the angry part of her family, and I dare not do it, for Clementina's sake. Talk of locking her up! Talk of bringing a lover to her!—*Threatening* her with going to Mrs Beaumont, when they should *court* her to go thither!—Not suffer her to see her beloved Jeronymo!—*He* in disgrace too!—How hard, how wrong is all this conduct!—I could have written to Jeronymo, thought I, and advised gentle measures, were he not out of their consultations—As to the threatened *resentments*, they are as nothing to me. Clementina's sufferings are every thing: My soul disdains the thought of fastening myself upon a proud family, that now looks upon me in a mean light. A proud heart undervalued will swell. It will be put upon *over* valuing itself. You know, Dr Bartlett, that I have a *very* proud heart: But when I am trampled upon, or despised, *then* it is most proud. I would call myself a *man*, to a prince, who should unjustly hold me in contempt; and let him know that I looked upon *him* to be no more. My pride is raised: Yet against whom! Not Clementina! She has all my pity! She has seen, and I have found, that her unhappy delirium, though not caused by me (I bless God for that!), has made me tender as a chidden infant. And can I think

think of quitting Bologna, and not see if it be possible for me to gratify myself, and serve them in her restoration? Setting quite out of the question the general's causeless resentments, and the engagement I have laid myself under not to leave it without apprizing him of my intention.

Upon the whole, I resolved to wait the issue of the new measures they have fallen upon. The dear lady has declared herself in my favour. Such a frank declaration must soon be followed by important consequences.

THE third day after the arrival of her father and brothers from Urbino, I received the following billet from the marquis himself:

Chevalier Grandison,

WE are in the utmost distress. We cannot take upon us to forbid your stay at Bologna; but shall be obliged to you, if you will enable us to acquaint our daughter, that you are gone to England, or some far distant part of Italy. Wishing you happy, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

To this was wrote as follows:

My Lord,

I AM excessively grieved for your distress. I make no hesitation to obey you. But as I am not conscious of having, in word or deed, offended you, or any one of a family to whom I owe infinite obligations, let me hope that I may be allowed a farewell visit to your lordship, to your lady, and to your three sons; that my departure may not appear like that of a criminal, instead of the parting, which, from the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as of

your experienced goodness, may be claimed by your lordship's

Ever obliged, and

affectionate humble Servant,

GRANDISON.

This request, I understand, occasioned warm debates. It was said to be a very bold one: But my dear Jeronymo insisted, that it was worthy of his friend, his deliverer, as he called me; and of an innocent man.

The result was, that I should be invited in form to visit and take leave of the family: And two days were taken, that some others of the Urbino family might be present, to see a man for the last time (and some of them for the first) who was thought, by his request, to have shewn a very extraordinary degree of intrepidity; and who, though a Protestant, was honoured with so great an interest in the heart of their Clementina.

The day before I was to make this formal visit (for such it was to be) I received the following letter from my friend Jeronymo:

My dearest Grandison,

TAKE the particulars of the situation we are in here, that you may know what to expect, and how to act and comfort yourself to-morrow evening.

Your reception will be, I am afraid, cold, but civil.

You will be looked upon by the Urbino family, who have heard more of you than they have seen, as a curiosity; but with more wonder than affection.

Of them will be present, the count my father's brother, and his sons Sebastiano and Giuliano, my aunt Signora Juliana de Sforza, a widow lady, as you know, and her daughter Signora Laurana, a
young

young woman of my sister's age, between whom and my sister used to be, as you have heard, the strictest friendship and correspondence; and who insisted on being present on this occasion. They are all good-natured people; but love not either your country or religion.

Father Marefcotti will be present. He is become your very great admirer.

My father thinks to make you his compliments; but if he withdraws the moment he has made them, you must not be surpris'd.

My mother says, that as it is the last time that she may ever see you, and as she really greatly respects you, she shall not be able to leave you while you stay.

The general, I hope, will behave with politeness.

The bishop loves you; but will not, however, perhaps, be in high good-humour with you.

Your Jeronymo will be wheeled into the same room. If he be more silent than usual on the solemn occasion, you will not do him injustice, perhaps, if you attribute it to his prudence; but much more to his grief.

And now let me tell you, as briefly as I can, the situation of the dear creature who must not appear, but who is more interested in the occasion of the congress than any person who will be present at it.

What passed between you and her at the last interview has greatly impressed her in your favour. The bishop, the general, and my father, soon after their return from Urbino, made her a visit in her dressing-room. They talked to her of the excellency of her own religion, and of the errors of the pretended reformed, which they called, and I suppose are, *damnable*. They found her steady in her abhorrence of the one, and adherence to the other. They were delighted with her rational answers,

and composed behaviour: They all three retired in raptures, to congratulate each other upon it; and returned with pleasure, to enter into farther talk with her: But when they mentioned you to her, she, led by their affectionate behaviour to her on their return, said, it had given her great pleasure, and ease of mind, to find that she was not *despised* by a man whom every one of the family regarded for his merit and great qualities. The general had hardly patience; he walked to the farther end of the room: My father was in tears: The bishop soothed her, in order to induce her to speak her whole mind.

He praised you. She seemed pleased. He led her to believe, that the whole family were willing to oblige her, if she would declare herself; and asked her questions, the answers to which must either be an avowal or a denial of her love; and then she owned, that she preferred the Chevalier Grandison to all the men in the world; she would not, against the opinion of her friends, wish to be his; but never would be the wife of any other man.

What, said the general, though he continue a heretic?

He might be converted, she said. And he was a sweet-tempered and compassionate man: And a man of sense, as *he* was, must see his errors.

Would she run the risque of her own salvation?

She was sure she should never give up her faith.

It was tempting God to abandon her to her own perverseness.

Her reliance on his goodness to enable her to be steadfast, was humble, and not presumptuous, and with a pious view to gain a proselyte; and God would not forsake a person so well intending. Was she not to be allowed her confessor? Her confessor

for

for should be appointed by themselves. She did not doubt but the Chevalier would consent to that.

The bishop, you know, can be cool when he pleases. He bore to talk further with her.

My father was still in tears.

The general had no longer patience. He withdrew and came to me, and vented on me his displeasure. It is true, Grandison, when it was proposed to send for you from Vienna, I, sanguine in my hopes, had expressed myself as void of all doubt but you would become a Catholic.—Your love, your compassion, your honour, as I thought, engaged by such a step taken on our side—I had no notion that on such a surprize, with such motives to urge your compliance, a young man like myself, and with a heart so sensible, could have been so firm: But these thoughts are all over—This, however, exposes me to the more reproaches.

We were high, and my mother and uncle came in to mediate between us.

I would not, I could not renounce my friend; the friend of my *soul*, as in our first acquaintance; and the preserver of my life——Miserable as that has been, the preserver of it, at a time when I was engaged in an *unlawful* pursuit, in which had I perished, what might I have now been, and where?

I ventured to give my opinion in favour of my sister's marriage with you, as the only method that could be taken to restore her; who, I said, loved you because you were a virtuous man; and that her love was not only founded in virtue, but was virtue itself.

My brother told me, that I was as much beside myself with my notions of gratitude, as my sister was with a passion less excusable.

I bid him forbear wounding a wounded man.

Thus

Thus high ran words between us.

The bishop, mean time, went on with a true church subtlety, to get out of the innocent girl her whole mind.

He boasted afterwards of his art. But what was there in it to boast of? A mind so pure and so simple as Clementina's ever was, and which only the pride of her sex, and motives of religion, had perhaps hindered her from declaring to all the world.

He asked her if she were willing to leave her father, mother, brothers, and country, to go to a strange land, to live among a hated people?

No, she said; you would not wish her to go out of Italy. You would live nine months out of twelve in Italy.

He told her, that she must, when married, do as her husband would have her.

She could trust to your honour.

Would she consent that her children should be trained up heretics?

She was silent to this question. He repeated it.

Well, my lord, if I must not be allowed to chuse for myself, only let me not hear the Chevalier spoken of disrespectfully: He does not deserve it. He has acted by me with as much honour as he did by my brother. He is an uniformly good man, and as generous as good—And don't let me have *other* proposals made me, and I will be contented. I had never so much distinguished him, if every body had not as well as I.

He was pleased to find her answers so rational: He pronounced her quite well; and gave it as his opinion, that you should be desired to quit Bologna. And your absence, and a little time, he was sure, would secure her health of mind.

But when her aunt Sforza and her cousin Laurana talked with her next morning, they found her,

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on putting questions about you, absolutely determined in your favour.

She answered the objections they made against you with equal warmth and clearness. She seemed sensible of the unhappy way she had been in, and would have it, that the last interview she had with you, you had helped to calm and restore her: And she hoped that she should be better every day. She praised your behaviour to her: She expatiated upon, and pitied your distress of mind.

They let her run on till they too had obtained from her a confirmation of all that the bishop had reported; and, upon repeating the conversation, would have it, upon experience, that soothing such a passion was not the way to be taken; but that a high hand was to be used, and that she was to be shamed out of a love so improper, so irreligious, so *scandalous*, to be encouraged in a daughter of their house with a heretic, and who had shewn himself to be a determined one.

They accordingly entered upon their new measures. They forbid her to think of you: They told her, that she should not upon any terms be yours; not now, even if you would change your religion for her. They depreciated your family, your fortune, and even your understanding; and brought to prove what they said against the latter, your obstinate adherence to your *mushroom* religion, so they called it; a religion that was founded in the wickedness of your VIIIth Henry; in the superstition of a child his successor, and in the arts of a vile woman who had martyred a sister queen, a better woman than herself. They insisted upon her encouraging the Count of Belvedere's addresses, as a mark of her obedience.

They condemned, in terms wounding to her modesty, her passion for a foreigner, an enemy to her faith; and on her earnest request to see her father,

father, he was prevailed upon to refuse her that favour.

Lady Juliana Sforza and her daughter Laurana, the companion of her better hours, never see her, but they inveigh against you as an artful, an interested man.

Her uncle treats her with authority ; Signor Sebastiano with a pity bordering on contempt.

My mother shuns her ; and indeed avoids me : But as she has been blamed for permitting the interview, which they suppose the wrongest step that could have been taken, she declares herself neutral, and resigns to whatever shall be done by her lord, by his brother, her two sons, and Lady Juliana de Sforza : But I am sure, in her heart, that she approves not of the new measures ; and which are also, as I have reminded the bishop, so contrary to the advice of the worthy Mrs Beaumont, to whom they begin to think of once more sending my sister, or of prevailing on her to come hither : But Clementina seems not to be desirous of going again to her ; we know not why, since she used to speak of her with the highest respect.

The dear soul rushed in to me yesterday. Ah, my Jeronymo ! said she, they will drive me into despair. They hate me, Jeronymo—But I have written to somebody !—Hush ! for your life, hush !

She was immediately followed in by her aunt Sforza, and her cousin Laurana, and the general ; who, though he heard not what she said, insisted on her returning to her own apartment.

What ! said she, must I not speak to Jeronymo ? Ah, Jeronymo !—I had a great deal to say to you !

I raved ; but they hurried her out, and have forbid her to visit me : They, however, have had the civility to desire my excuse. They are sure, they say, they are in the right way : And if I will
have

have patience with them for a week, they will change their measures, if they find these new ones ineffectual. But my sister will be lost, irrecoverably lost; I foresee that.

Ah, Grandison! And can you still—But now they will not accept of your change of religion. Poor Clementina! Unhappy Jeronymo!—Unhappy *Grandison*! I will say. If you are not so, you cannot deserve the affection of a Clementina.

But are *you* the Somebody to whom she has written? *Has* she written to you? Perhaps you will find some opportunity to-morrow to let me know whether she has, or not. Camilla is forbidden to stir out of the house, or to write.

The general told me just now, that my gratitude to you shewed neither more nor less than the high value I put upon my own life.

I answered, that his observation *convinced* me, that he put a much less upon mine, than I, in the same case, should have put upon his.

He reconciled himself to me by an endearment. He embraced me. Don't say *convinced* Jeronymo. I love not myself better than I love my Jeronymo.

What can one do with such a man? He *does* love me.

My mother, as I said, is resolved to be neutral: But, it seems, she is always in tears.

My mother slept in just now—To my question after my sister's health; Ah, Jeronymo! said she, all is wrong! The dear creature has been bad ever since yesterday. They are all wrong!—But patience and silence, child! You and I have nothing to answer for.—Yet my Clementina, said she—Oh!—and left me.

I have no heart to write on. You will see, from the above, the way we are in. O my Grandison! What will you do among us?—I wish you would
not

not come. Yet what hope, if you do not, shall I ever have of seeing again my beloved friend, who has behaved so unexceptionably in a case so critical?

You must not think of the dear creature: Her head is ruined: For your *own* sake you must not. We are all unworthy of you: Yet not *all*: All, however, but Clementina, and (if true friendship will justify my claim to another exception)

Your afflicted

JERONYMO.

LETTER VIII.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

O MY Lucy! What think you!—But it is easy to guess what you must think. I will, without saying one word more, inclose

Dr BARTLETT's tenth Letter.

THE next day (proceeds my patron) I went to make my visit to the family. I had nothing to reproach myself with; and therefore had no other concern upon me but what arose from the unhappiness of the noble Clementina: That indeed was enough. I thought I should have some difficulty to manage my own spirit, if I were to find myself insulted, especially by the general. Soldiers are so apt to value themselves on their knowledge of what, after all, one may call but their trade, that a private gentleman is often thought too slightly of by them. Insolence in a great man, a rich man, or a soldier, is a *call* upon a man of spirit to exert himself. But I hope, thought

thought I, I shall not have this call from any one of a family I so greatly respect.

I was received by the bishop, who politely, after I had paid my compliments to the marquis and his lady, presented me to those of the Urbino family to whom I was a stranger. Every one of those named by Signor Jeronymo in his last letter, was present.

The marquis, after he had returned my compliment, looked another way, to hide his emotion: The marchioness put her handkerchief to her eyes; but withdrawing it again, looked upon me with tenderness; and I read in them her concern for her Clementina.

I paid my respects to the general with an air of freedom, yet of regard; to my Jeronymo, with the tenderness due to our friendship, and congratulated him on seeing him out of his chamber. His kind eyes glistened with pleasure; yet it was easy to read a mixture of pain in them; which grew stronger, as the first emotions at seeing me enter gave way to reflection.

The Conte della Porretta seemed to measure me with his eye.

I addressed myself to father Marefcotti, and made my particular acknowledgments to him for the favour of his visit, and what had passed in it. He looked upon me with pleasure; probably with the more, as this was a farewell visit.

The two ladies whispered, and looked upon me, and seemed to bespeak each other's attention to what passed.

Signor Sebastiano placed himself next to Jeronymo, and often whispered him, and as often cast his eye upon me. He was partial to me, I believe, because my generous friend seemed pleased with what he said.

His brother, Signor Giuliano, sat on the other
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hand of me. They are agreeable and polite young men.

A profound silence succeeded the general compliments.

I addressed myself to the marquis: Your lordship, and you, madam, (turning to the marchioness), I hope will excuse me for having requested the favour of being once more admitted to your presence, and to that of three brothers, for whom I shall ever retain the most respectful affection. I could not think of leaving a city where one of the first families in it has done me the highest honour, without taking such a leave as might shew my gratitude.—Accept my lords, bowing to each; accept, madam, more profoundly bowing to the marchioness, my respectful thanks for all your goodness to me. I shall, to the end of my life, number most of the days that I have passed at Bologna amongst its happiest, even were the remainder to be as happy as man ever knew.

The marquis said, We wish you, Chevalier, very happy; happier than—He sighed, and was silent.

His lady only bowed. Her face spoke distress. Her voice was lost in sighs, tho' she struggled to suppress them.

Chevalier, said the bishop, with an air of solemnity, you have given us many happy hours: For them we thank you. Jeronymo, for himself, will say more: He is the most grateful of men. We thank you also for what you have done for him.

I cannot, said Jeronymo, express suitably my gratitude: My prayers, my vows, should follow you whithersoever you go, best of friends, and best of men!

The general, with an air and a smile that might have been dispensed with, oddly said, High pleasure and high pain are very near neighbours: They
are

are often guilty of excesses, and then are apt to mistake each other's house. I am one of those who think our whole house obliged to the Chevalier for the seasonable assistance he gave to our Jeronymo. But—

Dear general, said Lady Juliana, bear with an interruption: The intent of this meeting is amicable. The Chevalier is a man of honour. Things may have fallen out unhappily, yet nobody to blame.

As to blame, or otherwise, said the Conte della Porretta, that is not now to be talked of, else I *know* where it lies: In short, among ourselves. The Chevalier acted greatly by Signor Jeronymo: We were all obliged to him: But to let such a man as *this* have free admission to our daughter—She ought to have had no eyes.

Pray, my lord, pray, brother, said the marquis, are we not enough sufferers?

The Chevalier, said the general, cannot but be gratified by so high a compliment; and smiled indignantly.

My lord, replied I to the general, you know very little of the man before you, if you don't believe him to be the most afflicted man present.

Impossible! said the marquis, with a sigh.

The marchioness arose from her seat, motioning to go; and turning round to the two ladies, and the count, I have resigned my will to the will of you all, my dearest friends, and shall be permitted to withdraw. This testimony, however, before I go, I cannot but bear: Where-ever the fault lay, it lay not with the Chevalier. He has, from the first to the last, acted with the nicest honour. He is intitled to our respect. The unhappiness lies no-where but in the difference of religion.

Well, and that now is absolutely out of the
N 2 question,

question, said the general: It is indeed, Chevalier.

I hope, my lord, from a descendant of a family so illustrious, to find an equal exemption from wounding words and wounding looks; and that, Sir, as well from your generosity as from your *justice*.

My looks give you offence, Chevalier!—Do they?

I attended to the marchioness. She came towards me. I arose, and respectfully took her hand.—Chevalier, said she, I could not withdraw without bearing the testimony I have borne to your merits. I wish you happy—God protect you whithersoever you go. Adieu.

She wept. I bowed on her hand with profound respect. She retired with precipitation. It was with difficulty that I suppressed the rising tear. I took my seat.

I made no answer to the general's last question, though it was spoken in such a way (I saw by their eyes) as took every other person's notice.

Lady Sforza, when her sister was retired, hinted, that the last interview between the young lady and me was an unadvised permission, though intended for the best.

I then took upon me to defend that step. Lady Clementina, said I, had declared, that if she were allowed to speak her whole mind to me, she should be easy. I had for some time given myself up to absolute despair. The marchioness intended not *favour* to me in allowing of the interview: It was the most affecting one to me I had ever known. But let me say, that, far from having bad effects on the young lady's mind, it had good ones. I hardly knew how to talk upon a subject so very interesting to *every one* present, but not more so to *any one* than to myself. I thought of avoiding it; and have been led into it, but did not lead. And
since

since it is before us, let me recommend, as the most effectual way to restore every one to peace and happiness, *gentle treatment*. The most generous, the meekest, the most dutiful of human minds, requires not harsh treatment.

How do *you* know, Sir, said the general, and looked at Jeronymo, the methods now taken?—

And *are* they then harsh, my lord? said I.

He was offended.

I had heard, proceeded I, that a change of measures was resolved on. I knew that the treatment before had been all gentle, condescending, indulgent. I received but yesterday letters from my father, signifying his intention of speedily recalling me to my native country. I shall set out very soon for Paris, where I hope to meet with his more direct commands for this long-desired end. What may be my destiny I know not; but I shall carry with me a heart burdened with the woes of this family, and distressed for the beloved daughter of it. But let me bespeak you all, for your own sakes (mine is out of the question: I presume not upon any hope on my own account), that you will treat this angelic-minded lady with tenderness. I pretend to say, that I know that harsh or severe methods will not do.

The general arose from his seat, and, with a countenance of fervor next to fierceness, Let me tell you, Grandison, said he—

I arose from mine, and going to Lady Sforza, who sat next him, he stopt, supposing me going to him, and seemed surpris'd, and attentive to my motions: But, disregarding him, I address'd myself to that lady. You, madam, are the aunt of lady Clementina: The tender, the indulgent mother is absent, and has declared, that she resigns her will to the will of her friends present—Allow me to supplicate, that former measures may not be changed with her. Great dawnings of returning

reason did I discover in our last interview. Her delicacy (never was there a more delicate mind) wanted but to be satisfied. It *was* satisfied, and she began to be easy. Were her mind but once composed, the sense she has of her duty, and what she owes to her religion, would restore her to your wishes: But if she should be treated harshly (tho' I am sure, if she *should* it would be with the best intention), Clementina will be lost.

The general sat down. They all looked upon one another. The two ladies dried their eyes. The starting tear *would* accompany my fervour. And then stepping to Jeronymo, who was extremely affected, My dear Jeronymo, said I, my friend, my beloved friend, cherish in your noble heart the memory of your Grandison: Would to God I could attend you to England! We have baths there of sovereign efficacy. The balm of a friendly and grateful heart would promote the cure. I have urged it before. Consider of it.

My Grandison, my dear Grandison, my friend, my preserver! You are not going!—

I *am*, my Jeronymo; and embraced him. Love me in absence, as I shall you.

Chevalier, said the bishop, you don't go? We hope for your company at a small collation.—We must not part with you yet.

I cannot, my lord, accept the favour. Although I had given myself up to despair of obtaining the happiness to which I once aspired, yet I was not willing to quit a city that this family had made dear to me, with the precipitation of a man conscious of misbehaviour. I thank you for the permission I had to attend you all in full assembly. May God prosper *you*, my lord; and may you be invested with the first honours of that church which must be adorned by so worthy a heart! It will be *my* glory, when I am in my native place, or *wherever* I am, to remember that I was once thought
not

not unworthy of a rank in a family so respectable. Let me, my lord, be intitled to your kind remembrance.

He pulled out his handkerchief. My lord, said he, to his father; my lord, to the general; Grandison must not go!—and sat down with emotion.

Lady Sforza wept: Laurana seemed moved: The two young lords, Sebastiano and Julian, were greatly affected.

I then addressed myself to the marquis, who sat undetermined as to speech: My venerable lord, forgive me, that my address was not first paid here: My heart overflows with gratitude for your goodness in permitting me to throw myself at your feet, before I took a last farewell of a city favoured with your residence. Best of fathers, of friends, of men, let me entreat the continuance of your paternal indulgence to the child nearest, and *deserving* to be nearest to your heart. She is all *you* and her *mother*. Restore her to yourself, and to her, by your indulgence: That alone, and a blessing on your prayers, *can* restore her. Adieu, my good lord: Repeated thanks for all your hospitable goodness to a man that will ever retain a grateful sense of your favour.

You will not yet go, was all he said—He seemed in agitation. He could not say more.

I then, turning to the count his brother, who sat next him, said, I have not the honour to be fully known to your lordship: Some prejudices, from differences in opinion may have been conceived: But if you ever hear any thing of the man before you *unworthy* of his name, and of the favour once designed him, then, my lord, blame, as well as wonder at, the condescension of your noble brother and sister in my favour.

Who, I! Who, I! said that lord, in some hurry.—

ry.—I think very well of you. I never saw a man in my life that I liked so well!

Your lordship does me honour. I say this the rather, as I may, on this solemn occasion, taking leave of such honoured friends, charge my future life with resolutions to behave worthy of the favour I have met with in this family.

I passed from him to the general—Forgive, my lord, said I, the seeming formality of my behaviour in this parting scene: It is a very solemn one to me. You have expressed yourself *of* me, and *to* me, my lord, with more passion (forgive me, I mean not to offend you) than perhaps you will approve in yourself when I am far removed from Italy. For have you not a noble mind? And are you not a son of the Marquis della Porretta? Permit me to observe, that passion will make a man exalt himself, and degrade another; and the just medium will be then forgot. I am afraid I have been thought more lightly of than I ought to be, either in justice, or for the honour of a person who is dear to every one present. My country was once mentioned with disdain: Think not my vanity so much concerned in what I am going to say, as my honour: I am proud to be thought an Englishman: Yet I think as highly of every worthy man of every nation under the sun, as I do of the worthy men of my own. I am not of a contemptible race in my own country. My father lives in it with the magnificence of a prince. He loves his son; yet I presume to add, that that son deems his good name his riches; his integrity his grandeur. Princes, though they are intitled by their rank to respect, are princes only to him as they act.

A few words more, my lord.

I have been of the *bearing*, not of the *speaking* side of the question, in the two last conferences I had the honour to hold with your lordship. Once
you

you unkindly mentioned the word *triumph*. The word at the time went to my heart. When I can subdue the natural warmth of my temper, then, and then only, I have a triumph. I should not have remembered this, had I not now, my lord, on this solemn occasion, been received by you with an indignant eye. I respect your lordship *too much*, not to take notice of this angry reception. My silence upon it, perhaps, would look like subscribing before this illustrious company to the justice of your contempt: Yet I mean no *other* notice than this; and *this* to demonstrate that I was not, in my *own* opinion at least, absolutely unworthy of the favour I met with from the father, the mother, the brothers, you so justly honour, and which I wished to stand in with *you*.

And now, my lord, allow me the honour of your hand; and, as I have given you no cause for displeasure, say, that you will remember me with kindness, as I shall honour you and your whole family to the last day of my life.

The general heard me out; but it was with great emotion. He accepted not my hand; he returned not any answer: The bishop arose, and taking him aside, endeavoured to calm him.

I addressed myself to the two young lords, and said, that if ever their curiosity led them to visit England, where I hoped to be in a few months, I should be extremely glad of cultivating their esteem and favour, by the best offices I could do them.

They received my civility with politeness.

I addressed myself next to Lady Laurana——
May you, madam, the friend, the intimate, the chosen companion of Lady Clementina, never know the hundredth part of the woe that fills the breast of the man before you, for the calamity that has befallen your admirable cousin, and, because of that, a whole excellent family. Let me
recommend

recommend to you that tender and soothing treatment to *her*, which her tender heart would shew to *you*, in any calamity that should befall you. I am not a bad man, madam, though of a different communion from yours. Think but half so charitably of me as I do of every one of your religion who lives up to his professions, and I shall be happy in your favourable thoughts when you hear me spoken of.

It is easy to imagine, Dr Bartlett, that I addressed myself in this manner to this lady, whom I had never before seen, that she might not think the harder of her cousin's prepossessions in favour of a Protestant.

I recommended myself to the favour of father Marefcotti. He assured me of his esteem, in very warm terms.

And just as I was again applying to my Jeronymo, the general came to me: You cannot think, Sir, said he, nor did you *design* it, I suppose, that I should be pleased with your address to me. I have only this question to ask, When do you quit Bologna?

Let me ask your lordship, said I, When do you return to Naples?

Why that question, Sir? haughtily.

I will answer you frankly. Your lordship, at the first of my acquaintance with you, invited me to Naples. I promised to pay my respects to you there. If you think of being there in a week, I will attend you at your own palace in that city; and there, my lord, I hope, no cause to the contrary having arisen from me, to be received by you with the same kindness and favour that you shewed when you gave me the invitation. I think to leave Bologna to-morrow.

O brother! said the bishop, are you not *now* overcome?

And

And are you in earnest? said the general.

I am, my lord. I have many valuable friends, at different courts and cities in Italy, to take leave of. I never intend to see it again. I would look upon your lordship as one of those friends: But you seem still displeased with me. You accepted not my offered hand before: Once more I tender it. A man of spirit cannot be offended at a man of spirit, without lessening himself. I call upon your dignity, my lord.

He held out his hand, just as I was withdrawing mine. I have pride, you know, Dr Bartlett; and I was conscious of a superiority in *this instance*: I took his hand, however, at this offer; yet pitied him, that his motion was made at all, as it wanted that grace which generally accompanies all he does and says.

The bishop embraced me.—Your moderation, thus exerted, said he, must ever make you triumph. O Grandison! you are a prince of the Almighty's creation.

The noble Jeronymo dried his eyes, and held out his arms to embrace me.

The general said, I shall certainly be at Naples in a week. I am too much affected by the woes of my family to behave as perhaps I ought on this occasion. Indeed, Grandison, it is difficult for sufferers to act with spirit and temper at the same time.

It *is*, my lord: I have found it so. My hopes raised, as once they were, now sunk, and absolute despair having taken place of them—Would to God I had never returned to Italy!—But I reproach not any body.

Yet, said Jeronymo, you have some reason—To be sent for as you were—

He was going on—Pray, brother, said the general—And turning to me, I may expect you, Sir, at Naples?

You

You may, my lord. But one favour I have to beg of you mean time. It is, that you will not treat harshly *your* dear Clementina. Would to heaven I might have had the honour to say *my* Clementina! And permit me to make one other request on my own account: And that is, that you will tell her, that I took my leave of your whole family, by their kind permission; and that, at my departure, I wished her, from my soul, all the happiness that the best and tenderest of her friends can wish her! I make this request to you, my lord, rather than to signor Jeronymo, because the tenderness which he has for me might induce him to mention me to her in a manner which might, at this time, affect her too sensibly for her peace.

Be pleased, my dear signor Jeronymo, to make my devotion known to the marchioness. Would to heaven—But adieu, and once more adieu, my Jeronymo. I shall hear from you when I get to Naples, if not before.—God restore your sister, and heal you!

I bowed to the marquis, to the ladies, to the general, to the bishop particularly; to the rest in general; and was obliged, in order to conceal my emotion, to hurry out at the door. The servants had planted themselves in a row; not for selfish motives, as in England: They bowed to the ground, and blessed me, as I went through them. I had ready a purse of ducats. One hand and another declined it: I dropt it in their sight. God be with you, my honest friends! said I; and departed—O Dr Bartlett, with a heart how much distressed!

And now, my good Miss Byron, have I not reason, from the deep concern which you take in the woes of Lady Clementina, to regret the task you have put me upon? And do you, my good Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, now wonder
that

that your brother has not been forward to give you the particulars of this melancholy tale? Yet you all say I must proceed.

See, Lucy, the greatness of this man's behaviour! What a presumption was it in your Harriet, ever to aspire to call such a one hers!

LETTER IX.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

THIS Lady Olivia, Lucy, what can *she* pretend to?—But I will not puzzle myself about her, yet *she* pretend to give disturbance to such a man! You will find her mentioned in Dr Bartlett's next letter; or she would not have been named by *me*.

Dr BARTLETT's eleventh Letter.

MR Grandison, on his return to his lodgings, found there, in disguise, Lady Olivia. He wanted not any new disturbance. But I will not mix the stories.

The next morning he received a letter from signor Jeronymo. The following is a translation of it.

My dearest Grandison,

HOW do you?—Ever-amiable friend! What triumphs did your behaviour of last night obtain for you! not a soul here but admires you!

Even Laurana declared, that, were you a Catholic, it would be a *merit* to love you. Yet

she reluctantly praised you, and once said, what, but *splendid sins*, are the *virtues* of a *heretic*?

Our two cousins, with the good-nature of youth, lamented that you could not be ours in the way you wish. My father wept like a child, when you were gone, and seemed to enjoy the praises given you by every one. The count said, he never saw a nobler behaviour in man. Your free, your manly, your polite air and address, and your calmness and intrepidity, were applauded by every one.

What joy did this give to your Jeronymo! I thought I wanted neither crutches, helps, nor wheeled-chair; and several times forgot that I ailed any thing.

I begin to love father Marefcotti. He was with the foremost in praising you.

The general owned, that he once was resolved to quarrel with you. But will he, do you think, Jeronymo, said he, make me a visit at Naples?

You may depend upon it he will, answered I.—

I will be there to receive him, replied he.

They admired you particularly for your address to my sister, by the general, rather than by me: And Lady Sforza said, it was a thousand pities that you and Clementina could not be one. They applauded, all of them, what they had not, any of them, the power to imitate, that largeness of heart which make you think so well, and speak so tenderly, of those of communions different from your own. So much steadiness in your own religion, yet so much prudence, in a man so young, they said was astonishing! No wonder that your character ran so high, in every court you had visited.

My mother came in soon after you had left us. She was equally surprised and grieved to find you gone. She thought she was sure of your staying supper; and, not satisfied with the slight leave she
had

had taken, she had been strengthening her mind to pass an hour in your company, in order to take a more solemn one.

My father asked her after her daughter.

Poor soul! said she, she has heard that the Chevalier was to be here to take leave of us.

By whom? By whom? said my father.

I cannot tell: But the poor creature is half raving to be admitted among us. She has dressed herself in one of her best suits; and I found her sitting in a kind of form, expecting to be called down. Indeed, Lady Sforza, the method we are in does not do.

So the Chevalier said, replied that lady. Well, let us change it, with all my heart. It is no pleasure to treat the dear girl harshly—O sister! this is a most extraordinary man!

That moment in bolted Camilla—Lady Clementina is just at the door. I could not prevail upon her—

We all looked upon one another.

Three soft taps at the door, and a hem, let us know she was there.

Let her come in, dear girl, let her come in, said the count: The Chevalier is not here.

Laurana arose, and ran to the door, and led her in by the hand.

Dear creature, how wild she looked!—Tears ran down my cheeks: I had not seen her for two days before. O how earnestly did she look round her! withdrawing her hand from her cousin, who would have led her to a chair, and standing quite still.

Come and sit by me, my sweet love, said her weeping mother—She stepped towards her.

Sit down, my dear girl.

No: You beat me, remember.

Who beat you, my dear?—Sure nobody would beat my child!—Who beat you, Clementina!

I don't know—Still looking round her, as wanting somebody.

Again her mother courted her to sit down.

No, madam, you don't love me.

Indeed, my dear, I do.

So you say.

Her father held out his open arms to her. Tears ran down his cheeks. He could not speak.—Ah, my father! said she, stepping towards him.

He caught her in his arms—Don't, don't, Sir, faintly struggling, with averted face—You love me not—You refused to see your child when she wanted to claim your protection!—I was used cruelly.

By whom, my dear? by whom?

By every body. I complained to one, and to another; but all were in a tone: And so I thought I would be contented. My mamma too!—But it is no matter. I saw it was to be so; and I did not care.

By my soul, said I, this is not the way with her, Lady Sforza. The Chevalier is in the right. You see how sensible she is of harsh treatment.

Well, well, said the general, let us change our measures.

Still the dear girl looked out earnestly, as for somebody.

She loosed herself from the arms of her sorrowing father.

Let us in silence, said the count, observe her motions.

She went to him on tip-toe, and looking in his face over his shoulder, as he sat with his back towards her, passed him; then to the general, then to signor Sebastiano; and to every one round, till she came to me; looking at each over his shoulder in the same manner: Then folding her fingers,
Ler

her hands open, and her arms hanging down to their full extent, she held up her face meditating, with such a significant woe, that I thought my heart would have burst.—Not a soul in the company had a dry eye.

Lady Sforza arose, took her two hands, the fingers still clasped; and would have spoken to her, but could not; and hastily retired to her seat.

Tears, at last, began to trickle down her cheeks, as she stood fixedly looking up. She started, looked about her, and, hastening to her mother, threw her arms about her neck; and, hiding her face in her bosom, broke out into a flood of tears, mingled with sobs that penetrated every heart.

The first words she said were, Love me, my mamma! Love your child! your poor child! your Clementina! Then raising her head, and again laying it in her mother's bosom—If ever you loved me, love me now, my mamma!—I have need of your love!

My father was forced to withdraw. He was led out by his two sons.

Your poor Jeronymo was unable to help himself.

He wanted as much comfort as his father. What were the wounds of his body, at that time, to those of his mind?

My two brothers returned. This dear girl, said the bishop, will break all our hearts.

Her tears had seemed to relieve her. She held up her head. My mother's bosom seemed wet with her child's tears and her own. Still she looked round her.

Suppose, said I, somebody were to name the man she seems to look for? It may divert this wildness.

Did she come down, said Laurana to Camilla, with the expectation of seeing him?

She did.

Let *me*, said the bishop, speak to her. He arose, and, taking her hand, walked with her about the room. You look pretty, my dear Clementina! Your ornaments are charmingly fancied. What made you dress yourself so prettily?

She looked earnestly at him, in silence. He repeated his question—I speak, said she, all my heart; and then I suffer for it. Every body is against me.

You shall not suffer for it: Every body is for you.

I confessed to Mrs Beaumont; I confessed to you, brother: But what did I get by it?—Let go my hand. I don't love you, I believe.

I am sorry for it. I love you, Clementina, as I love my own soul!

Yet you never chide your own soul!

He turned his face from her to us. She must not be treated harshly, said he. He soothed her in a truly brotherly manner.

Tell me, added he to his soothings, did you expect any body here that you find not?

Did I? Yes, I did.—Camilla, come hither—Let go my hand, brother.

He did. She took Camilla under the arm—Don't you know, Camilla, said she, what you heard said of somebody's threatening somebody?—Don't let any body hear us, drawing her to one end of the room.—I want to take a walk with you into the garden, Camilla.

It is dark night, madam.

No matter. If you are afraid, I will go by myself.

Seem to humour her in talk, Camilla, said the count; but don't go out of the room with her.

Be pleased to tell me, madam, what we are to walk in the garden for?

Why,

Why, Camilla, I had a horrid dream last night : and I cannot be easy till I go into the garden.

What, madam, was your dream ?

In the Orange-grove, I thought I stumbled over the body of a dead man !

And who was it, madam ?

Don't you know who was threatened ? And was not somebody here to-night ? And was not somebody to sup here ? And *is* he here ?

The general then went to her. My dearest Clementina ! my beloved sister ! set your heart at rest. Somebody is safe : Shall be safe.

She took first one of his hands, then the other ; and, looking in the palms of them, they are not bloody, said she.—What have you done with him then ? Where is he ?

Where is who ?—

You know whom I ask after ; but you want something against me.

Then stepping quick up to me : My Jeronymo ! —Did I see *you* before ? and stroked my cheek.—Now tell me, Jeronymo—Don't come near me, Camilla. Pray, Sir, to the general, do you sit down. She leaned her arm upon my shoulder : I don't hurt you, Jeronymo : Do I ?

No, my dearest Clementina.

That's my best brother.—Cruel assassins !—But the brave man came just in time to save you.—But do you know what is become of him ?

He is safe, my dear. He could not stay.

Did any body affront him ?

No, my love.

Are you sure nobody did ?—*Very* sure ? Father Marefcotti, said she, turning to him (who wept from the time she entered), you don't love him : But you are a good man, and will tell me truth. Where is he ? Did nobody affront him ?

No, madam.

Because,

Because, said she, he never did any thing but good to any one.

Father Marefcotti, said I, admires him as much as any body.

Admire him ! Father Marefcotti admire him !— But he does not *love* him. And I never heard *him* say one word against father Marefcotti in my life.—Well, but, Jeronymo, What made him go away then ? Was he not to stay to supper ?

He was desired to stay, but would not.

Jeronymo, let me whisper you—Did he tell you that I wrote him a letter ?

I guessed you did, whispered I.

You are a strange guesser : But you can't guess how I sent it to him—But hush, Jeronymo—Well, but, Jeronymo, did he say nothing of me when he went away ?

He left his compliments for you with the general.

With the general ! The general won't tell me !

Yes, he will.—Brother, pray tell my sister what the Chevalier said to you at parting.

He repeated, exactly, what you had desired him to say to her.

Why would they not let me see him ? said she. Am I never to see him more ?

I hope you will, replied the bishop.

If, resumed she, we could have done any thing that might have looked like a return to his goodness to us (and to you, my Jeronymo, in particular), I believe I should have been easy.—And so you say he is gone ?—And gone for ever ! lifting up her hand from her wrist, as it lay over my shoulder : Poor Chevalier !—But hush, hush, pray hush, Jeronymo.

She went from me to her aunt and cousin Laurana. Love me again, madam, said she to the former. You loved me once.

I never

I never loved you better than now, my dear.

Did *you*, Laurana, see the Chevalier Grandison?

I did.

And did he go away safe and unhurt?

Indeed he did.

A man who had preserved the life of our dear Jeronymo, said she, to have been hurt by us, would have been dreadful, you know. I wanted to say a few words to him. I was astonished to find him not here: And then my dream came into my head. It was a sad dream indeed!—But, cousin, be good to me: Pray do. You did not use to be cruel. You used to say you loved me. I am in calamity, my dear. I know I am miserable: At times I know I am; and then I am grieved at my heart, and think how happy every one is but me: But then, again, I ail nothing, and am well. But do, love me, Laurana: I am in calamity, my dear. I would love you, if you were in calamity: Indeed I would.—Ah, Laurana! What is become of all your fine promises? But then every body loved me, and I was happy!—Yet you tell me, it is all for my good. Naughty Laurana, to wound my heart by your crossness, and then say, it is for my good!—Do you think I should have served you so?

Laurana blushed, and wept. Her aunt promised her, that every body would love her, and comfort her, and not be angry with her, if she would make her heart easy.

I am very particular, my dear Grandison. I know you love I should be so. From this minuteness you will judge of the workings of her mind. They are resolved to take your advice (it was very seasonable), and treat her with indulgence. The count is earnest to have it so.

CAMILLA has just left me. She says, that her
young

young lady had a tolerable night. She thinks it owing, in a great measure, to her being indulged in asking the servants, who saw you depart, how you looked, and being satisfied that you went away unhurt and unaffronted.

Adieu, my dearest, my best friend. Let me hear from you as often as you can.

I just now understand from Camilla, that the dear girl has made an earnest request to my father, mother, and aunt, and been refused. She came back from them deeply afflicted, and, as Camilla fears, is going into one of her gloomy fits again. I hope to write again, if you depart not from Bologna before to-morrow: But I must, for my own sake, write shorter letters. Yet how can I? Since, however melancholy the subject, when I am writing to you I am conversing with you. My dear Grandison, once more

Adieu!

O Lucy, my dear! Whence come all the tears this melancholy story has cost me? I cannot dwell upon the scenes!—Begone, all those wishes that would interfere with the interest of that sweet distressed saint at Bologna!

How impolitic, Lucy, was it in them, not to gratify her impatience to see him! She would, most probably, have been quieted in her mind, if she had been obliged by one other interview.

What a delicacy, my dear, what a generosity is there in her love!

Sir Charles, in Lord L.'s study, said to me, that his compassion was engaged, but his honour was free: And so it seems to be: But a generosity, in return for her generosity, must bind such a mind as his.

LETTER

L E T T E R X.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

IN the doctor's next letter, inclosed, you will find mention made of Sir Charles's literary journal: I fancy, my dear, it must be a charming thing. I wish we could have before us every line he wrote while he was in Italy. Once the presumptuous Harriet had hopes that she might have been intitled—But no more of these hopes—It can't be helped, Lucy.

Dr BARTLETT's twelfth Letter.

MR Grandison proceeds thus: The next morning I employed myself in visiting and taking leave of several worthy members of the university, with whom I had passed many very agreeable and improving hours, during my residence in this noble city. In my literary journal you have an account of those worthy persons, and of some of our conversations. I paid my duty to the Cardinal Legate and the Gonfaloniere, and to three of his counsellors, by whom, you know, I had been likewise greatly honoured. My mind was not free enough to *enjoy* their conversation: Such a weight upon my heart, how could it? But the debt of gratitude and civility was not to be left unpaid.

On my return to my lodgings, which was not till the evening, I found the general had been there to enquire after me.

I sent one of my servants to the palace of Porretta, with my compliments to the general, to the bishop, and Jeronymo; and with particular enquiries after the health of the ladies, and the marquis,

quis, but had only a general answer, that they were much as I left them.

The two young lords, Sebastiano and Giuliano, made me a visit of ceremony. They talked of visiting England in a year or two. I assured them of my best services, and urged them to go thither. I asked them after the healths of the marquis, the marchioness, and their beloved cousin Clementina. Signor Sebastiano shook his head: Very, *very* indifferent, were his words. We parted with great civilities.

I will now turn my thoughts to Florence, and to the affairs there that have lain upon me, from the death of my good friend Mr Jervois, and from my wardship. I told you, in their course, the steps I took in those affairs, and how happy I had been in some parts of management. There I hope soon to see you, my dear Dr Bartlett, from the Levant, to whose care I can so safely consign my precious trust, while I go to Paris, and attend the wished-for call of my father to my native country, from which I have been for so many years an exile.

There also I hope to have some opportunities of conversing with my good Mrs Beaumont; resolving to make another effort to get so valuable a person to restore herself to my beloved England.

Thus, my dear Dr Bartlett, do I endeavour to console myself, in order to lighten that load of grief which I labour under on the distresses of the dear Clementina. If I can leave her happy, I shall be sooner so than I could have been in the same circumstances, had I, from the first of my acquaintance with the family (to the breach of all the laws of hospitality) indulged a passion for her.

Yet is the unhappy Olivia a damp upon my endeavours after consolation. When she made her unseasonable visit to me at Bologna, she refused to
return

return to Florence without me, till I assured her, that as my affairs would soon call me thither, I would visit her at her own palace, as often as those affairs would permit. Her pretence for coming to Bologna was to induce me to place Emily with her, till I had settled every thing for my carrying the child to England; but I was obliged to be peremptory in my denial, though she had wrought so with Emily, as to induce her to be an earnest petitioner to me, to permit her to live with Lady Olivia, whose equipages, and the glare in which she lives, had dazzled the eyes of the young lady.

I was impatient to hear again from Jeronymo; and just as I was setting out for Florence, in despair of that favour, it being the second day after my farewell visit, I had the following letter from him:

I HAVE not been well, my dear Grandison. I am afraid the wound in my shoulder must be laid open again. God give me patience! But my life is a burden to me.

We are driving here at a strange rate. They promised to keep measures with the dear creature; but she has heard that you are leaving Bologna, and raves to see you.

Poor soul! She endeavoured to prevail upon her father, mother, aunt, to permit her to see you, but for *five* minutes: That was the petition which was denied her, as I mentioned in my last.

Camilla was afraid she would go into a gloomy fit upon it, as I told you—She did; but it lasted not long: For she made an effort, soon after, to go out of the house by way of the garden. The gardener refused his key, and brought Camilla to her, whom she had, by an innocent piece of art, but just before sent to bring her something from her toilette.

The general went with Camilla to her. They found her just setting a ladder against the wall. She heard them, and screamed, and, leaving the ladder, ran, to avoid them, till she came in sight of the great cascade, into which, had she not by a cross alley been intercepted by the general, it is feared she would have thrown herself.

This has terrified us all: She begs but for one interview, one parting interview; and she promises to make herself easy: But it is not thought advisable: Yet father Marescotti himself thought it best to indulge her. Had my mother been earnest, I believe it had been granted: But she is so much concerned at the blame she met with on permitting the last interview, that she will not contend, tho' she has let them know that she did not oppose the request.

The unhappy girl ran into my chamber this morning—Jeronymo; He will be *gone*! said she, I *know* he will. All I want is, but to see him! To wish him happy! And to know, if he will remember me when he is gone, as I shall him!—Have *you* no interest, Jeronymo? Cannot I *once* see him? Not *once*?

The bishop, before I could answer, came in quest of her, followed by Laurana, from whom she had forcibly disengaged herself to come to me.

Let me have but one parting interview, my lord, said she, looking to him, and clinging about my neck. He will be gone: Gone for ever. Is there so much in being allowed to say, Farewel, and be happy, Grandison! and excuse all the trouble I have given you?—What has my brother's preserver done, what have I done, that I must not see him, nor he me, for one quarter of an hour only?

Indeed, my lord, said I, she should be complied with. Indeed she should.

My *father* thinks otherwise, said the bishop: The *count* thinks otherwise; I think otherwise. Were
the

the Chevalier a common man, she might. But she dwells upon what passed in the last interview, and his behaviour to her. *That*, it is plain, did her harm.

The next may drive the thoughts of that out of her head, returned I.

Dear Jeronymo, replied he, a little peevishly, you will always think differently from every-body else! Mrs Beaumont comes to-morrow.

What do I care for Mrs Beaumont? said she. —I don't love her: She tells every thing I say.

Come, my dear love, said Laurana, you afflict your brother Jeronymo. Let us go up to your own chamber.

I afflict every body, and every body afflicts me; and you are all cruel. Why, he will be *gone*, I tell you! That makes me so impatient: And I have something to say to him. My father won't see me: My mother renounces me. I have been looking for her, and she hides herself from me!—And I am a prisoner, and watched, and used ill!

Here comes my mother! said Laurana. You now *must* go up to your chamber, cousin Clementina.

So she does, said she: Now I must go, indeed! Ah, Jeronymo! Now there is no saying nay!—But it is hard! *Very* hard!—And she burst into tears. I won't speak though, said she to my aunt. Remember I will be silent, madam!—Then whispering me, My aunt, brother, is not the aunt she used to be to me!—But hush, I don't complain you know!

By this I saw that Lady Sforza was severe with her.

She addressed herself to her aunt: You are not my mamma, are you, madam?

No, child.

No, child, indeed! I know that *too* well. But my brother Giacomo is as cruel to me as any bo-

dy. But hush, Jeronymo!—Don't you betray me!—Now my aunt is come, I must go!—I wish I could run away from you all!

She was yesterday detected writing a letter to you. My mother was shewn what she had written, and wept over it. My aunt took it out of my sister's bosom, where she had thrust it on her coming in. This she resented highly.

When she was led into her own chamber, she refused to speak; but in great hurry went to her closet, and, taking down her bible, turned over one leaf and another very quick. Lady Sforza had a book in her hand, and sat over against the closet door to observe her motions. She came to a place—*Pretty!* said she.

The bishop had formerly given her a smattering of Latin——She took pen and ink, and wrote. You'll see, Chevalier, the very great purity of her thoughts, by what she omitted, and what she chose from the Canticles. *Velut unguentum diffunditur nomen tuum, &c.*

[In the English translation thus: *Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me, we will run after thee: The upright love thee.*

Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me: They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth! where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: For why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?]

She laid down her pen, and was thoughtful; her elbow resting on the escritoire she wrote upon, her hand supporting her head.

May I look over you, my dear? said her aunt, stepping to her; and taking up the paper, read it,

it, and took it out of the closet with her unopposed ; her gentle bosom only heaving sighs.

I will write no more so minutely on this affecting subject, my Grandison.

They are all of opinion that she will be easy when she knows that you have actually left Bologna ; and they strengthen their opinion by these words of hers above recited : “ Why he will be gone, I tell you ; and this makes me so impatient.”—At least, they are resolved to try the experiment. And so, my dear Grandison, you must be permitted to leave us !

God be your director and comforter, as well as ours ! prays

Your ever-affectionate

JERONYMO.

Mr Grandison, having no hopes of being allowed to see the unhappy lady, set out with an afflicted heart for Florence. He gave orders there and at Leghorn, that the clerks and agents of his late friend Mr Jervois should prepare every thing for his inspection against his return from Naples ; and then he set out for that city to attend the general.

He had other friends to whom he had endeared himself at Sienna, Ancona, and particularly at Rome, as he had also some at Naples ; of whom he intended to take leave before he set out for Paris : And therefore went to attend the general with the greater pleasure.

Within the appointed time he arrived at Naples.

The general received me, said Mr Grandison, with greater tokens of politeness than affection. You are the happiest man in the world, Chevalier, said he, after the first compliments, in escaping dangers by braving them. I do assure you, that I had great difficulties to deny myself the favour of paying you a visit *in my own way* at Bologna. I had indeed resolved to do it, till you proposed this visit to me here.

I should have been very sorry, replied I, to have seen a brother of Lady Clementina in *any* way that should not have made me consider him as her brother. But, before I say another word, let me ask after her health. How does the most excellent of women?

You have not heard then?

I have not, my lord: But it is not for want of solicitude. I have sent three several messengers, but can hear nothing to my satisfaction.

Nor can you hear any thing from me that will give you any.

I am grieved at my soul that I cannot. How, my lord, do the marquis and marchioness?

Don't ask. They are extremely unhappy.

I hear that my dear friend, Signor Jeronymo, has undergone—

A dreadful operation, interrupted the general. —He has. Poor Jeronymo! He *could not* write to you. God preserve my brother! But, Chevalier, you did not save half a life, though we thank you for that, when you restored him to our arms.

I had no reason to boast, my lord, of the accident. I never made a merit of it. It was a *mere* accident, and cost me nothing. The service was greatly over-rated.

Would to God, Chevalier, it had been rendered by any other man in the world!

As it has proved, I am sure, my lord, I have reason to join in the wish.

He shewed me his pictures, statues, and cabinet of curiosities, while dinner was preparing; but rather for the ostentation of his magnificence and taste, than to do me pleasure. I even observed an increasing coldness in his behaviour; and his eye was too often cast upon me with a fierceness that shewed resentment, and not with the hospitable frankness that became him to a visiter and guest, who had undertaken a journey of above two hundred

dred miles, principally to attend him, and to shew him the confidence he had in his honour. This, as it was more to his discredit than mine, I pitied him for. But what most of all disturbed me was, that I could not obtain from him any particular intelligence relating to the health of one person, whose distresses lay heavy upon my heart.

There were several persons of distinction at dinner; the discourse could therefore be only general. He paid me great respect at his table; but it was a solemn one. I was the more uneasy at it, as I apprehended that the situation of the Bologna family was more unhappy than when I left that city.

He retired with me into his garden. You stay with me at least the week out, Chevalier!

No, my lord: I have affairs of a deceased friend at Florence and at Leghorn to settle. To-morrow, as early as I can, I shall set out for Rome, in my way to Tuscany.

I am surpris'd, Chevalier. You take something amiss in my behaviour.

I cannot say that your lordship's countenance (I am a very free speaker) has that benignity in it, that complacency, which I have had the pleasure to see in it.

By G—, Chevalier, I could have loved you better than any man in the world, next to the men of my own family; but I own I see you not here with so much love as admiration.

The word *admiration*, my lord, may require explanation. You may admire at my confidence: But I thank you for the manly freedom of your acknowledgment in general.

By *admiration* I mean all that may do you honour. Your bravery in coming hither, particularly; and your greatness of mind on your taking leave of us all. But did you not then mean to insult me?

I meant.

I meant to observe to you then, as I now do in your own palace, that you had not treated me as my heart told me I deserved to be treated: But when I thought your warmth was rising to the uneasiness of your assembled friends, instead of answering your question about my stay at Bologna, as you seemed to mean it, I invited myself to an attendance upon you here, at Naples, in such a manner as surely could not be construed an insult.

I own, Grandison, you disconcerted me. I had intended to save you that journey.

Was that your lordship's meaning, when, in my absence, you called at my lodgings the day after the farewell visit.

Not absolutely: I was uneasy with myself. I intended to talk with you. What that talk might have produced I know not: But had I invited you out, if I had found you at home, would you have answered my demands?

According as you had put them.

Will you answer me now, if I attend you as far as Rome, on your return to Florence?

If they are demands fit to be answered.

Do you expect I will make any that are *not* fit to be answered?

My lord, I will explain myself. You had conceived causeless prejudices against me: You seemed inclined to impute to me a misfortune that was not, could not be, greater to you than it was to me. I knew my own innocence: I knew that I was rather an injured man, in having hopes given me, in which I was disappointed, not by my own fault: Whom shall an innocent and an injured man fear?—Had I feared, my fear might have been my destruction. For was I not in the midst of your friends? A foreigner? If I *would* have avoided you, *could* I, had you been determined to seek me?—I would chuse to meet even an enemy as a man of honour, rather than to avoid him as malefactor.

a malefactor. In my country, the law supposes flight a confession of guilt: Had you made demands upon me that I had not chosen to answer, I would have expostulated with you. I could perhaps have done so as calmly as I now speak. If you would not have been expostulated with, I would have stood upon my defence: But for the world I would not have hurt a brother of Clementina and Jeronymo, a son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, could I have avoided it. Had your passion given me any advantage over you, and I had obtained your sword (a pistol, had the choice been left to me, I had refused, for both our sakes), I would have presented both swords to you, and bared my breast: It was before penetrated by the distresses of the dear Clementina, and of all your family—Perhaps I should only have said, “If your lordship thinks I have injured you, take your revenge.”

And now that I am at Naples, let me say, that if you are determined, contrary to all my hopes, to accompany me to Rome, or elsewhere, on my return, with an unfriendly purpose; such, and no other, shall be my behaviour to you, if the power be given me to shew it. I will rely on my own innocence, and hope by generosity to overcome a *generous* man. Let the guilty secure themselves by violence and murder.

Superlative pride! angrily said he, and stood still, measuring me with his eye: And could you hope for such an advantage?

While I, my lord, was calm, and determined only upon self-defence; while you were passionate, and perhaps rash, as aggressors generally are; I did not doubt it: But could I have avoided drawing, and preserved your good opinion, I would not have drawn. Your lordship cannot but know my principles.

Grandison,

Grandison, I *do* know them; and also the general report in your favour for skill and courage. Do you think I would have heard with patience of the once proposed alliance, had not your character—And then he was pleased to say many things in my favour, from the report of persons who had weight with him; some of whom he named.

But still, Grandison, said he, this poor girl!—She could not have been so deeply affected, had not some lover-like arts—

Let me, my lord, interrupt you—I cannot bear an imputation of this kind. *Had* such arts been used, the lady could *not* have been so much affected. Cannot you think of your noble sister, as a daughter of the two houses from which you sprang? Cannot you see her, as by Mrs Beaumont's means we now so lately have been able to see her, struggling nobly with her own heart [Why am I put upon this tender subject?] because of her duty and her religion; and resolved to die rather than encourage a wish that was not warranted by both?—I cannot, my lord, urge this subject: But there never was a passion so nobly contended with. There never was a man more disinterested, and so circumstanced. Remember only, my voluntary departure from Bologna, against persuasion; and the great behaviour of your sister on that occasion, great, as it came out to be, when Mrs Beaumont brought her to acknowledge what would have been my glory to have known, could it have been encouraged; but is now made my heaviest concern.

Indeed, Grandison, she ever was a noble girl. We are too apt perhaps to govern ourselves by events, without looking into causes: But the access you had to her; such a man! and who became known to us from circumstances so much

in his favour, both as a man of principle and bravery—

This, my lord, interrupted I, is still judging from events. You have seen Mrs Beaumont's letter. Surely you cannot have a nobler monument of magnanimity in woman! And to that I refer, for a proof of my own integrity.

I *have* that letter: Jeronymo gave it me, at my taking leave of him; and with these words: "Grandison will certainly visit you at Naples. I am afraid of your warmth. His spirit is well known. All my dependence is upon his principles. He will not draw but in his own defence. Cherish the noble visiter. Surely, brother, I may depend upon your hospitable temper. Read over again this letter before you see him."—I have not yet read it, proceeded the general; but I will, and that, if you will allow me now.

He took it out of his pocket, walked from me, and read it; and then came to me, and took my hand—I am half-ashamed of myself, my dear Grandison: I own I wanted magnanimity. All the distresses of our family, on this unhappy girl's account, were before my eyes, and I received you, I behaved to you, as the author of them. I was *contriving* to be dissatisfied with you: Forgive me, and command my best services. I will let our Jeronymo know how greatly you subdued me before I had recourse to the letter; but that I have since read that part of it which accounts for my sister's passion, and wish I had read it with equal attention before. I acquit *you*: I am proud of my *sister*. Yet I observe from this very letter, that Jeronymo's gratitude has contributed to the evil we deplore. But—Let us not say one word more of the unhappy girl: It is painful to me to talk of her.

Not ask a question, my lord?—

Don't,

Don't, Grandison, don't!—Jeronymo and Clementina are my soul's woe—But they are not worse than might be apprehended. You go to court with me to-morrow: I will present you to the king.

I have had that honour formerly. I must depart to-morrow morning early. I have already taken leave of several of my friends here: I have some to make my compliments to at Rome, which I reserved for my return.

You stay with me to-night?—I intend it, my lord.

Well, we will return to company. I must make my excuses to my friends. Your departure to-morrow must be one. They all admire you. They are acquainted with your character. They will join with me to engage you, if possible, to stay longer.—We returned to the company.

LETTER XI.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

RECEIVE now, my dear, the doctor's thirteenth letter, and the last he intends to favour us with, till he entertains us with the histories of Mrs Beaumont and Lady Olivia.

Dr BARTLETT'S thirteenth Letter.

MR Grandison set out next morning. The general's behaviour to him at his departure was much more open and free than it was at receiving him.

Mr Grandison, on his return to Florence, entered into the affairs of his late friend Mr Jervois, with the spirit, and yet with the temper, for which he

he is noted, when he engages in any business. He put every thing in a happy train in fewer days than it would have cost some other persons months; for he was present himself on every occasion, and in every business, where his presence would accelerate it: Yet he had embarrassments from Olivia.

He found, before he set out for Naples, that Mrs Beaumont, at the earnest request of the Marchioness, was gone to Bologna. At his return, not hearing any thing from Signor Jeronymo, he wrote to Mrs Beaumont, requesting her to inform him of the state of things in that family, as far as she thought proper; and, particularly, of the health of that dear friend, on whose silence to three letters he had written he had the most melancholy apprehensions. He let that lady know, that he should set out in a very few days for Paris, if he had no probability of being of service to the family she favoured with her company.

To this letter Mrs Beaumont returned the following answer:

S I R,

I HAVE the favour of yours. We are very miserable here. The servants are forbidden to answer any enquiries, but generally, and that not truly.

Your friend, Signor Jeronymo, has gone through a severe operation. He has been given over; but hopes are now entertained, not of his absolute recovery, but that he will be no worse than he was before the necessity for the operation arose. Poor man! He forgot not, however, his sister and you, when he was out of the power of the opiates that were administered to him.

On my coming hither, I found Lady Clementina in a deplorable way: Sometimes raving, sometimes gloomy; and in bonds—Twice had she given them

apprehensions of fatal attempts : They therefore confined her hands.

They have been excessively wrong in their management of her : Now soothing, now severe ; observing no method.

She was extremely earnest to see you before you left Bologna. On her knees repeatedly she besought this favour, and promised to be easy if they would comply ; but they imagined that their compliance would aggravate the symptoms.

I very freely blamed them for not complying at the time when she was so desirous of seeing you. I told them, that soothing her would probably *then* have done good.

When they knew you were actually gone from Bologna, they told her so. Camilla shocked me with the description of her rage and despair, on the communication. This was followed by fits of silence, and the deepest melancholy.

They had hopes, on my arrival, that my company would have been of service to her : But for two days together she regarded me not, nor any thing I could say to her. On the third of my arrival, finding her confinement extremely uneasy to her, I prevailed, but with great difficulty, to have her restored to the use of her hands, and to be allowed to walk with me in the garden. They had hinted to me their apprehensions about a piece of water.

Her woman being near us, if there had been occasion for assistance, I insensibly led that way. She sat down on a seat over against the great cascade ; but she made no motion that gave me apprehensions. From this time she has been fonder of me than before. The day I obtained this liberty for her, she often clasped her arms about me, and laid her face in my bosom ; and I could plainly see, it was in gratitude for restoring to her the use of her arms : But she cared not to speak.

Indeed

Indeed she generally affects deep silence : Yet, at times, I see her very soul is fretted. She moves to one place ; is tired of that ; shifts to another, and another, all round the room.

I am grieved at my heart for her : I never knew a more excellent young creature.

She is very fervent in her devotions, and as constant in them as she used to be : Every good habit she preserves ; yet, at other times, rambles much.

She is often for writing letters to you ; but when what she writes is privately taken from her, she makes no enquiry about it, but takes a new sheet and begins again.

Sometimes she draws ; but her subjects are generally Angels and Saints. She often meditates in a map of the British dominions, and now and then wishes she were in England.

Lady Juliana de Sforza is earnest to have her with her at Urbino, or at Milan, where she has also a noble palace ; but I hope it will not be granted. That lady professes to love her ; but she cannot be persuaded out of her notion of harsh methods ; which will never do with Clementina.

I shall not be able to stay long with her. The discomposure of so excellent a young creature affects me deeply. Could I do either good or pleasure, I should be willing to deny myself the society of my dear friends at Florence : But I am persuaded, and have hinted as much, that one interview with you would do more to settle her mind than all the methods they have taken.

I hope, Sir, to see you before I leave Italy. It must be at Florence, not at Bologna, I believe. It is generous of you to propose the latter.

I have now been here a week, without hope. The doctors they have consulted are all for severe methods, and low diet. The first, I think, is in compliment to some of the family : She is so loth to take nourishment, and, when she does, is so very abstemious,

abstemious, that the regimen is hardly necessary. She never, or but very seldom, used to drink any thing but water.

She took it into her poor head several times this day, and perhaps it will hold, to sit in particular places, to put on attentive looks, as if she were listening to somebody. She sometimes smiled, and seemed pleased; looked up, as if to somebody, and spoke English. I have no doubt, though I was not present when she assumed these airs, and talked English, but her disordered imagination brought before her her tutor instructing her in that tongue.

You desired me, Sir, to be very particular. I have been so; but at the expence of my eyes: And I shall not wonder if your humane heart should be affected by my sad tale.

God preserve you, and prosper you in whatsoever you undertake!

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Mrs Beaumont staid at Bologna twelve days, and then left the unhappy young lady.

At taking leave, she asked her, what commands she had for her?—Love me, said she, and pity me; that is one. Another is (whispering her), you will see the Chevalier, perhaps, though I must not.—Tell him, that his poor friend Clementina is sometimes very unhappy!—Tell him, that she shall rejoice to sit next him in Heaven!—Tell him, that I say he cannot go thither, good man as he is, while he shuts his eyes to the truth.—Tell him, that I shall take it very kindly of him, if he will not think of marrying till he acquaints me with it; and can give me assurance, that the lady will love him as well as somebody else would have done.—O Mrs Beaumont! should the Chevalier Grandison marry a woman unworthy of him, what a disgrace would that be to me!

Mr Grandison by this time had prepared every thing

thing for his journey to Paris. The friend he honoured with his love was arrived from the Levant and the Archipelago. Thither, at his patron's request, he had accompanied Mr Beauchamp, the amiable friend of both; and at parting, engaged to continue by letter what had been the subject of their daily conversations, and transmit to him as many particulars as he could obtain of Mr Grandison's sentiments and behaviour on every occasion; Mr Beauchamp proposing him as a pattern to himself, that he might be worthy of the credential letters he had furnished him with to every one whom he had thought deserving of his own acquaintance, when he was in the parts which Mr Beauchamp intended to visit.

To the care of the person so much honoured by his confidence, Mr Grandison left his agreeable ward, Miss Jervois; requesting the assistance of Mrs Beaumont, who kindly promised her inspection; and, with the goodness for which she is so eminently noted, performed her promise in his absence.

He then made an offer to the bishop to visit Bologna once more; but that not being accepted, he set out for Paris.

It was not long before his father's death called him to England; and when he had been there a few weeks, he sent for his ward and his friend.

But, my good Miss Byron, you will say that I have not yet fully answered your last enquiry, relating to the present situation of the unhappy Clementina.

I will briefly inform you of it.

When it was known, for certain, that Mr Grandison had actually left Italy, the family at Bologna began to wish that they had permitted the interview so much desired by the poor lady: And when they afterwards understood that he was sent for to England, to take possession of his paternal estate, that farther distance (the notion likewise of

the seas between them appearing formidable) added to their regrets.

The poor lady was kept in travelling motion to quiet her mind: For still an interview with Mr Grandison having never been granted, it was her first wish.

They carried her to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples; then back to Florence, then to Milan, to Turin.

Whether they made her hope that it was to meet with Mr Grandison, I know not; but it is certain she herself expected to see him at the end of every journey; and, while she was moving, was easier, and more composed, perhaps in that hope.

The marchioness was sometimes of the party. The air and exercise were thought proper for *her* health, as well as for that of her daughter. Her cousin Laurana was always with her in these excursions, and sometimes Lady Sforza; and their escorte was, generally, Signors Sebastiano and Giuliano.

But, within these four months past, these journeyings have been discontinued. The young lady accuses them of deluding her with vain hopes. She is impatient, and has made two attempts to escape from them.

She is, for this reason, closely confined and watched.

They put her once into a nunnery, at the motion of Lady Sforza, as for a trial only. She was not uneasy in it: But this being done unknown to the general, when he was apprised of it, he, for reasons I cannot comprehend, was displeased, and had her taken out directly.

Her head runs more than ever upon seeing her tutor, her friend, her Chevalier, once more. They have certainly been to blame, if they have let her travel with such hopes, because they have thereby kept up her ardour for an interview. Could she
but

but once more see him, she says, and let him know the cruelty she has been treated with, she should be satisfied. *He* would pity her, she is sure, tho' nobody else will.

The bishop has written to beg, that Sir Charles would pay them one more visit at Bologna.

I will refer to my patron himself the communicating to you, ladies, his resolution on this subject. I had but a moment's sight of the letters which so greatly affected him.

It is but *within* these few days past that this new request has been made to him, in a *direct* manner. The question was before put, If such a request *should* be made, would he comply? And once Camilla wrote, as having heard Sir Charles's preference wished for.

Mean time the poor lady is hastening, they are afraid, into a consumptive malady. The Count of Belvedere, however, still adores her. The disorder in her mind being imputed chiefly to religious melancholy, and some of her particular flights not being generally known, he, who is a pious man himself, pities her, and declares, that he would run all risks of her recovery, would the family give her to him: And yet he knows, that she would chuse to be the wife of the Chevalier Grandison, rather than that of any other man, were the article of religion to be got over; and generously applauds her for preferring her faith to her love.

Signor Jeronymo is in a very bad way. Sir Charles often writes to him, and with an affection worthy of the merits of that dear friend. He was to undergo another severe operation on the next day after the letters came from Bologna, the success of which was very doubtful.

How nobly does Sir Charles appear to support himself under such heavy afflictions! For those of his friends were ever his. But his heart bleeds in secret for them. A feeling heart is a blessing that

no one who has it would be without; and it is a moral security of innocence, since the heart that is able to partake of the distress of another cannot wilfully give it.

I think, my good Miss Byron, that I have now, as far as I am at present able, obeyed all your commands that concern the unhappy Clementina and her family. I will defer, if you please, those which relate to Olivia and Mrs Beaumont (ladies of very different characters from each other), having several letters to write.

Permit me, my good ladies, and my lord, after contributing so much to afflict your worthy hearts, to refer you, for relief under all the distresses of life, whether they affect ourselves or others, to those motives that can alone give support to a rational mind. This mortal scene, however perplexing, is a very short one; and the hour is hastening when all the intricacies of human affairs shall be cleared up, and all the sorrows that have had their foundation in virtue be changed into the highest joy: When all worthy minds shall be united in the same interests, the same happiness.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, and you, my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Excellent Dr Bartlett!—How worthy of himself is this advice! But think you not, my Lucy, that the doctor has in it a particular view to your poor Harriet? A generous one, meaning consolation and instruction to her? I will endeavour to profit by it. Let me have your prayers, my dear friends, that I may be enabled to succeed in my humble endeavours.

It

It will be no wonder to us now, that Sir Charles was not solicitous to make known a situation so embarrassing to himself, and so much involved in clouds and uncertainty: But whatever may be the event of this affair, you, Lucy, and all my friends, will hardly ever know me by any other name than that of

HARRIET BYRON.

L E T T E R XII.

Miss BYRON, *To* *Miss* SELBY.

Friday, March 31.

YOU now, my dear friends, have before you this affecting story, as far as Dr Bartlett can give it. My cousins express a good deal of concern for your Harriet: So does Miss Grandison: So doth my Lord and Lady L: And the more, as I seem to carry off the matter with assumed bravery. This their kind concern for me looks, however, as if they thought me a hypocrite; and I suppose, therefore, that I act my part very awkwardly.

But, my dear, as this case is one of those few in which a woman *can* shew a bravery of spirit, I think an endeavour after it is laudable; and the rather, as in my conduct I aim at giving a tacit example to Miss Jervois.

The doctor has whispered to me, that Lady Olivia is actually on her way to England; and that the intelligence Sir Charles received of her intention, was one of the things that disturbed him, as the news of his beloved Signor Jeronymo's dangerous condition was another.

Lady Anne S. it seems, has not yet given up her hopes of Sir Charles. The two sisters, who
once

once favoured her above all the women they knew, have not been able to bring themselves to acquaint a lady of her rank and merit that there can be no hopes; and they are still more loth to say, that their brother thinks himself under some obligations to a foreign lady. Yet you know that this was always what we were afraid of: But who, now, will say *afraid*, that knows the merit of Clementina?

I wish, methinks, that this man were proud, vain, arrogant, and a boaster. How easy then might one throw off one's shackles!

Lord G. is very diligent in his court to Miss Grandison. His father and aunt are to visit her this afternoon. She behaves whimsically to my lord: Yet I cannot think that she *greatly* dislikes him.

The Earl of D. and the Countess Dowager are both in town. The Countess made a visit to my cousin Reeves last Tuesday: She spoke of me very kindly: She says my Lord has heard so much of me, that he is very desirous of seeing me: But she was pleased to say, that since my heart was not disengaged, she should be afraid of the consequences of his visit to himself.

My grandmamma, though she was so kindly fond of me, would not suffer me to live with her; because she thought that her contemplative temper might influence mine, and make me grave, at a time of life, when she is always saying that cheerfulness is most becoming: She would therefore turn over her girl to the best of aunts. But now, I fancy, she will allow me to be more than two days in a week her attendant. My uncle Selby would be glad to spare me. I shall not be able to bear a jest: And then what shall I be good for?

I have made a fine hand of coming to town, he says: And so I have: But if my heart is not quite so easy as it was, it is, I hope, a better, at least

least not a *worse* heart than I brought up with me. Could I only have admired this man, my excursion would not have been unhappy. But this gratitude, this *entangling*, with all its painful consequences—But let me say with my grandmamma, the man is Sir Charles Grandison! The very man by whose virtues a Clementina was attracted. Upon my word, my dear, unhappy as she is, I rank her with the first of women.

I have not had a great deal of Sir Charles Grandison's company; but yet more, I am afraid, than I shall ever have again. Very true—O heart! the most wayward of hearts, sigh if thou wilt!

You have seen how seldom he was with us, when we were absolutely in his reach, and when he, as we thought, was in ours. But such a man cannot, ought not to be engrossed by one family. Bless me, Lucy, when he comes into public life (for has not this country a superior claim to him beyond every private one?), what moment can he have at liberty? Let me enumerate some of his present engagements that we know of.

The Danby family must have some further portion of his time.

The executorship in the disposal of the 3000*l.* in charity, in France as well as in England, will take up a good deal more.

My Lord W. may be said to be under his tutelage, as to the future happiness of his life.

Miss Jervois's affairs, and the care he has for her person, engage much of his attention.

He is his own steward.

He is making alterations at Grandison-hall; and has a large genteel neighbourhood there, who long to have him reside among them; and he himself is fond of that seat.

His estate in Ireland is in a prosperous way, from the works he set on foot there, when he was

on

on the spot; and he talks, as Dr Bartlett has hinted to us, of making another visit to it.

His sister's match with Lord G. is one of his cares.

He has services to perform for his friend Beauchamp, with his father and mother-in-law, for the facilitating his coming over.

The apprehended visit of Olivia gives him disturbance.

And the Bologna family in its various branches, and more especially Signor Jeronymo's dangerous state of health, and Signora Clementina's disordered mind—O Lucy!—What leisure has this man to be in love!—Yet how can I say so, when he is in love already?—And with Clementina—And don't you think, that when he goes to France on the executorship account, he will make a visit to Bologna?—Ah, my dear, to be sure he will.

After he has left England therefore, which I suppose he will quickly do, and when I am in Northamptonshire, what opportunities will your Harriet have to see him, except she can obtain, as a favour, the power of obliging his Emily, in her request to be with her? Then, Lucy, he may, on his return to England, once a-year, or so, on his visiting his ward, see, and thank for her care and love of his Emily, his half-estranged Harriet! Perhaps Lady *Clementina Grandison* will be with him! God restore her! Surely I shall be capable, if she be Lady Grandison, of rejoicing in her recovery!—

Fie upon it!—Why this involuntary tear? You would see it by the large blot it has made, if I did not mention it.

Excellent man! Dr Bartlett has just been telling me of a morning visit he received, before he went out of town, from the two sons of Mrs Oldham.

One of them is about seven years old; the other about five; very fine children. He embraced them, the doctor says, with as much tenderness as if they were the children of his own mother. He enquired into their inclinations, behaviour, and diversions; and engaged equally their love and reverence.

He told them, that, if they were good, he would love them; and said, he had a dear friend, whom he revered as his father, a man with white curling locks, he told the children, that they might know him at first sight, who would now-and-then, as he happened to be in town, make enquiries after their good behaviour, and reward them, as they gave him cause. Accordingly he had desired Dr Bartlet to give them occasionally his countenance; as also to let their mother know, that he should be glad of a visit from her, and her three children, on his return to town.

The doctor had been to see her when he came to me. He found all three with her. The two younger, impressed by the venerable description Sir Charles had given of him, of their own accord, the younger, by the elder's example, fell down on their knees before him, and begged his blessing.

Mr Oldham is about eighteen years of age; a well-inclined, well-educated youth. He was full of acknowledgments of the favour done him in this invitation.

The grateful mother could not contain herself. Blessings without number she invoked on her benefactor for his goodness in taking such kind notice of her two sons, as he had done; and said, he had been, ever since his gracious behaviour to her in Essex, the first and last in her prayers to heaven. But the invitation to herself, she declared, was too great an honour for her to accept of: She should not be able to stand in his presence. Alas! Sir,

said she, can the severest, truest penitence recal the guilty past?

The doctor said, that Sir Charles Grandison ever made it a rule with him to raise the dejected and humble spirit. Your birth and education, madam, intitle you a place in the first company: And where there are two lights in which the behaviour of any person may be set, though there has been unhappiness, he always remembers the most favourable, and forgets the other. I would advise you, madam (as he has invited you), by all means to come. He speaks with pleasure of your humility and good sense.

The doctor told me, that Sir Charles had made enquiries after the marriage of Major O'Hara with Mrs Jervois, and had satisfied himself that they were actually man and wife. Methinks I am glad, for Miss Jervois's sake, that her mother has changed her name. They lived not happily together since their last enterprize: For the man, who had long been a sufferer from poverty, was in fear of losing one half at least of his wife's annuity, by what passed on that occasion; and accused her of putting him upon the misbehaviour he was guilty of; which had brought upon him, he said, the resentments of a man admired by all the world.

The attorney, who visited Sir Charles from these people, at their request, waited on him again, in their names, with hopes that they should not suffer in their annuity, and expressing their concern for having offended him.

Mrs O'Hara also requested it as a favour to see her daughter.

Sir Charles commissioned the attorney, who is a man of repute, to tell them, that if Mrs O'Hara would come to St James's-square next Wednesday about five o'clock, Miss Jervois should be introduced to her; and she should be welcome to bring
with

with her her husband, and Captain Salmonet, that they might be convinced he bore no ill-will to either of them.

Adieu, till by-and-by. Miss Grandison is come, in one of her usual hurries, to oblige me to be present at the visit to be made her this afternoon, by the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, his sister, a maiden lady advanced in years, who is exceedingly fond of her nephew, and intends to make him heir of her large fortune.

Friday Night.

THE earl is an agreeable man: Lady Gertrude is a *very* agreeable woman. They saw Miss Grandison with the young lord's eyes; and were better pleased with her, as I told her afterwards, than I should have been, or than *they* would, had they known her as well as I do. She doubted not, she answered me, but I should find fault with her; and yet she was as good as for her life she could be.

Such an archness in every motion! Such a turn of the eye to me on my Lord G.'s assiduities! Such a fear in him of her correcting glance! Such a half-timid, half-free parade when he had done any thing that he intended to be obliging, and now-and-then an aiming at raillery, as if he were not *very* much afraid of her, and dared to speak his mind even to *her*! On her part, on those occasions, such an air, as if she had a learner before her; and was ready to rap his knuckles, had nobody been present to mediate for him; that though I could not but love her for her very archness, yet in my mind, I could, for their sakes, but more for her own, have severely chided her.

She is a charming woman; and every thing she says and does becomes her. But I am so much afraid of what may be the case, when the lover is changed into the husband, that I wish to myself

now-and then, when I see her so lively, that she would remember that there was once such a man as Captain Anderson. But she makes it a rule, she says, to remember nothing that will vex her.

Is not my memory (said she once) given me for my benefit, and shall I make it my torment? No, Harriet, I will leave that to be done by your wise ones, and see what good you will get by it.

Why *this*, Charlotte, replied I, the wise ones may have a *chance* to get by it—They will very probably, by remembering past mistakes, avoid many inconveniencies into which forgetfulness will run you lively ones.

Well, well, returned she, we are not all of us born to equal honour. Some of us are to be set up for warnings, some for examples: And the first are generally of greater use to the world than the other.

Now, Charlotte, said I, do you destroy the force of your own argument. Can the person who is singled out for the warning be near so happy as she that is set up for the example?

You are right, as far as I know, Harriet: But I obey the present impulse, and try to find an excuse afterwards for what that puts me upon: And all the difference is this, as to the reward, I have a *joy*, you a *comfort*: But comfort is a poor word; and I can't bear it.

So Biddy in the tender husband would have said, Charlotte. But poor as the world is with you and her, give me *comfort* rather than *joy*, if they *must* be separated. But I see not but that a woman of my Charlotte's happy turn may have *both*.

She tapped my cheek—Take that, Harriet, for making a Biddy of me. I believe, if you have not *joy*, you have *comfort*, in your severity.

My heart as well as my cheek glowed at the praises the earl and the lady both joined in (with

a fervor that was creditable to their own hearts) of Sir Charles Grandison, while they told us what this man, and that woman, of quality or consideration, said of him. Who would not be good? What is life without reputation? Do we not wish to be remembered with honour after death? And what a share of it has this excellent man in this life!—May nothing, for the honour-sake of human nature, to which he is so great an ornament, ever happen to tarnish it!

— They were extremely obliging to *me*. I could not but be pleased at standing well in their opinion: But, believe me, my dear, I did not enjoy their praises of *me*, as I did those they gave *him*. Indeed, I had the presumption, from the approbation given to what they said of him by my own heart, to imagine myself a sharer in them, though not in his merits. Oh, Lucy, *ought* there not to have been a relation between us, since what I have said, from what I found in myself on hearing him praised, is a demonstration of a regard for him superior to the love of self?

Adieu, my Lucy. I know I have all your prayers.

Adieu, my Dear F.

L E T T E R XIII.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Saturday, April 1.

DR BARTLETT is one of the kindest as well as best of men. I believe he loves me as if I were his own child: But good men must be affectionate men. He received but this morning a letter from Sir Charles, and hastened to communicate some of its contents to me, tho' I could

pretend to no other motive but curiosity for wishing to be acquainted with the proceedings of his patron.

Sir Charles dined, as he had intended, with Sir Hargrave and his friends. He complains in his letter of a riotous day: Yet I think, adds he, it has led me into some useful reflections. It is not indeed agreeable to be the spectator of riot; but how easy to shun being a partaker in it! How easy to avoid the too freely circling glafs, if a man is known to have established a rule to himself, from which he will not depart; and if it be not refused fullenly, but mirth and good humour the more studiously kept up by the person; who would else indeed be looked upon as a spy on unguarded folly! I heartily pitied a young man, who, I dare say, has a good heart, but from false shame durst not assert the *freedom* to which every Englishman would claim a right, in almost every other instance! He had once put by the glafs, and excused himself on account of his health; but on being laughed at for a *sober dog*, as they phrased it, and asked, if his *spouse* had not lectured him before he came out, he gave way to the wretched raillery: Nor could I interfere at such a noisy moment with effect: They had laughed him out of his caution before I could be heard; and I left him there at nine o'clock trying with Bagenhall which should drink the deepest.

I wish, my good Dr Bartlett, you would throw together some serious considerations on this subject. You could touch it delicately, and such a discourse would not be unuseful to some few of our neighbours even at Grandison-hall. What is it not, that, in this single article, men sacrifice to false shame and false glory! Reason, health, fortune, personal elegance, the peace and order of their families; and all the comfort and honour of their after-years. How peevish, how wretched is

is the decline of a man worn out with intemperance ! In a cool hour, resolutions might be formed, that should stand the attack of a boisterous jest.

I obtained leave from Dr Bartlett, to transcribe this part of the letter. I thought my uncle would be pleased with it.

It was near ten at night before Sir Charles got to Lord W's, though but three miles from Sir Hargrave's. My lord rejoiced to see him ; and, after first compliments, asked him, if he had thought of what he had undertaken for him. Sir Charles told him, that he was the more desirous of seeing him in his way to the hall, because he wanted to know if his lordship held his mind as to marriage. He assured him he did, and would sign and seal to whatever he would stipulate for him.

I wished for a copy of this part of Sir Charles's letter, for the sake of my aunt, whose delicacy would, I thought, be charmed with it. He has been so good as to say, he would transcribe it for me. I will inclose it, Lucy : and you will read it here :

“ I cannot, my lord, said Sir Charles, engage, that the lady will comply with the proposal I shall take the liberty to make to her mother and her. She is not more than three or four-and-thirty : She is handsome : She has a fine understanding : She is brought up an œconomist : She is a woman of good family : She has not, however, though born to happier prospects, a fortune worthy of your lordship's acceptance. Whatever that is, you will perhaps chuse to give it to her family.

With all my heart and soul, nephew : But do you say, she is handsome ? Do you say, she is of family ? And has she so many good qualities ?—Ah, nephew,

phew, she won't have me, I doubt.—And is she not too young, Sir Charles, to think of such a poor decrepid soul as I am?

All I can say to this, my lord, is, that the proposals on your part must be the more generous—

I will leave all those matters to you, kinsman—

This, my lord, I will take upon me to answer for, That she is a woman of principle: She will not give your lordship her hand, if she thinks she cannot make you a wife worthy of your utmost kindness: And now, my lord, I will tell you who she is, that you may make what other enquiries you think proper.

And then I named her to him, and gave him pretty near the account of the family, and the circumstances and affairs of it, that I shall by-and-by give you; tho' you are not quite a stranger to the unhappy case.

My lord was in raptures: He knew something, he said, of the lady's father, and enough of the family, by hearsay, to confirm all I had said of them; and besought me to do my utmost to bring the affair to a speedy conclusion.

Sir Thomas Mansfield was a very good man; and much respected in his neighbourhood. He was once possessed of a large estate; but his father left him involved in a law-suit to support his title to more than one half of it.

After it had been depending several years, it was at last, to the deep regret of all who knew him, by the chicanery of the lawyers of the opposite side, and the remissness of his own, carried against him; and his expences having been very great in supporting for years his possession, he found himself reduced from an estate of near three thousand pounds a-year, to little more than five hundred. He had six children: Four sons, and two daughters. His eldest son died of grief in two months after the loss of the cause. The second, now the eldest, is a melancholy

lancholy man. The third is a cornet of horse. The fourth is unprovided for; but all three are men of worthy minds, and deserve better fortune.

The daughters are remarkable for their piety, patience, good œconomy, and prudence. They are the most dutiful of children, and most affectionate of sisters. They were for three years the support of their father's spirits, and have always been the consolation of their mother. They lost their father about four years ago: And it is even edifying to observe, how elegantly they support the family-reputation in their fine old mansion-house, by the prudent management of their little income; for the mother leaves every household care to them; and they make it a rule to conclude the year with discharging every demand that can be made upon them, and to commence the new year absolutely clear of the world, and with some cash in hand; yet were brought up in affluence, and to the expectation of handsome fortunes; for, besides that they could have no thought of losing their cause, they had very great and reasonable prospects from Mr Calvert, an uncle by their mother's side; who was rich in money, and had besides an estate in land of 1500*l.* a-year. He always declared, that for the sake of his sister's children he would continue a single man; and kept his word till he was upwards of seventy; when, being very infirm in health, and defective even to dotage in his understanding, Bolton his steward, who had always stood in the way of his inclination to have his eldest niece for his companion and manager, at last contrived to get him married to a young creature under twenty, one of the servants in the house, who brought him a child at seven months, and was with child again at the old man's death, which happened in eighteen months after his marriage: And then a will was provided, in which he gave all he had to his wife and her children born, and to be born within a year after
his

his demise. This steward and woman now live together as man and wife.

A worthy clergyman, who hoped it might be in my power to procure them redress, either in the one case or the other, gave me the above particulars; and upon enquiry, finding every thing to be as represented, I made myself acquainted with the widow lady and her sons: And it was impossible to see them at their own house, and not respect the daughters for their amiable qualities.

I desired them, when I was last down, to put into my hand their titles, deeds, and papers, which they have done; and they have been laid before counsel, who give a very hopeful account of them.

Being fully authorised by my lord, I took leave of him over-night, and set out early in the morning directly for Mansfield-house. I arrived there soon after their breakfast was over, and was received by Lady Mansfield, her sons (who happened to be all at home), and her two daughters, with politeness.

After some general conversation, I took Lady Mansfield aside; and making an apology for my freedom, asked her, If Miss Mansfield were, to her knowledge, engaged in her affections?

She answered, she was *sure* she was not: Ah, Sir, said she, a man of your observation must know, that the daughters of a decayed family of some note in the world, do not easily get husbands. Men of great fortunes look higher: Men of small must look out for wives to enlarge them, and men of genteel business are afraid of young women better born than portioned. Every body knows not that my girls can bend to their condition; and they must be contented to live single all their lives; and so they will chuse to do, rather than not marry creditably, and with some prospect.

I then opened my mind fully to her. She was agreeably surpris'd: But who, Sir, said she, would expect

expect such a proposal from the next heir to Lord W.?

I made known to her how much in earnest I was in this proposal, as well for my lord's sake, as for the young lady's. I will take care, madam, said I, that Miss Mansfield, if she will consent to make Lord W. happy, shall have very handsome settlements, and such an allowance of pin-money as shall enable her to gratify every moderate, every reasonable wish of her heart.

Was it possible, she asked, for such an affair to be brought about? Would my lord—There she stopt.

I said, I would be answerable for him: And desired her to break the matter to her daughter directly.

I left Lady Mansfield, and joined the brothers, who were with their two sisters; and soon after Miss Mansfield was sent for by her mother.

After they had been a little while together, my Lady Mansfield sent to speak with me. They were both silent when I came in. The mother was at a loss what to say: The daughter was still in greater confusion.

I addressed myself to the mother. You have, I perceive, madam, acquainted Miss Mansfield with the proposal I made to you. I am fully authorized to make it. Propitious be your silence!—There never was, proceeded I, a treaty of marriage set on foot, which had not its conveniencies and inconveniencies. My lord is greatly afflicted with the gout: There is too great a disparity in years. These are the inconveniencies which are to be considered of for the lady.

On the other hand, if Miss Mansfield can give into the proposal, she will be received by my lord as a blessing; as one whose acceptance of him will lay him under an obligation to her. If this proposal

posal could not have been made with dignity and honour to the lady, it had not come from me.

The conveniencies to yourselves will more properly fall under the consideration of yourselves and family. One thing only I will suggest, that an alliance with so rich a man as Lord W. will make perhaps some people tremble, who now think themselves secure.

But, madam (to the still silent daughter), let not a regard for me bias you! Your family may be sure of my best services, whether my proposal be received or rejected.

My lord (I must deal sincerely with you) has lived a life of error. He thinks so himself. I am earnest to have him see the difference, and to have an opportunity to rejoice with him upon it.

I stopt: But both being still silent, the mother looking on the daughter, the daughter glancing now and then her conscious eye on the mother, If, madam, said I, you *can* give your hand to Lord W. I will take care, that settlements shall exceed your expectation. What I have observed as well as heard of Miss Mansfield's temper and goodness, is the principal motive of my application to her, in preference to all the women I know.

But permit me to say, that were your affections engaged to the lowest honest man on earth, I would not wish for your favour to Lord W. And further, if, madam, you think you should have but the shadow of a hope to induce your compliance, that my lord's death would be more agreeable to you than his life, then would I not, for your morality's sake, wish you to engage. In a word, I address myself to you, Miss Mansfield, as to a woman of honour and conscience: If your conscience bids you *doubt*, reject the proposal; and this not only for my lord's sake, but for your own.

Consider if, without too great a force upon your inclinations, you can behave with that condescension

sion and indulgence to a man who has hastened advanced age upon himself, which I have thought from your temper I might hope.

I have said a great deal, because you, ladies, were silent, and because explicitness in every case becomes the proposer. Give me leave to retire for a few moments.

I withdrew, accordingly, to the brothers and sister. I did not think I ought to mention to *them* the proposal I had made: It might perhaps have engaged them all in its favour, as it was of such evident advantage to the whole family; and that might have imposed a difficulty on the lady, that neither for her own sake, nor my lord's, it would have been just to lay upon her.

Lady Mansfield came out to me, and said, I presume, Sir, as we are a family which misfortune, as well as love, has closely bound together, you will allow it to be mentioned—

To the whole family, madam!—By all means. I wanted only first to know, whether Miss Mansfield's affections were disengaged: And now you shall give me leave to attend Miss Mansfield. I am party for my Lord W.: Miss Mansfield is a party: Your debates will be the more free in our absence. If I find her averse, believe me, madam, I will not endeavour to persuade her. On the contrary, if she declare against accepting the proposal, I will be her advocate, though every one else should vote in its favour.

The brothers and sisters looked upon one another: I left the mother to propose it to them; and stepped into the inner parlour to Miss Mansfield.

She was sitting with her back to the door, in a meditating posture. She started at my entrance.

I talked of indifferent subjects, in order to divert her from the important one, that had taken up her whole attention.

It would have been a degree of oppression to her to have entered with her upon a subject of so much consequence to her while we were alone; and when her not having given a negative was to be taken as a modest affirmative.

Lady Mansfield soon joined us.—My dear daughter, said she, we are all unanimous. We are agreed to leave every thing to Sir Charles Grandison: And we hope *you* will.

She was silent. I will only ask you, madam, said I to her, if you have any wish to take time to consider of the matter? Do you think you shall be easier in your mind if you take time!—She was silent.

I will not at this time, my good Miss Mansfield, urge you further. I will make my report to Lord W. and you shall be sure of his joyful approbation of the steps I have taken, before your final consent shall be asked for. But that I may not be employed in a doubtful cause, let me be commissioned to tell my lord, that you are disengaged, and that you wholly resign yourself to your mother's advice.

She bowed her head.

And that *you*, madam, to Lady Mansfield, are not averse to enter into treaty upon this important subject.

Averse, Sir! said the mother, bowing, and gratefully smiling.

I will write the particulars of our conversation to Lord W. and my opinion of settlements, and advise him (if I am not forbid) to make a visit at Mansfield-house [I stopt: They were both silent.] If possible, I will attend my lord in his first visit. I hope, madam, to Miss Mansfield, you will not dislike him: I am sure he will be charmed with you: He is far from being disagreeable in his person: His temper is not bad. *Your* goodness will make *him* good. I dare say that he will engage
your

your gratitude; and I defy a good mind to separate love from gratitude.

We returned to the company. I had all their blessings pronounced at once, as from one mouth. The melancholy brother was enlivened: Who knows but the consequence of this alliance may illuminate his mind? I could see by the pleasure they all had in beholding him capable of joy on the occasion, that they *hoped* it would. The unhappy situation of the family affairs, as it broke the heart of the eldest brother, fixed a gloom on the temper of this gentleman.

I was prevailed upon to dine with them. In the conversation we had at and after dinner, their minds opened, and their characters rose upon me. Lord W. will be charmed with Miss Mansfield. I am delighted to think, that my mother's brother will be happy, in the latter part of his life, with a wife of so much prudence and goodness, as I am sure this lady will make him. On one instance of her very obliging behaviour to me, I whispered her sister, Pray, Miss Fanny, tell Miss Mansfield, but not till I am gone, that she knows not the inconveniencies she is bringing upon herself: I may, perhaps, hereafter, have the boldness to look for the same favour from my aunt, that I meet with from Miss Mansfield.

If my sister, returned she, should ever misbehave to her benefactor, I will deny my relation to her.

You will soon have another letter from me, with an account of the success of my visit to Sir Harry Beauchamp and his lady. *We* must have our Beauchamp among us, my dear friend: I should rather say, *you* must among *you*; for I shall not be long in England. He will supply to you, my dear Dr

Bartlett, the absence (it will not, I hope, be a long one) of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON."

SIR Charles, I remember, as the doctor read, mentions getting leave for his Beauchamp to come over, who, he says, will supply his absence to *him*—But, ah! Lucy! Who, let me have the boldness to ask, shall supply it to your *Harriet*?—Time, my dear, will do *nothing* for me, except I could hear something very much amiss of this man.

I have a great suspicion that the first part of the letter inclosed related to me. The doctor looked *so* earnestly at me, when he skipt two sides of it; and, as I thought, with *so* much compassion!—To be sure it was about me.

What would I give to know as much of his mind as Dr Bartlett knows! If I thought he pitied the poor Harriet—I should scorn myself. I am, I *will* be above his pity, Lucy. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIV.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Sunday Night, April 2.

DR BARTLETT has received from Sir Charles an account of what passed last Friday between him and Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp: By the doctor's allowance, I inclose it to you.

In this letter, Lucy, you will see him in a new light; and as a man whom there is no resisting, when he resolves to carry a point. But it absolutely convinces me, of what indeed I before suspected, that he has not a high opinion of our sex in general:

ral: And this I will put down as a blot in his character. He treats us, in Lady Beauchamp, as perverse, humourfome babies, loving power, yet not knowing how to use it. See him so delicate in his behaviour and address to Miss Mansfield, and carry in your thoughts his gaiety and adroit management to Lady Beauchamp, as in this letter, and you will hardly think him the same man. Could he be any thing to me, I should be more than half-afraid of him: Yet *this* may be said in his behalf,—He but accommodates himself to the persons he has to deal with:—He can be a man of gay wit, when he pleases to *descend*, as indeed his sister Charlotte has often found, as she has given occasion for the exercise of that talent in him;—yet, that virtue, for its *own sake*, is his choice, since, had he been a free liver, he would have been a dangerous man.

But I will not anticipate too much: Read it here, if you please.

LETTER XV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

[*Inclosed in the preceeding.*]

Grandison-hall, Friday Night, March 31.

I Arrived at Sir Harry Beauchamp's about twelve this day. He and his lady expected me, from the letter which I wrote and shewed you before I left the town; in which, you know, I acquainted Sir Harry with his son's earnest desire to throw himself at his feet, and to pay his duty to his mother, in England; and engaged to call myself, either this day or to-morrow, for an answer.

Sir Harry received me with great civility, and even affection. Lady Beauchamp, said he, will be with us in a moment. I am afraid you will not meet with all the civility from her on the errand you are come upon, that a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character deserves to meet with from all the world. We have been unhappy together, ever since we had your letter. I long to see my son: Your friendship for him establishes him in my heart. But—And then he cursed the apron-string tenure, by which, he said, he held his peace.

You will allow me, Sir Harry, said I, to address myself in my own way to my lady. You give me pleasure in letting me know that the difficulty is not with you. You have indeed, Sir, one of the most prudent young men in the world for your son. His heart is in your hand: You may form it as you please.

She is coming! She is coming! interrupted he. We are all in pieces: We were in the midst of a feud when you arrived. If she is not civil to you—

In swam the lady; her complexion raised; displeasure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air to Sir Harry, as if they had not had their contention out, and she was ready to renew it.

With as obliging an air as I could assume, I paid my compliments to her. She received them with great stiffness; swelling at Sir Harry; who sidled to the door, in a moody and fullen manner, and then slipped out.

You are Sir Charles Grandison, I suppose, Sir, said she: I never saw you before: I have heard much talk of you.—But, pray, Sir, are good men *always* officious men? Cannot they perform the obligations of friendship without discomposing families?

You see me *now*, madam, in an evil moment, if you are displeased with me: But I am not used to
the

the displeasure of ladies: I do my utmost not to deserve it; and let me tell you, madam, that I will not suffer *you* to be displeased with me.

I took her half-reluctant hand, and led her to a chair, and seated myself in another near her.

I see, Sir, you have your arts.

She took the fire-screen that hung by the side of the chimney, and held it before her face, now glancing at me, now turning away her eye, as if resolved to be displeased.

You come upon a hateful errand, Sir: I have been unhappy ever since your officious letter came.

I am sorry for it, madam. While you are warm with the remembrance of a past misunderstanding, I will not offer to reason with you: But let me, madam, see less discomposure in your looks. I want to take my impressions of you from more placid features: I am a painter, madam: I love to draw ladies pictures. Will you have this pass for a first sitting?

She knew not what to do with her anger: She was loth to part with it.

You are impertinent, Sir Charles—excuse me—You are impertinent.

I do excuse you, Lady Beauchamp: And the rather, as I am sure you do not think me so. Your freedom is a mark of your favour; I thank you for it.

You treat me as a child, Sir—

I treat all angry people as children: I love to humour them. Indeed, Lady Beauchamp, you must not be angry with me. *Can* I be mistaken? Don't I see in your aspect the woman of sense and reason?—I never blame a lady for her humourfomeness so much, as in my mind, I blame her mother.

Sir! said she. I smiled. She bit her lip, to avoid a returning smile.

Her character, my dear friend, is not, you know, that

that of an ill-tempered woman, tho' haughty, and a lover of power.

I have heard much of you, Sir Charles Grandison: But I am quite mistaken in you: I expected to see a grave formal young man, his prim mouth set in plaits: But you are a joker; and a free man; a *very* free man, I do assure you.

I would be *thought* decently free, madam; but not *impertinent*. I see with pleasure a returning smile. O that ladies knew how much smiles become their features!—Very few causes can justify a woman's anger—Your sex, madam, was given to delight, not to torment us.

Torment you, Sir!—Pray, has Sir Harry—

Sir Harry cannot look pleased, when his lady is *dis*-pleased: I saw that you were, madam, the moment I beheld you. I hope I am not an unwelcome visiter to Sir Harry for one hour (I intend to stay no longer), that he received me with so disturbed a countenance, and has now withdrawn himself, as if to avoid me.

To tell you the truth, Sir Harry and I have had a dispute: But he always speaks of Sir Charles Grandison with pleasure.

Is he not offended with me, madam, for the contents of the letter—

No, Sir, and I suppose you hardly think he is—But *I* am—

Dear madam, let me beg your interest in favour of the contents of it.

She took fire—rose up—

I besought her patience—Why should you wish to keep abroad a young man, who is a credit to his family, and who *ought* to be, if he is *not*, the joy of his father! Let him owe to your generosity, madam, that recal, which he solicits: It will become your character: He cannot always be kept abroad: Be it your own generous work—

What, Sir—Pray, Sir—With an angry brow—
You

You must not be angry with me, madam—(I took her hand)—You can't be angry in earnest—

Sir Charles Grandison—You are—She withdrew her hand; *You are*, repeated she—and seemed ready to call names—

I *am* the Grandison you call me; and I honour the maternal character. You must permit me to honour *you*, madam.

I *wonder*, Sir—

I will not be denied. The world reports misunderstandings between you and Mr Beauchamp. That busy world that will be meddling, knows your power, and his dependence. You must not let it charge you with an ill use of that power: If you do, *you* will have its blame, when you might have its praise: *He* will have its pity.

What, Sir, do you think your fine letters, and smooth words, will avail in favour of a young fellow who has treated me with disrespect?

You are misinformed, madam.—I am willing to have a greater dependence upon your justice, upon your good-nature, than upon any thing I can urge either by letter or speech. Don't let it be said, that you are not to be prevailed on—A woman not to be prevailed on to join in an act of justice, of kindness; for the honour of the sex, let it not be said.

Honour of the sex, Sir!—Fine talking!—Don't I know, that were I to consent to his coming over, the first thing would be to have his annuity augmented out of my fortune? He and his father would be in a party against me. Am I not already a sufferer through him in his father's love?—You don't know, Sir, what has passed between Sir Harry and me within this half-hour—But don't talk to me: I won't hear of it: The young man hates me: I hate him: And ever will.

She made a motion to go. With

With a respectful air, I told her she must not leave me. My motive deserved not, I said, that both she and Sir Harry should leave me in displeasure.

You know but too well, resumed she, how acceptable your officiousness (I must call it so) is to Sir Harry.

And *does* Sir Harry, madam, favour his son's suit? You rejoice me: Let not Mr Beauchamp know that he does; and do *you*, my dear Lady Beauchamp, take the whole merit of it to yourself. How will he revere you for your goodness to him! And what an obligation, if, as you say, Sir Harry is inclined to favour him, will you, by your generous first motion, lay upon Sir Harry!

Obligation upon Sir Harry! Yes, Sir Charles Grandison, I have laid too many obligations already upon him for his gratitude.

Lay this one more. You own you have had a misunderstanding this morning: Sir Harry is withdrawn, I suppose, with his heart full: Let me, I beseech you, make up the misunderstanding. I have been happy in this way—Thus we will order it—We will desire him to walk in. I will beg *your* interest with him in favour of the contents of the letter I sent. His compliance will follow as an act of obligingness to you. The grace of the action will be yours. I will be answerable for Mr Beauchamp's gratitude.--Dear madam, hesitate not. The young gentleman must come over one day: Let the favour of its being an early one be owing entirely to you.

You are a strange man, Sir: I don't like you at all: You will persuade me out of my reason.

Let us, madam, as Mr Beauchamp and I are already the dearest of friends, begin a *family* understanding. Let St James's-square and Berkeley-square, when you come to town, be a next-door-neighbourhood. Give me the consideration of being

ing the bondsman for the duty of Mr Beauchamp to you, as well as to his father.

She was silent: But looked vexed and irresolute.

My sisters, madam, are amiable women. You will be pleased with them. Lord L. is a man worthy of Sir Harry's acquaintance. We shall want nothing, if you would think so, but Mr Beauchamp's presence among us.

What! I suppose you design your maiden sister for the *young fellow*—But if you do, Sir, you must ask me for—There she stopt.

Indeed I do not. He is not at present disposed to marry. He never will without his father's approbation, and let me say—*yours*. My sister is addressed to by Lord G. and I hope will soon be married to him.

And do you say so, Sir Charles Grandison?—Why then you are a more disinterested man, than I thought you in this application to Sir Harry. I had no doubt but the *young fellow* was to be brought over to marry Miss Grandison; and that he was to be made worthy of her at my expence.

She enjoyed, as it seemed, by her manner of pronouncing the words *young fellow*, that designed contempt, which was a tacit confession of the consequence he once was of to her.

I do assure you, madam, that I know not his heart, if he has at present any thoughts of marriage.

She seemed pleased at this assurance.

I repeated my wishes, that she would take to herself the merit of allowing Mr Beauchamp to return to his native country: And that she would let me see her hand in Sir Harry's before I left them.

And pray, Sir, as to his place of residence,
were

were he to come: Do you think he shall live under the same roof with me?

You shall govern that point, madam, as you approve or disapprove of his behaviour to you.

His behaviour to me, Sir!—One house cannot, shall not hold him and me.

I think, madam, that *you* should direct in this article. I hope, after a little while, so to order my affairs, as constantly to reside in England. I should think myself very happy, if I could prevail upon Mr Beauchamp to live with *me*.

But I must see him, I suppose?

Not, madam, unless you shall think it right, for the sake of the world's opinion, that you should.

I can't consent—

You *can*, madam! You *do*!—I cannot allow Lady Beauchamp to be one of those women, who, having insisted upon a wrong point, can be convinced, yet not know how to recede with a grace.—Be so kind to *yourself*, as to let Sir Harry know, that you think it right for Mr Beauchamp to return; but that it must be upon your own conditions: Then, madam, make those conditions generous ones; and how will Sir Harry adore you! How will Mr Beauchamp revere you! How shall I esteem you!

What a strange impertinent have I before me!

I love to be called names by a lady. If undeservedly, she lays herself by them under obligation to me, which she cannot be generous, if she resolves not to repay. Shall I endeavour to find out Sir Harry? Or will you, madam?

Was you ever, Sir Charles Grandison, denied by any woman to whom you sued for favour?

I think, madam, I hardly ever was: But it was because I never sued for a favour that it was not for a lady's honour to grant. This is the case now; and this makes me determine, that I will
not

not be denied the grant of my present request. Come, come, madam! How can a woman of your ladyship's good sense (taking her hand, and leading her to the door), seem to want to be persuaded to do a thing she knows in her heart to be right! Let us find Sir Harry.

Strange man!—Unhand me—*He* has used me unkindly—

Overcome him then by your generosity. But dear Lady Beauchamp, taking both her hands, and smiling confidently in her face [I could, my dear Dr Bartlett, do so to Lady Beauchamp], will you make me believe, that a woman of your spirit (you have a charming spirit, Lady Beauchamp,) did not give Sir Harry as much reason to complain as he gave you?—I am sure by his disturbed countenance—

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, you are downright affronting. Unhand me!

This misunderstanding is owing to my officious letter. I should have waited on you in person. I should from the first have put it in your power to do a graceful and obliging thing. I ask your pardon. I am not *used* to make differences between man and wife.

I touched first one hand, then the other, of the perverse baby, with my lips—Now am I forgiven: Now is my friend Beauchamp permitted to return to his native country: Now are Sir Harry and his lady reconciled—Come, come, madam, it must be so—What foolish things are the quarrels of married people!—They must come to an agreement again; and the sooner the better; before hard blows are struck, that will leave marks—Let us, dear madam, find out Sir Harry—

And then with an air of vivacity, that women, whether in courtship or out of it, dislike not, I was leading her once more to the door, and, as I

intended, to Sir Harry, wherever he could be found——

Hold, hold, Sir, resisting; but with features far more placid than she had suffered to be before visible—If I *must* be compelled—You are a strange man, Sir Charles Grandison—If I must be compelled to see Sir Harry—But you are a strange man—And she rang the bell.

Lady Beauchamp, Dr Bartlett, is one of those who would be more ready to forgive an innocent freedom, than to be gratified by a profound respect; otherwise I had not treated her with so little ceremony. Such women are formidable only to those who are afraid of their anger, or who make it a serious thing.

But when the servant appeared, she not knowing how to condescend, I said, go to your master, Sir, and tell him, that your lady requests the favour——

Requests the favour! repeated she; but in a low voice: Which was no bad sign.

The servant went with a message worded with more civility than perhaps he was used to carry to his master from his lady.

Now, dear Lady Beauchamp, for your own sake; for Sir Harry's sake; make happy, and be happy: Are there not, dear madam, unhappinesses enow in life, that we must wilfully add to them?

Sir Harry came in sight. He stalked towards us with a parade like that of a young officer wanting to look martial at the head of his company.

Could I have seen him before he entered, my work would have been easier. But his hostile air disposed my lady to renew hostilities.

She turned her face aside, then her person; and the cloudy indignation with which she entered at first again overspread her features. Ought wrath, Dr Bartlett, to be so ready to attend a female will?

will?—Surely, thought I, my lady's present airs, after what has passed between her and me, can be only owing to the fear of making a precedent, and being thought too easily persuaded.

Sir Harry, said I, addressing myself to him, I have obtained Lady Beauchamp's pardon for the officious letter—

Pardon, Sir Charles Grandison! You are a good man, and it was kindly intended—

He was going on: Anger from his eyes flashed upon his cheek-bones, and made them shine. My lady's eyes struck fire at Sir Harry, and shewed that she was not *afraid* of him.

Better *intended* than done, interrupted I, since my lady tells me, that it was the occasion of a misunderstanding—But, Sir, all will be right: My lady assures me, that you are not disinclined to comply with the contents; and she has the goodness—

Pray, Sir Charles, interrupted the lady—

To give me hopes that she—

Pray, Sir Charles—

Will use her interest to confirm you in your favourable sentiments—

Sir Harry cleared up at once—May I hope, madam—And offered to take her hand.

She withdrew it with an air. O Dr Bartlett, I must have been thought an unpolite husband, had she been my wife!

I took her hand: Excuse this freedom, Sir Harry—For heaven's sake, madam, whispering, do what I know you *will* do with grace—Shall there be a misunderstanding, and the husband court a refused hand?—I then forced her half-unwilling hand into his, with an air that I intended should have both freedom and respect in it.

What a man have we got here, Sir Harry? This cannot be the modest man that you have praised to me—I thought a good man must of ne-

cessity be bashful, if not sheepish : And here your visiter is the boldest man in England.

The righteous, Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry, with an aspect but half-conceding, *is bold as a lion.*

And *must* I be compelled thus, and by such a man, to forgive you, Sir Harry?—Indeed you were very unkind.

And you, Lady Beauchamp, were very cruel. I did not think, Sir, when I laid my fortune at your feet—

O Lady Beauchamp ! You said cutting things ! *Very* cutting things !

And did not you, Sir Harry, say it should be so?—So *very* peremptorily!—

Not, madam, till you *as* peremptorily—

A little recrimination, thought I, there must be, to keep each in countenance on their past folly.

Ah ! Sir Charles—You may rejoice that you are not married, said Sir Harry.

Dear Sir Harry, said I, we must bear with ladies. They are *meek* good creatures—They—

Meek ! Sir Charles, repeated Sir Harry, with a half-angry smile, and shrugging, as if his shoulder had been hurt with his wife's meekness—I say *meek !*

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, said my lady, with an air of threatening—

I was desirous either of turning the lady's displeasure into a jest, or of diverting it from the first object, in order to make her play with it, till she had lost it.

Women are of gentle natures, pursued I ; and being accustomed to be humoured, opposition fits not easy upon them. Are they not kind to us, Sir Harry, when they allow of our superiority, by expecting us to bear with their pretty perversenesses?

O Sir

O Sir Charles Grandison ! said my lady ; both her hands lifted up.

Let us be contented, proceeded I, with such their kind acknowledgments, and in pity to them, and in compliment to ourselves, bear with their foibles.—See, madam, I ever was an advocate for the ladies.

Sir Charles, I have no patience with you—

What can a poor woman do, continued I, when opposed ? She can only be a little violent in *words*, and when she has said as much as she chuses to say, be perhaps a little fullen. For my part, were I so happy as to call a woman mine, and she *happened* to be in the wrong, I would endeavour to be in the right, and trust to her good sense to recover her temper : Arguments only beget arguments.—Those reconciliations are the most durable in which the lady makes the first advances.

What doctrine is this, Sir Charles ! You are not the man I took you for.—I believe, in my conscience, that you are not near so good a man as the world reports you.

What, madam, because I pretend to know a little of the sex ? Surely, Lady Beauchamp, a man of common penetration may see to the bottom of a woman's heart. A cunning woman cannot hide it : A good woman will not. You are not, madam, such mysteries, as some of us think you. Whenever you know your *own* minds, we need not be long doubtful : That is all the difficulty : And I will vindicate you as to that——

As how, pray, Sir ?

Women, madam, were designed to be *dependent*, as well as *gentle* creatures ; and of consequence, when left to their own wills, they know not what to resolve upon.

I was hoping, Sir Charles, just now, that you would stay to dinner : But if you talk at

this rate, I believe I shall be ready to wish you out of the house.

Sir Harry looked as if he were half-willing to be diverted at what passed between his lady and me. It was better for *me* to say what he could not but subscribe to by his feeling, than for him to say it. Though reproof seldom amends a determinate spirit, such a one as this lady's, yet a man who suffers by it cannot but have some joy, when he hears his sentiments spoken by a by-stander. This freedom of mine seemed to save the married pair a good deal of recrimination.

You remind me, madam, that I must be gone; rising, and looking at my watch.

You must not leave us, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry.

I beg excuse, Sir Harry—Yours, also, madam, smiling—Lady Beauchamp must not twice wish me out of the house.

I will *not* excuse you, Sir, replied she—If you have a desire to see the matter completed—She stopt—You must stay to dinner, be *that* as it will.

“Be that as it *will*,” madam!—You shall not recede.

Recede! I have not yet complied—

O these women! they are so used to courtship, that they know not how to do right thinks without it—And, pardon me, madam, not always with it.

Bold man—Have I consented—

Have you not, madam, given a *Lady's* consent? *That* we men expect not to be very explicit, very gracious—It is from such *non-negative* consents, that we men make silence answer all we wish.

I leave Sir Charles Grandison to manage this point, said Sir Harry. In my conscience, I think the common observation just: A stander-by sees more of the game than he that plays.

It ever will be so, Sir Harry—But I will tell you,
My

My lady and I have as good as agreed the matter—

I have agreed to nothing, Sir Harry—

Hush, madam—I am doing you credit.—Lady Beauchamp speaks *aside* sometimes, Sir Harry: you are not to hear any-thing she says that you don't like.

Then I am afraid I must stop my ears for eight hours out of twelve.

That was *aside*, Lady Beauchamp—You are not to hear that.

To sit like a fool, and hear myself abused—A pretty figure I make! Sir Charles Grandison, let me tell you, that you are the first man that ever treated me like a fool.

Excuse, madam, a little innocent raillery—I met you both with a discomposure on your countenances. I was the occasion of it, by the letter I sent to Sir Harry: I will not leave you discomposed. I think you a woman of sense; and my request is of such a nature, that the granting of it will confirm to me that you are so—But you *have* granted it—

I have *not*.

That's charmingly said—My lady will not under-value the compliment she is inclined to make you, Sir Harry. The moment *you* ask for her compliance, she will not refuse to your affection what she makes a difficulty to grant to the entreaty of an almost stranger.

Let it, let it be so! Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry: And he clasped his arms about her as she sat—

There was never such a man as this Sir Charles Grandison in the world!—It is a contrivance between you, Sir Harry—

Dear Lady Beauchamp, resumed I, depreciate not your compliment to Sir Harry. There wanted not contrivance, I dare to hope (if there *did*, it had it

it not), to induce Lady Beauchamp to do a right, a kind, an obliging thing.

Let me, my dearest Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry—Let me request—

At *your* request, Sir Harry—But not at Sir Charles's.

This is noble, said I. I thank you, madam, for the absent youth. Both husband and son will think themselves favoured by you; and the more, as I am sure, that you will, by the chearful welcome which you will give the young man, shew, that it is a sincere compliment that you have made to Sir Harry.

This man has a strange way of flattering one into acts of—of—what shall I call them?—But, Sir Harry, Mr Beauchamp must not, I believe, live with us—

Sir Harry hesitated.

I was afraid of opening the wound. I have a request to make to you both, said I. It is this; That Mr Beauchamp may be permitted to live with me; and attend you, madam, and his father, as a visiter, at your own command. My sister, I believe, will be very soon married to Lord G.

That is to be certainly so! interrupted the lady. It is, madam.

But what shall we say, my dear, resumed Sir Harry—Don't fly out again—As to the provision for my son?—Two hundred a-year—What is two hundred a-year!—

Why then let it be three, answered she.

I have a handsome and improveable estate, said I. I have no demands but those of reason upon me. I would not offer a plea for his coming to England (and I am sure he would not have come if I had) without his father's consent: In which, madam, he hoped for yours. You shall not, Sir, allow him either the two or three hundred a-year. See him with love, with indulgence (he will deserve both);

both); and think not of any-thing else for my Beauchamp.

There is no bearing this, my dear, said Sir Harry; leaning upon his lady's shoulder, as he sat, tears in his eyes—My son is already, as I have heard, greatly obliged to this his true friend—Do you, do you, madam, answer for me, and for yourself.

She was overcome: Yet pride had its share with generosity. You *are*, said she, the Grandison I have heard of: But I will not be under obligations to you—not *pecuniary* ones, however. No, Sir Harry! Recal your son: I will trust to your love: Do for him what you please: Let him be independent on this *insolent* man [She said this with a smile, that made it obliging]; and if we are to be visiters, friends, neighbours, let it be on an equal foot, and let him have nothing to reproach us with.

I was agreeably surpris'd at this emanation (shall I call it?) of goodness: She is really not a bad woman, but a perverse one: In short, one of those whose passions, when rightly touched, are liable to sudden and surprising turns.

Generous, charming Lady Beauchamp! said I. Now *are* you the woman, whom I have so often heard praised for so many good qualities: Now will the portrait be a just one!

Sir Harry was in raptures; but had like to have spoiled all, by making me a compliment on the force of example.

Be this, said I, the result—Mr Beauchamp comes over. He will be pleased with whatever you do: At your feet, madam, he shall acknowledge your favour: My home shall be his, if you permit it: On *me* he shall *confer* obligations; from *you* he shall receive them. If any considerations of family prudence (there *are* such, and very just ones) restrain you from allowing him at present what your generosity would wish to do—

Lady

Lady Beauchamp's colour was heightened: She interrupted me—We are not, Sir Charles, so scanty in our fortune—

Well, my dear Lady Beauchamp, be all that as you please: Not one retrospect of the past—

Yes, Sir Charles, but there shall: His allowance has been lessened for some years; not from considerations of *family prudence*—But—Well, 'tis all at an end, proceeded she—When the young man returns, you, Sir Harry, for my sake, and for the sake of this strange unaccountable creature, shall pay him the whole arrear.

Now, my dear Lady Beauchamp, said I, lifting her hand to my lips, permit me to give you joy. All doubts and misgivings so triumphantly got over, so solid a foundation laid for family harmony—What was the moment of your nuptials to this? Sir Harry, I congratulate you: You may be, and I believe you have been, as happy as most men; but now you will be still happier.

Indeed, Sir Harry, said she, you provoked me in the morning: I should not else—

Sir Harry owned himself to blame; and thus the lady's pride was set down softly.

She desired Sir Harry to write, before the day concluded, the invitation of return to Mr Beauchamp; and to do her all the credit in it that she might claim from the last part of the conversation; but not to mention any thing of the first.

She afterwards abated a little of this right spirit, by saying, I think, Sir Harry, you need not mention any thing of the *arrears*, as I may call them—But only the future 600*l.* a-year. One would surprise him a little, you know, and be twice thanked—

Surprizes of such a nature as this, my dear Dr Bartlett; *pecuniary* surprizes!—I don't love them—They are double taxes upon the gratitude of a worthy heart. Is it not enough for a generous mind

to

to labour under a sense of obligation?—Pride, vain-glory, must be the motive of such narrow-minded benefactors: A truly beneficent spirit cannot take delight in beholding the quivering lip indicating the palpitating heart; in seeing the downcast countenance, the uplifted hands, and working muscles of a fellow-creature, who, but for unfortunate accidents, would perhaps himself have had the *will*, with the *power* of shewing a more graceful benevolence!

I was so much afraid of hearing *further* abatements of Lady Beauchamp's goodness; so willing to depart with favourable impressions of her for her own sake; and at the same time so desirous to reach the hall that night; that I got myself excused, though with difficulty, staying to dine; and accepting of a dish of chocolate, I parted with Sir Harry and my lady, both in equal good humour with themselves and me.

Could you have thought, my dear friend, that I should have succeeded so very happily as I have done in this affair, and at one meeting?

I think that the father and stepmother should have the full merit with our Beauchamp of a turn so unexpected. Let him not therefore ever see this letter, that he may take his impression of the favour done him, from that which Sir Harry will write to him.

My cousin Grandison, whom I hoped to find here, left the hall on Tuesday last, though he knew of my intention to be down. I am sorry for it. Poor Everard! He has been a great while pretty good. I am afraid he will get among his old acquaintance; and then we shall not hear of him for some months perhaps. If you see him in town, try to engage him, till I return. I should be glad of his company to Paris, if his going with me will keep him out of harm's way, as it is called.

Saturday,

Saturday, April 1.

I HAVE had compliments sent me by many of my neighbours, who had hoped I was come to reside among them. They professed themselves disappointed on my acquainting them, that I must go up early on Monday morning. I have invited myself to their Saturday assembly at the Bowling-green-house.

Our reverend friend Mr Dobson has been so good as to leave with me the sermon he is to preach to-morrow on the opening of the church: It is a very good discourse: I have only exceptions to three or four compliments he makes to the patron in as many different places of it: I doubt not but he will have the goodness to omit them.

I have already looked into all that has been done in the church, and all that is doing in the house and gardens. When both have had the direction and inspection of my dear Dr Bartlett, need I say that nothing could have been better?

HALDEN is just arrived from my lord, with a letter, which has enabled me to write to Lady Mansfield his lordship's high approbation of all our proceedings; and that he intends some one early day in next week to pay to her, and Miss Mansfield, his personal compliments.

He has left to me the article of settlements; declaring, that his regard for *my* future interest is all that he wishes may be attended to.

I have therefore written as from himself, that he proposes a jointure of 1200*l.* a-year, penny-rents, and 400 guineas a-year, for her private purse; and that his lordship desires that Miss Mansfield will make a present to her sister of whatever she may be intitled to in her own right. Something was mentioned to me at Mansfield-house of a thousand pounds left to her by a godmother.

Halden

Halden being very desirous to see his future lady, I shall, at his request, send the letter I have written to Lady Mansfield by him early in the morning, with a line recommending him to the notice of that lady as Lord W.'s principal steward.

Adieu, my dear Dr Bartlett: I have joy in the joy of all these good people. If Providence graciously makes me instrumental to it, I look upon myself *but as its instrument*. I hope ostentation has no share in what draws on me more thanks and praises than I love to hear.

Lord W. has a right to be made happy by his next relation, if his next relation *can* make him so. Is he not my mother's brother? Would not her enlarged soul have rejoiced on the occasion, and blessed her son for an instance of duty to her, paid by his disinterested regard for her brother? who, my dear Dr Bartlett, is so happy, yet who, in some cases, so unhappy, as

Your CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER XVI.

Miss BYRON, *To* *Miss* SELBY.

Monday, April 3.

THE Countess of D. and the Earl, her son, have but just left us. The Countess sent last night to let my cousin Reeves know of their intended morning visit, and they came together. As the visit was made to my cousin, I did not think myself obliged to be in waiting for them below. I was therefore in my closet, comforting myself with my own *agreeable* reflections. They were there a quarter of an hour before I was sent to,

Their talk was of me. I am used to recite my own praises, you know; and what signifies making a parade of apologies for continuing the use? I don't value myself so much as I once did on people's favourable opinions. If I had a heart in my own keeping, I should be glad it was thought a good one, that's all. Yet though it has littlenesses in it that I knew nothing of formerly, I hope it is not a bad one.

My Lord D. by the whole turn of the partial conversation, was led to expect a very extraordinary young woman. The lady declared, that she would have her talk out, and hear all my two cousins were inclined to say of me, before I was sent up to, as I was not below when they came.

I was therefore to be seen only as a subject of curiosity. My lord had declared, it seems, that he would not be denied an introduction to me by his mother. But there were no thoughts of making any application to a girl whose heart was acknowledged not to be her own. My lord's honour would not allow of such an intention. Nor ought it.

His impatience, however, hastened the message to me. The Countess met me half-way, and embraced me: My lovely girl, how do you?—My lord, said she, turning to the Earl, I need not say this is Miss Byron.

He bowed low, and made me a polite compliment; but it had sense in it, though high, and above my merits. Girls, writing of themselves on these occasions, must be disclaimers you know: But, my dear uncle, what care I *now* for compliments? The man, from whose mouth only they could be acceptable, is not at liberty to make me any.

The Countess engaged me in an easy general conversation, part of which turned upon Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, and Miss Jervois, and
how

how I had passed my time at Colnebrook in this wintry season, when there were so many diversions in town. But, said she, you had a man with you, who is the general admiration where-ever he goes.

Is there no making an acquaintance, said my lord, with Sir Charles Grandison? What I hear said of him, every time he is mentioned in company, is enough to fire a young man with emulation. I should be happy, did I deserve to be thought as a second or third man to Sir Charles Grandison.

I dare say, returned I, your lordship's acquaintance would be highly acceptable to him. He is easy of access. Men of rank, if men of merit, must be of kindred, and recognize one another the moment they meet. But Sir Charles will soon leave England.

The fool sighed: It was, you may believe, involuntarily. I felt myself blush, and was the more silly for that.

The Countess took my hand—One word with you, my dear—and led me out into the next room, and sitting down, made me sit on the same settee with her.

O that I could call you daughter! began she at once; and turning half round to me, put one arm about me, with the other hand taking one of mine, and earnestly looking in my downcast face.

I was silent. Ah, Lucy! had Lady D. been the mother of Sir Charles Grandison, with what pleasure could I have listened to her!

You said, my dear, that Sir Charles Grandison will soon leave England: And then you sighed.—Will you be quite open-hearted?—May I ask you a question in hope that you will?

I was silent: Yet the word *Yes* was on my lips.

You have caused it to be told me, that your affections are engaged. This has been a cruel blow upon us. My lord, nevertheless, has heard so much

of you [he is really a good young man, my dear,] that (against my advice I own) he would have me introduce him into your company. I see by his looks that he could admire you above all women. *He never was in love*: I should be sorry if he were disappointed in his first love. I hope his *promised* prudence will be his guard, if there be no prospect of his succeeding with you—She paused—I was still silent—

It will be a mark of your frankness of heart, my dear, if, when you take my full meaning, you prevent me speaking more than I need.—I would not oppress you, my sweet love—Such a delicacy, and such a frankness mingled, have I never seen in a young woman—But tell me, my dear, has Sir Charles Grandison made his addresses to you?

It was a grievous question for me to answer—But *why* was it so, my Lucy, when all the hopes I ever had proceeded from my own presumption, confirmed (that's true, of late!) by his sister's partiality in my favour; and when his unhappy Clementina has such a preferable claim?

What says Miss Byron?

She says, madam, that she reveres Lady D. and will answer any questions that she puts to her, however affecting—Sir Charles Grandison has not.

Once I thought, proceeded she, that I never would make a second motion, were the woman a princess, who had confessed a prior love, or even liking: But the man is Sir Charles Grandison, whom all women must esteem, and the woman is Miss Byron, whom all men must love. Let me ask you, my dear—Have you any expectation that the first of men (I will call him so) and the loveliest and most amiable minded of women can come together?—You sighed, you know, when you mentioned that Sir Charles was soon to leave England; and you own that he has not made addresses to you—Don't be uneasy, my love!—We women, in these

these tender cases, see into each other's hearts from small openings—Look upon me as your mother—What say you, love?

Your ladyship compliments me with delicacy and frankness—It is too hard a question, if I have any of the first, to answer without blushes. A young woman to be supposed to have an esteem for a man who has made no declaration, and whose behaviour to her is such only as shews a politeness to which he is accustomed, and only the same kind of tenderness as he shews to his sisters;—and whom sometimes he *calls* Sister—as if—Ah, madam, how can one answer?

You *have* answered, my dear, and with that delicacy and frankness too, which make a principal part of your character. If my son (and he shall not be encouraged in his hopes, if he sees you not, mind as well as person, with his mother's eyes,) should not be able to check himself by the apprehensions he has had reason for, of being but a second man in the favour of the object of his wishes [*we*, my dear, have our delicacies]; could you not allow him a second place in your favour, that might, in time, as he should merit, and as you should subdue your prepossessions, give him a first?—Hush—my dear, for one moment—Your honour, your piety, are my just dependence, and will be his.—And now speak: It is to *me*, my dear: Speak your whole heart: Let not any apprehended difficulty—I am a woman as well as you. And prepared to indulge.—

Your *goodness*, madam, and nothing else, interrupted I, gives me difficulty.—My Lord D. seems to me to be a man of merit, and not disagreeable in his person and manners. What he said of Sir Charles Grandison, and of his emulation being fired by his example, gave him additional merit with me. He must have a good mind. I wish him acquainted with Sir Charles, for his own sake,

and for the sake of the world, which might be benefited by his large power, so happily directed!—But as to myself, I should forfeit the character of frankness of heart, which your ladyship's goodness ascribes to me, if I did not declare, that although I cannot, and, I think, *ought not* to entertain a hope with regard to Sir Charles Grandison, since there is a lady who deserved him by severe sufferings before I knew him; yet is my heart so wholly attached, that I cannot think it just to give the least encouragement to any other proposal.

You are an excellent young woman: But, my dear, if Sir Charles Grandison is engaged—your mind will, it *must* change. Few women marry their first loves. Your heart—

O madam! it is *already* a wedded heart: It is wedded to his merits; his merits will be *always* the object of my esteem: I can never think of any *other*, as I *ought* to think of the man to whom I give my hand.

Like merits, my dear, as *person* is not the principal motive, may produce like attachments. My Lord D. will be, in your hands, another Sir Charles Grandison.

How good you are, my dear Lady D.! But allow me to repeat, as the strongest expression I can use, because I mean it to carry all the force that can be given it, that my heart is already a wedded heart.

You have spoken with great force: God bless you, my dear, as I love you! The matter shall take its course. If my lord should happen to be a single man some time hence (and, I can tell you, that your excellencies will make our choice difficult); and if your mind, from any accident, or from persuasion of friends, should then have received alteration; you may still be happy in each other. I will therefore only thank you for that openness of heart,

heart, which must set free the heart of my son—Had you had the least inclination to coquetry, and could have taken pride in conquests, he might have been an undone man.—We will return to the company—But spare him, my dear: You must not talk much: He will love you, if you do, too fervently for his own peace. Try to be a little awkward—I am afraid for him: Indeed I am. O that you had never seen Sir Charles Grandison!

I could not answer one word. She took my hand; and led me in to the company.

Had I been silent, when my lord directed his discourse to me, or answered only No, or Yes, the Countess would have thought me very vain; and that I ascribed to myself the consequence she so generously gave me, with respect to my lord. I therefore behaved and answered unaffectedly; but avoided such a promptness of speech, as would have looked like making pretensions to knowledge and opinion, though some of my Lord's questions were apparently designed to engage me into freedom of discourse. The Countess observed me narrowly. She whispered to me that she *did*; and made me a very high compliment on my behaviour. How much, Lucy, do I love and reverence her!

My Lord was spoken too slightly of by Miss Grandison, in a former conversation. He is really a fine gentleman. Any woman who is not engaged in her affections, may think herself very happy with him. His conversation was easy and polite, and he said nothing that was low or trifling. Indeed, Lucy, I think Mr Greville and Mr Fenwick are as greatly inferior to Lord D. as Lord D. is to Sir Charles Grandison.

At parting, he requested of me to be allowed to repeat his visits.

My Lord, said the Countess, before I could answer, you must not expect a mere stiff maiden answer from Miss Byron: She is above all vulgar forms.

forms. She and her cousins have too much politeness, and, I will venture to say, discernment, not to be glad of your acquaintance, *as* an acquaintance—But, for the rest, you must look to your heart.

I shall be afraid, said he, turning to the Countess, to ask your ladyship for an explanation. Miss Byron, I hope, Sir, addressing himself to Mr Reeves, will not refuse me her company, when I pay you my compliments. Then turning to me, I hope, madam, I shall not be punished for admiring you.

My Lord D. replied I, will be intitled to every civility. I had said more, had he not snatched my hand a little too eagerly, and kissed it.

And thus much for the visit of the Countess of D. and the Earl.

Did I tell you, in my former letter, that Emily is with me half her time? She is a most engaging young creature. Her manners are so pure! Her heart is so sincere and open!—O Lucy! you would dearly love her. I wish I may be asked to carry her down with me. Yet she adores her guardian: But her reverence for him will not allow of the innocent familiarity in thinking of him, that—I don't know what I would say. But to love with an ardour, that would be dangerous to one's peace, one must have more tenderness than reverence for the object: Don't you think so, Lucy?

Miss Grandison made me one of her flying visits, as she calls them, soon after the Countess and my Lord went away.

Mr and Mrs Reeves told her all that had been said before them by the Earl and Countess, as well before I went down to them as after. They could not tell what had passed between that lady and me, when she took me aside. I had not had time to tell *them*. They referred to me for that: But besides that I was not in spirits, and cared not to say much,
I was

I was not willing to be thought, by my refusal of so great an offer, to seem to fasten myself upon her brother.

She pitied (Who but must?) Lady Clementina. She pitied her brother also: And seeing me dejected, she clasped her arms about me, and wetted my cheek with a sisterly tear.

Is it not strange, Lucy, that Sir Charles's father should keep him so long abroad? These free-living men! Of what absurdities are they not guilty? What misfortunes to others do they occasion? One might, with the excellent Clementina, ask, What had Mr Grandison to do in Italy? Or why, if he must go abroad, did he stay so long?

Travelling! Young men travelling! I cannot, my dear, but think it a very nonsensical thing! What can they see, but the ruins of the gay, once busy world, of which they have read?

To see a parcel of giddy boys under the direction of tutors or governors hunting after—What?—Nothing; or at best but ruins of ruins; for the imagination, aided by reflection, must be left, after all, to make out the greater glories, which the grave-digger Time has buried too deep for discovery.

And when this *grand tour* is completed, the travelled youth returns: And, what is his boast? Why, to be able to tell, perhaps his *better*-taught friend, who has never been out of his native country, that he has seen in ruins what the other has a juster idea of from reading; and of which, it is more than probable, he can give a much better account than the traveller.

And are these, petulant Harriet (methinks, Lucy, you demand), all the benefits that you will suppose Sir CHARLES GRANDISON has reaped from his travelling?

Why, no. But then, in my turn, I ask, Is every traveller a Sir Charles Grandison?—And does not even

even *he* confesses to Dr Bartlett, that he wished he had never seen Italy? And may not the poor Clementina, and all her family, for *her* sake, wish he never had?

If an opportunity offers, I don't know but I may ask Sir Charles, Whether, in his conscience, he thinks that, taking in every consideration relating to time, expence, risques of life, health, morals, this part of the fashionable education of youth of condition is such an indispensable one, as some seem to suppose it? If Sir Charles Grandison give it not in favour of travelling, I believe it will be concluded, that six parts out of eight of the little masters who are sent abroad for improvement, might as well be kept at home; if, especially, they would be *orderly*, and let their fathers and mothers know what to do with them.

O my uncle! I am afraid of you: But spare the poor girl: She acknowledges her petulance, her presumption. The occasion you know, and will pity her for it! Neither petulance nor presumption, however, shall make her declare as her sentiments what really are not so in her unprejudiced hours; and she hopes to have her heart always open to conviction.

For the present, adieu, my Lucy.

P. S. Dr Bartlett tells me, that Mr Beauchamp is at Calais, waiting the pleasure of his father; and that Sir Harry has sent express for him, as at his lady's motion.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Tuesday, April 4.*

SIR Charles Grandison came to town last night. He was so polite, as to send to enquire after my health; and to let Mr Reeves know, that he would do himself the honour, as he called it, of breakfasting with *him* this morning. Very ceremonious, either for his own sake or for mine—Perhaps for both.

So I am in expectation of seeing within this half hour, the noble Clementina's future—Ah, Lucy!

The compliment, you see, is to Mr Reeves—Shall I stay above, and see if he will ask for *me*? He owes me something for the emotion he gave me in Lord L's library. Very little of him since have I seen.

“Honour forbids me, said he then: Yet honour bids me—But I cannot be ungenerous, selfish”—These words are still in my ear.—What could he mean by them?—*Honour forbids me*—What! to explain himself? he had been telling me a tender tale: He had *ended* it. *What* did honour forbid him to do?—*Yet honour bids me!* Why then did he not follow the dictates of honour?

But *I cannot be unjust*—To Clementina he means. Who *wished* him to be so?—*Unjust!* I hope not. It is a diminution to your glory, Sir Charles Grandison, to have the word *unjust*, in this way of speaking, in your thoughts! As if a good man had lain under a temptation to be *unjust*; and had but then recollected himself.

“*I cannot be ungenerous*”—To the noble lady, I suppose? He *must* take compassion on her. And did he think himself under an obligation to my forwardness to make this declaration to me, as to one who *wished*

wished him to be *ungenerous* to such a lady for my sake!—I cannot bear the thought of this. Is it not as if he had said, “Fond Harriet, I see what you expect from me—But I must have *compassion for*, I cannot be *ungenerous to*, Clementina!”—But what a poor word is *compassion*! Noble Clementina, I grieve for you, though the man be indeed a generous man!—O defend me, my better genius, from wanting the compassion even of a Sir Charles Grandison.

But what means he by the word *selfish*!—He cannot be *selfish*!—I comprehend not the meaning of this word—Clementina has a very high fortune—Harriet but a very middling one. He cannot be *unjust, ungenerous* to Clementina—Nor yet *selfish*—This word confounds me, from a man that says nothing at random!

Well, but breakfast-time is come, while I am busy in self-debatings. I will go down, that I may not seem to affect parade. I will endeavour to see with indifference him that we have all been admiring and studying for this last fortnight, in such a variety of lights—The Christian: The hero: The friend:—Ah, Lucy! The lover of Clementina! The generous kinsman of Lord W.; The modest and delicate benefactor of the Mansfields: The free, gay railer of Lady Beauchamp; and in her of all our sex’s foibles!

But he is come! While I am prating to you with my pen, he is come—Why, Lucy, would you detain me?—Now must the fool go down in a kind of hurry: Yet stay till she is sent for.—And that is *now*.

L E T T E R

LETTER XVIII.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

O LUCY, I have such a conversation to relate to you!—But let me lead to it.

Sir Charles met me at the opening of the door. He was all himself—Such an unaffected modesty and politeness; yet such an ease and freedom!

I thought by his address that he would have taken my hand; and both hands were *so emulatively* passive—How does he manage it to be so free in a first address, yet so respectful that a princess could not blame him?

After breakfast, my cousins being sent for out to attend Sir John Allestree and his niece, Sir Charles and I were left alone: And then, with an air equally solemn and free, he addressed himself to me.

The last time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miss Byron, I told her a very tender tale. I was sure it would raise in such a heart as her's generous compassion for the noblest lady on the continent; and I presumed, as my difficulties were not owing either to rashness or indiscretion, that she would also pity the relater.

The story did indeed affect you; yet, for my own sake, as well as yours, I referred you to Dr Bartlett, for the particulars of some parts of it, upon which I could not expatiate.

The doctor, madam, has let me know the particulars which he communicated to you. I remember with pain the pain I gave to your generous heart in Lord L's study. I am sure you must have suffered still more from the same compassionate goodness on the communications he made you. May I, madam, however, add a few particulars on the same subject, which he then could

not give you? Now you have been let into so considerable a part of my story, I am desirous to acquaint you, and that rather than any woman in the world, with all that I know myself of this arduous affair.

He ceased speaking. I was in tremors. Sir, Sir—The story, I must own, is a most affecting one. How much is the unhappy lady to be pitied! You will do me honour in acquainting me with further particulars of it.

Dr Bartlett has told you, madam, that the bishop of Nocera, second brother to Lady Clementina, has very lately written to me, requesting that I will make one more visit to Bologna—I have the letter. You read Italian, madam. Shall I—Or will you—He held it to me.

I took it. These, Lucy, are the contents.

“The bishop acquaints him with the very melancholy way they are in. The father and mother declining in their healths. Signor Jeronymo worse than when Sir Charles left them. His sister also declining in her health: Yet earnest still to see him.

“He says, that she is at present at Urbino; but is soon to go to Naples to the general’s. He urges him to make them one visit more; yet owns that his family are not unanimous in the request: But that he and father Marcscotti, and the marchioness, are extremely earnest that this indulgence should be granted to the wishes of his sister.

“He offers to meet him, at his own appointment, and conduct him to Bologna; where, he tells him, his presence will rejoice every heart, and procure an unanimous consent to the interview so much desired: And says, that if this measure, which he is sorry he has so long withstood, answers not his hopes, he will advise the shutting up of their Clementina in a nunnery,

or

‘ or to consign her to private hands, where she
 ‘ shall be treated kindly, but as persons in her un-
 ‘ happy circumstances are accustomed to be trea-
 ‘ ted.”

Sir Charles then shewed me a letter from Sig-
 nor Jeronymo; in which he acquaints him with
 the dangerous way he is in. He tells him,
 “ That his life is a burden to him. He wishes it
 ‘ was brought to its period. He does not think
 ‘ himself in skilful hands. He complains most of
 ‘ the wound which is in his hip-joint; and which
 ‘ has hitherto baffled the art both of the Italian
 ‘ and French surgeons who have been consulted.
 ‘ He wishes that himself and Sir Charles had
 ‘ been of one country, he says, since the greatest
 ‘ felicity he now has to wish for is, to yield up
 ‘ his life to the giver of it in the arms of his
 ‘ Grandison.”

He mentions not one word in this melancholy
 letter of his unhappy sister: Which Sir Charles
 accounted for, by supposing, that she not being at
 Bologna, they kept from him, in his deplorable
 way, every thing relating to her that was likely
 to disturb him.

He then read part of a letter written in English
 by the admired Mrs Beaumont; some of the con-
 tents of which were, as you shall hear, extremely
 affecting:

“ Mrs Beaumont gives him in it an account of
 ‘ the situation of the unhappy young lady; and
 ‘ excuses herself for not having done it before, in
 ‘ answer to his request, because of an indisposi-
 ‘ tion under which she had for some time labou-
 ‘ red which had hindered her from making the
 ‘ necessary enquiries.

“ She mentions, that the lady had received no
 ‘ benefit from her journeyings from place to place;
 ‘ and from her voyage from Leghorn to Naples,
 ‘ and back again; and blames her attendants,

‘ who, to quiet her, unknown to their principals,
‘ for some time, kept her in expectation of seeing
‘ her Chevalier, at the end of each; for her more
‘ prudent Camilla, she says, had been hindered by
‘ illness from attending her in several of the ex-
‘ cursions.

“ They had a second time, at her own request,
‘ put her into a nunnery. She at first was so se-
‘ date in it as gave them hopes: But the novelty
‘ going off, and one of the sisters, to try her, ha-
‘ ving officiously asked her to go with her into
‘ the parlour, where, she said, she would be al-
‘ lowed to converse through the grate with a *cer-*
‘ *tain* English gentleman, her impatience, on her
‘ disappointment, made her more ungovernable
‘ than they had ever known her; for she had
‘ been, for two hours before, meditating what she
‘ should say to him.

“ For a week together, she was vehemently intent
‘ upon being allowed to visit England; and had
‘ engaged her cousins Sebastiano and Juliano to
‘ promise to escort her thither, if she could obtain
‘ leave.

“ Her mother brought her off this when nobody
‘ else could, only by entreating her, for *her* sake,
‘ never to think of it more.

“ The marchioness then, encouraged by this
‘ instance of her obedience, took her under her
‘ own care: But the young lady going on from
‘ flight to flight, and the way she was in visibly
‘ affecting the health of her indulgent mother, a
‘ doctor was found who was absolutely of opinion,
‘ that nothing but harsh methods would avail:
‘ And in this advice Lady Sforza, and her daugh-
‘ ter Laurana, and the general concurring, she was
‘ told, that she must prepare to go to Milan. She
‘ was so earnest to be excused from going thither,
‘ and to be permitted to go to Florence to Mrs
‘ Beaumont, that they gave way to her entreaties;
‘ and

‘ and the marquis himself accompanying her to
 ‘ Florence, prevailed on Mrs Beaumont to take
 ‘ her under her care.

“ With her she staid three weeks : She was to-
 ‘ lerably sedate in that space of time ; but most
 ‘ so when she was talking of England, and of the
 ‘ Chevalier Grandison, and his sisters, with whom
 ‘ she wished to be acquainted. She delighted to
 ‘ speak English, and to talk of the tenderness and
 ‘ goodness of her tutor ; and of what he said to
 ‘ her upon such and such a subject.

“ At the three weeks end, the general made
 ‘ her a visit, in company of Lady Sforza ; and her
 ‘ talk being all on this subject, they were both
 ‘ highly displeased ; and hinted, that she was too
 ‘ much indulged in it ; and, unhappily, she re-
 ‘ peating some tender passages that passed in the
 ‘ interview her mother had permitted her to hold
 ‘ with the Chevalier, the general would have it,
 ‘ that Mr Grandison had designedly, from the first,
 ‘ sought to give himself consequence with her ;
 ‘ and expressed himself, on the occasion, with
 ‘ great violence against him.

“ He carried his displeasure to extremity, and
 ‘ obliged her to go away with his aunt and him
 ‘ that very day, to her great regret ; and as much
 ‘ to the regret of Mrs Beaumont, and of the la-
 ‘ dies her friends ; who tenderly loved the *innocent*
 ‘ *visionary*, as sometimes they called her. And
 ‘ Mrs Beaumont is sure, that the gentle treatment
 ‘ she met with from them, would in time, though
 ‘ perhaps slowly, have greatly helped her.”

Mrs Beaumont then gives an account of the
 harsh treatment the poor young lady met with.

Sir Charles Grandison would have stopt reading
 here. He said he could not read it to me, with-
 out such a change of voice, as would add to my
 pain, as well as to his own.

Tears often stole down my cheeks, when I read the letters of the bishop and Signor Jeronymo, and as Sir Charles read a part of Mrs Beaumont's letter: And I doubted not but what was to follow would make them flow. Yet, I said, be pleased, Sir, to let *me* read on. I am not a stranger to distress. I can pity others, or I should not deserve pity myself.

He pointed to the place; and withdrew to the window.

Mrs Beaumont says, "That the poor mother was prevailed upon to resign her child wholly to the management of Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, who took her with them to their palace in Milan.

"The tender parent, however, besought them to spare all unnecessary severity; which they promised: But Laurana objected to Camilla's attendance. She was thought too indulgent; and her servant Laura, as a more manageable person, was taken in her place." And O how cruelly, as you shall hear, did they treat her!

Father Marefcotti, being obliged to visit a dying relation at Milan, was desired by the marchioness to inform himself of the way her beloved daughter was in, and of the methods taken with her, Lady Laurana having in her letters boasted of both. The good father acquainted Mrs Beaumont with the following particulars:

"He was surprised to find a difficulty made of his seeing the lady: But insisting on it, he found her to be wholly spiritless, and in terror; afraid to speak, afraid to look, before her cousin Laurana; yet seeming to want to complain to him. He took notice of this to Laurana—O father, said she, we are in the right way, I assure you: When we had her first, her Chevalier, and an interview with him, were ever in her mouth; but now she is in such order, that she never speaks
a word

a word of him. But what, asked the compas-
 sionate father, must she have suffered, to be
 brought to this?—Don't you, father, trouble
 yourself about that, replied the cruel Laurana:
 The doctors have given their opinion that some
 severity was necessary. It is all for her good.

“The poor lady expressed herself to him, with
 earnestness, after the veil; a subject on which, it
 seems, they indulged her; urging, that the only
 way to secure her health of mind, if it could be
 restored, was to yield to her wishes. Lady
 Sforza said, that it was not a point that she her-
 self would press; but it was her opinion, that
 her family sinned in opposing a divine dedica-
 tion; and, perhaps, their daughter's malady
 might be a judgment upon them for it.”

The father, in his letter to Mrs Beaumont,
 ascribes to Lady Sforza self-interested motives
 for her conduct; to Laurana, envy on account
 of Lady Clementina's superior qualities: But
 nobody, he says, till now, doubted Laurana's
 love of her.”

Father Marefcotti then gives a shocking instance
 of the barbarous Laurana's treatment of the noble
 sufferer—*All for her good*—Wretch! how my heart
 rises against her! Her servant Laura, under pre-
 tence of *confessing* to her Bologna father, in tears
 acquainted him with it. It was perpetrated but
 the day before.

“When any severity was to be exercised upon
 the unhappy lady, Laura was always shut out of
 her apartment. Her lady had said something
 that she was to be chided for. Lady Sforza,
 who was not altogether so severe as her daugh-
 ter, was not at home. Laura listened in tears:
 She heard Laurana in great wrath with Lady
 Clementina, and threaten her—and her young
 lady break out to this effect—What have I done
 to you, Laurana, to be so used?—You are not the
 cousin

‘ cousin Laurana you used to be?—You know I
 ‘ am not able to help myself: Why do you call
 ‘ me crazy and frantic, Laurana? [Vile up-
 ‘ braider, Lucy!] If the Almighty has laid his
 ‘ hand upon me, should I not be pitied?—

“ It is all for your good! It is all for your
 ‘ good, Clementina! You could not always have
 ‘ spoken so sensibly, cousin.

“ Cruel Laurana! You loved me once!—I have
 ‘ no mother, as you have. My mother was a
 ‘ good mother: But she is gone! Or I am gone;
 ‘ I know not which.

“ She threatened her then with the strait waist-
 ‘ coat, a punishment at which the unhappy
 ‘ lady was always greatly terrified. Laura heard
 ‘ her beg and pray; but Laurana coming out, she
 ‘ was forced to retire.

“ The poor young lady apprehending her cruel
 ‘ cousin’s return with the threatened waistcoat,
 ‘ and with the woman that used to be brought in
 ‘ when they were disposed to terrify her, went
 ‘ down and hid herself under a stair-case, where
 ‘ she was soon discovered by her cloaths, which
 ‘ she had not been careful to draw in after her.”

O Lucy! how I wept! How insupportable to
 me, said Sir Charles, would have been my reflec-
 tions, had my conscience told me, that I had been
 the wilful cause of the noble Clementina’s cala-
 mity!

After I had a little recovered, I read to myself
 the next paragraph, which related, “ that the
 ‘ cruel Laurana dragged the sweet sufferer by her
 ‘ gown from her hiding-place, inveighing against
 ‘ her, threatening her: She, all patient, resigned,
 ‘ her hands crossed on her bosom, praying for
 ‘ mercy, not by speech, but by her eyes, which,
 ‘ however, wept not: And causing her to be car-
 ‘ ried up to her chamber, there punished her with
 ‘ the strait waistcoat, as she had threatened.

“ Father

“ Father Marefcotti was greatly affected with
 ‘ Laura’s relation, as well as with what he had
 ‘ himself obferved : But on his return to Bologna,
 ‘ dreading to acquaint her mother, for her own
 ‘ fake, with the treatment her Clementina met
 ‘ with, he only faid, he did not quite approve of
 ‘ it ; and advifed her not to oppofe the young la-
 ‘ dy’s being brought home, if the bifhop and the
 ‘ general came into it : But he laid the whole
 ‘ matter before the bifhop, who wrote to the gene-
 ‘ ral to join with him out of hand to releafe their
 ‘ fifter from her prefent bondage : And the gene-
 ‘ ral meeting the bifhop on a fet day at Milan
 ‘ for that purpofe, the lady was accordingly relea-
 ‘ fed.

“ A breach enfued upon it with Lady Sforza
 ‘ and her daughter ; who would have it Clemen-
 ‘ tina was much better for their management.
 ‘ They had by terror broken her fpirit, and her
 ‘ paffivenefs was reckoned upon as an indication
 ‘ of amendment.

“ The marchionefs being much indisposed, the
 ‘ young lady, attended by her Camilla, was car-
 ‘ ried to Naples ; where it is fupposed fhe now is.
 ‘ Poor young lady, how has fhe been hurried a-
 ‘ bout !—But who can think of her coufin Lau-
 ‘ rana without extreme indignation ?

“ Mrs Beaumont writes, that the bifhop would
 ‘ fain have prevailed upon his brother the general
 ‘ to join with him in an invitation to Sir Charles
 ‘ Grandifon to come over, as a laft expedient, be-
 ‘ fore they locked her up either in a nunnery or
 ‘ in fome private houfe : But the general would
 ‘ by no means come into it.

“ He asked, what was propofed to be the end
 ‘ of Sir Charles’s vifit, were all that was wifhed
 ‘ from it to follow, in his fifter’s reftored mind ?
 ‘ —He never, he faid, would give his confent that
 ‘ fhe

‘ she should be the wife of an English Protestant.

‘ “ The bishop declared, that he was far from wishing her to be so: But he was for leaving that to after-consideration. Could they but restore his sister to her reason, that reason, co-operating with her principles, might answer all their hopes.

‘ “ He might *try* his expedient, the general said, with all his heart: But he looked upon the Chevalier Grandison to be a man of art; and he was sure he must have entangled his sister by methods imperceptible to her, and to them; but yet more efficacious to his ends than an open declaration. Had he not, he asked, found means to fascinate Olivia, and as many women as he came into company with?—For his part, he loved not the Chevalier. He had *forced* him by his intrepidity to be civil to him: But forced civility was but a temporary one. It was his way to judge of causes by the effects: And this he knew, that he had lost a sister who would have been a jewel in the crown of a prince: And would not be answerable for consequences, if he and Sir Charles Grandison were once more to meet, be it where it would.

‘ “ Father Marefcotti, however, joining, as the bishop writes, with him, and the marchioness, in a desire to try this expedient; and being sure that the marquis and Signor Jeronymo would not be averse to it, he took a resolution to write over to him, as has been related.”

‘ This, Lucy, is the state of the unhappy case, as briefly and as clearly as my memory will serve to give it. And what a *rememberer*, if I may make a word, is the heart!—Not a circumstance escapes it.

‘ And now it remained for me to know of Sir Charles, what answer he had returned.

Was

Was not my situation critical, my dear? Had Sir Charles asked my opinion *before* he had taken his resolutions, I should have given it with my whole heart, that he should fly to the comfort of the poor lady. But then he would have shewn a suspense unworthy of Clementina; and a compliment to me, which a good man, so circumstanced, ought not to make.

My regard for him (yet what a poor affected word is *regard*!) was nevertheless as strong as ever. Generosity, or rather justice, to Clementina, and that so often, to you, avowed regard to him, pulled my heart two ways. I thought I wanted to consider with myself for a few moments, being desirous to clear to my own heart the conduct that I was to shew on this trying occasion, as well of precipitation as of affectation; and my cousin Reeves just then coming in for something she wanted, I took the opportunity to walk to the other end of the room; and while a short complimentary discourse passed between them, “Harriet Byron, said I to myself, be not mean. Hast thou not the example of a Clementina before thee? Her religion and her love combating together, have overturned the noble creature’s reason. Thou canst not be called to such a trial: But canst thou not shew, that if thou *wert*, thou couldst have acted greatly, if not *so* greatly?—Sir Charles Grandison is just: He *ought* to prefer to thee the excellent Clementina. Priority of claim, compassion for the noble sufferer, merits *so* superior!—I love him for *his* merits: Shall I not love merits, nearly as great, in one of my *own* sex? The struggle will cost thee something: But try to be above thyself. Banish to thy retirement, to thy pillow, thought I, be all the *girl*. Often have I contended for the dignity of my sex; let me now be an example to *myself*, and not unworthy in my own eyes (when

‘ (when I come to reflect) of an union, could it
 ‘ have been effected, with a man whom a Clemen-
 ‘ tina looked up to with hope.”

My cousin being withdrawn, and Sir Charles approaching me, I attempted to assume a dignity of aspect, without pride; and I spoke, while spirit was high in me, and to keep myself up to it—My heart bleeds, Sir, for the distresses of your Clementina [Yes, Lucy, said I, *your* Clementina]: Beyond expression, I admire the greatness of her behaviour; and most sincerely lament her distresses. What, that is in the power of man, cannot Sir Charles Grandison do? You have honoured me, Sir, with the title of *sister*: In the tenderness of that relation, permit me to say, that I dread the effects of the general’s petulance: I feel next for you the pain that it must give to your humane heart to be once more personally present to the woes of the inimitable Clementina: But I am sure you did not hesitate a moment about leaving all your friends here in England, and resolved to hasten over to *try*, at least, what can be done for the noble sufferer.

Had he praised me highly for this my address to him, it would have looked, such was the situation on both sides, as if he had thought this disinterested behaviour in me, an extraordinary piece of magnanimity and self-denial; and, of consequence, as if he had supposed I had views upon him, which he wondered I could give up. His is the most delicate of human minds!

He led me to my seat, and taking his by me, still holding my passive hand—Ever since I have had the honour of Miss Byron’s acquaintance, I have considered her as one of the most excellent of women. My heart demands alliance with hers; and hopes to be allowed its claim, though such are the delicacies of situation, that I scarcely dare trust to myself to speak upon the subject. From the first,
 I called

I called Miss Byron my sister ; but she is more to me than the dearest sister ; and there is a more tender friendship that I aspire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents on either side to bar a further wish : And *this* I must hope, that she will not deny me, so long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments.

He paused. I made an effort to speak : But speech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

My heart, resumed he, is ever on my lips. It is tortured when I cannot speak all that is in it. Professions I am not accustomed to make. As I am not conscious of being unworthy of your friendship, I will *suppose* it ; and further talk to you of my affairs and engagements, as that tender friendship may warrant.

Sir, you do me honour, was all I could say.

I had a letter from the faithful Camilla. I hold not a correspondence with her : But the treatment that her young lady met with, of which she had got some general intimations, and some words that the bishop said to her, which expressed his wishes that I would make them one more visit at Bologna, urged her to write, begging of me, for heaven's sake, to go over. But unless one of the family had written to me, and by consent of others of it, what hope had I of a welcome, after I had been as often refused as I had requested, while I was in Italy, to be admitted to the presence of the lady, who was so desirous of one interview more ? — Especially, as Mrs Beaumont gave me no other encouragement to go, but the contrary, from what she observed of the inclinations of the family.

Mrs Beaumont is still of opinion, as in the conclusion of the letter before you, that I should not go, unless the general and the marquis join their requests to those of the marchioness, the bishop, and father Marefcotti. But I had no sooner perused

the bishop's letter, than I wrote, that I would most chearfully comply with his wishes: But that I should be glad that I might not be under any obligation to go further than Bologna; where I might have the happiness to attend my Jeronymo, as well as his sister.

I had a little twitch at my heart, Lucy. I was sorry for it: But my judgment was intirely with him.

And now, madam, you will wonder, that you see not any preparations for my departure. All is prepared: I only wait for the company of one gentleman, who is settling his affairs with all expedition to go with me. He is an able, a skilful surgeon, who has had great practice abroad, and in the armies: And having acquired an easy fortune, is come to settle in his native country. My Jeronymo expresses himself dissatisfied with his surgeons. If Mr LOWTHER can be of service to him, how happy shall I think myself! And if my presence can be a means to restore the noble Clementina—But how dare I hope it!—And yet I am persuaded, that in her case, and with such a temper of mind (unused to hardship and opposition as she had been), the only way to recover her would have been by complying with her in every thing that her heart or head was earnestly set upon: For what controul was necessary to a young lady, who never, even in the height of her malady, uttered a wish or thought that was contrary to her duty either to God or her parents; nor yet to the honour of her name; and, allow me, madam, to say, to the *pride* of her sex?

I am under an obligation to go to Paris, proceeded he, from the will of my late friend Mr Danby. I shall stop there for a day or two only, in order to put things in a way for my last hand, on my return from Italy.

When I am in Italy, I shall perhaps be enabled to

to adjust two or three accounts that stand out, in relation to the affairs of my ward.

This day at dinner I shall see Mrs Oldham, and her sons; and in the afternoon, at tea, Mrs O'Hara, and her husband, and Captain Salmonet.

To-morrow I hope for the honour of your company, madam, and Mr and Mrs Reeves's at dinner; and be so good as to engage them for the rest of the day. You must not deny me; because I shall want your influence upon Charlotte, to make her fix Lord G.'s happy day, that I may be able to see their hands united before I set out: As my return will be uncertain—

Ah, Lucy! *more* twitches just then!—

Thursday next is the day fixed for the triple marriage of the Danby's. I have promised to give Miss Danby to Mr Galliard, and to dine with them and their friends at Enfield.

If I can see my Lord W. and Charlotte happy before I go, I shall be highly gratified.

It is another of my wishes, to see my friend Beauchamp in England first; and to leave him in possession of his father's love, and of his mother-in-law's civility. Dr Bartlett and he will be happy in each other. I shall correspond with the doctor. He greatly admires you, madam, and will communicate to you all you shall think worthy of your notice, relating to the proceedings of a man who will always think himself honoured by the enquiries after him.

Ah, Lucy! Sir Charles Grandison then sighed. He seemed to look more than he spoke. I will not promise for my heart, if he treats me with more than the tenderness of friendship: If he gives me room to think that he wishes—But what can he wish? He *ought* to be, he *must* be Clementina's: And I will endeavour to make myself happy, if I can maintain the second place in his friendship: And when he offers me this, shall I, Lucy, be so

little as to be displeased with the man, who cannot be to me all that I had once hoped he could be?—No!—He shall be the same glorious creature in my eyes; I will admire his goodness of heart, and greatness of mind; and I will think him intitled to my utmost gratitude, for the protection he gave me from a man of violence, and for the kindness he has already shewn me. Is not friendship the basis of my love? And does he not tender me *that*?

Nevertheless, at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to start. My heart was very untoward, Lucy; and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not disperse the too ready drop, and felt it stealing down my cheek, I wiped it off—The poor Emily, said I—*She* will be grieved at parting with you. Emily loves her guardian.

And I love my ward. I once had a thought, madam, of begging *your* protection of Emily: But as I have two sisters, I think she will be happy under their wings, and in the protection of my good Lord L. and the rather as I have no doubt of overcoming her unhappy mother, by making her husband's interest a guarantee for her tolerable, if not good, behaviour to her child.

I was glad to carry my thoughts out of myself, as I may say, and from my own concerns. We all, Sir, said I, look upon Mr Beauchamp as a future—

Husband for Emily, madam? interrupted he—It must not be at *my* motion. My friend shall be intitled to share with me my whole estate; but I will never seek to lead the choice of my WARD. Let Emily, some time hence, find out the husband she can be happy with; Beauchamp the wife he can love; Emily, if I can help it, shall not be the wife of any man's convenience. Beauchamp is nice, and I will be as nice for my WARD. And the
more

more so, as I hope she herself wants not delicacy. There is a cruelty in persuasion, where the heart rejects the person proposed, whether the urger be parent or guardian.

Lord bless me, thought I, what a man is this!

Do you expect Mr Beauchamp soon, Sir?

Every day, madam.

And is it possible, Sir, that you can bring all these things to bear before you leave England, and go so soon?

I fear nothing but Charlotte's whimsies. Have you, madam, any reason to apprehend that she is averse to an alliance with Lord G.? His father and aunt are very importunate for an early celebration.

None at all, Sir.

Then I shall depend much upon yours, and Lord and Lady L.'s influence over her.

He besought my excuse for detaining my attention so long. Upon this motion to go, my two cousins came in. He took a solemn leave of me, and a very respectful one of them.

I had kept up my spirits to the utmost stretch: I desired my cousins to excuse me for a few minutes: His departure from me was *too* solemn; and I hurried up to my closet; and after a few involuntary sobs, a flood of tears relieved me. I besought, on my knees, peace to the disturbed mind of the excellent Clementina, calmness and resignation to my own, and safety to Sir Charles. And then, drying my eyes at the glass, I went down stairs to my cousins; and on their enquiries (with looks of deep concern) after the occasion of my red eyes, I said, All is over! All is over! my dear cousins. I cannot blame him: He is all that is noble and good—I can say no more just now. The particulars you shall have from my pen.

I went up stairs to write: And except for one half hour at dinner, and another at tea, I stopt not till I had done.

And here, quite tired, uneasy, vexed with myself, yet hardly knowing why, I laid down my pen.—Take what I have written, my dear cousin Reeves: If you can read it, do: And then dispatch it to my Lucy.

But, on second thoughts, I will shew it to the two ladies, and Lord L. before it is sent away. They will be curious to know what passed in a conversation, where the critical circumstances both of us were in required a delicacy which I am not sure was so well observed on my side as on his.

I shall, I know, have their pity: But let nobody who pities not the noble Clementina, shew any for
HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Tuesday night, April 4.

MISS Grandison came to me just as we had supped. She longed, she said, to see me, but was prevented coming before, and desired to know what had passed between her brother and me this morning. I gave her the letter which I had but a little while before concluded. He had owned, she said, that he had breakfasted with me, and spoke of me to her, and Lord and Lady L. with an ardour that gave them pleasure. She put my letter into her bosom, I *may*, I hope, Harriet—If you please, madam, said I.

If you please, madam, repeated she; and with that *do-lo-rous* accent too, my Harriet!—My sister and I have been in tears this morning: Lord L. had much ado to forbear. Sir Charles will soon leave us.

It can't be helped, Charlotte. Did you dine to-day in St James's square? No

No, indeed!—My brother had a certain tribe with him: and the *woman* also. It is very difficult, I believe, Harriet, for good people to forbear doing sometimes *more* than goodness requires of them.

Could you not, Charlotte, have sat at table with them for one hour or two?

My brother did not ask me. He did not expect it. He gives every body their choice, you know. He told me last night who were to dine with him to-day, and supposed I would chuse to dine with Lady L. or with *you*, he was so free as to say.

He did us an honour, which you thought too great a one. But if he *had* asked you, Charlotte—

Then I should have bridled. Indeed, I asked him, if he did not over-do it?

What was his answer?

Perhaps he might—But I, said he, may never see Mrs Oldham again. I want to inform myself of her future intentions, with a view (*over-do* it again, Charlotte!) to make her easy and happy for life. Her children *are* in the world. I want to give her a credit that will make her remembered by them, as they grow up, with duty. I hope I am superior to forms. She is conscious. I can pity her. She is a gentlewoman, and intitled to a place at any man's table to whom she never was a servant. She never was mine.

And what, Miss Grandison, could you say in answer? asked I.

What!—Why I put up my lip.

Ungracious girl!

I can't help it. That may become a man to do in such cases as this, that would not a woman.

Sir Charles wants not *delicacy*, my dear, said I.

He must suppose, that I should have sat swelling, and been reserved: He was right not to ask me—So be quiet, Harriet—And yet, perhaps, you
would

would be as tame to a husband's mistress, as you seem favourable to a father's.

She then put on one of her arch looks—

The cases differ, Charlotte—But do you know what passed between the generous man and the mortified woman and her children; mortified as they *must* be by his goodness?

Yes, yes; I had curiosity enough to ask Dr Bartlett about it all.

Pray, Charlotte—

Dr Bartlett is favourable to every body, sinners as well as saints—He began with praising the modesty of her dress, the humility of her behaviour: He said, that she trembled and looked down, till she was re-assured by Sir Charles. Such creatures have all their tricks, Harriet.

You, Charlotte, are not favourable to sinners, and hardly to saints. But pray proceed.

Why, he re-assured the woman, as I told you: And then proceeded to ask many questions of the elder Oldham—I pitied that young fellow—to have a mother in his eye, whose very tenderness to the young ones kept alive the sense of her guilt. And yet what would she have been, had she not been doubly tender to the innocents, who were born to shame from her fault? The young man acknowledged a military genius, and Sir Charles told him, that he would, on his return from a journey he was going to take, consider whether he could not do him service in the way he chose. He gave him, it seems, a brief lecture on what he should aim to be, and what avoid, to qualify himself for a man of true honour; and spoke very handsomely of such gentlemen of the army as are real gentlemen. The young fellow, continued Miss Grandison, may look upon himself to be as good as provided for, since my brother never gives the most distant hope, that is not followed by absolute certainty, the first opportunity,

opportunity, not that *offers*, but which he can *make*.

He took great notice of the little boys. He dilated their hearts, and set them a prating, and was pleased with their prate. The doctor, who had never seen him before in the company of children, applauded him for his vivacity, and condescending to talk to them. The tenderest father in the world, he said, could not have behaved more tenderly, or shewed himself more delighted with his own children, than he did with those brats of Mrs. Oldham.

Ah, Charlotte! And is it out of doubt, that you are the daughter of Lady Grandison, and sister of Sir Charles Grandison?—Well, but I believe you are—Some children take after the father, some after the mother!—Forgive me, my dear.

But I won't. I have a great mind to quarrel with you, Harriet.

Pray don't; because I could neither help, nor can be sorry for, what I have said. But pray proceed.

Why he made presents to the children. I don't know what they were, nor could the doctor tell me. I suppose very handsome ones; for he has the spirit of a prince. He enquired very particularly after the circumstances of the mother; and was more kind to her than many people would be to their own mothers.—*He* can account for this, I suppose—though *I* cannot. The woman, it is true, is of a good family, and so forth: But that enhances her crime. Natural children abound in the present age. Keeping is fashionable. Good men should not countenance such wretches.—But my brother and you are charitable creatures!—With all my heart, child. Virtue, however, has at least as much to say on one side of the question as on the other.

When

When the poor children are in the world, as your brother said—When the poor women are penitents, *true* penitents—Your brother's treatment of Mrs Giffard was different. He is in both instances an imitator of the Almighty; an humbler of the impenitent, and an encourager of those who repent.

Well, well: He is undoubtedly a good sort of young man; and, Harriet, you are a good sort of young woman. Where much is given, much is required: But I have not given me such a large quantity of charity as either of you may boast: And how can I help it? But, however, the woman went away blessing and praising him; and that, the doctor says, more with her eyes than she was able to do in words. The elder youth departed in rapturous reverence: The children hung about *his* knees, on *theirs*. The doctor will have it, that it was without bidding—Perhaps so—He raised them by turns to his arms, and kissed them.—Why, Harriet! your eyes glisten, child. They would have run over, I suppose, had you been there! Is it that your heart is weakened with your present situation? I hope not. No, you are a good creature! And I see that the mention of a behaviour greatly generous, however slightly made, will have its force upon a heart so truly benevolent as yours. You *must* be Lady Grandison, my dear: *Indeed* you must.—Well, but I must be gone. You dine with us to-morrow, my brother says.

He did ask me, and desired me to engage my cousins. But he repeated not the invitation when he went away.

He depends upon your coming: And so do we. He is to talk to me before you, it seems: I can't tell about what: But by his hurrying on every thing, it is plain he is preparing to leave us.

He is, madam.

“ He

“He is, madam!” And with that dejected air, and mendicant voice——Speak up like a woman!——The sooner he sets out, if he *must* go, the sooner he will return. Come, come, Harriet, you *shall* be Lady Grandison still—*Ah!* and that *sigh* too! These love-sick folks have a language that nobody else can talk to them in: And then she affectedly sighed—Is that right, Harriet?—She sighed again—No, it is not: I never knew what a sigh was, but when my father vexed my sister; and that was more for fear he should one day be as cruel to me, than for her sake. We can be very generous for others, Harriet, when we apprehend that one day we may want the same pity ourselves. Our best passions, my dear, have their mixtures of self-love.

You have drawn a picture of human nature, Charlotte, that I don't like.

It is a likeness for all that.

She arose, snatched my hand, hurried to the door—Be with us, Harriet, and cousin Reeves, and cousin Reeves, as soon as you can to-morrow. I want to talk to you, my dear (to me), of a hundred thousand things before dinner. Remember we dine early.

Away she fluttered—Happy Miss Grandison! What charming spirits she has!

L E T T E R XX.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wednesday, April 5th

MISS Jervois came to me this morning by six; impatient, as she said, to communicate good news to me. I was in my closet writing. I could not sleep.

I have

I have seen my mother, said she; and we are good friends. Was she ever unkind to me, madam?

Dear creature! said I, and clasped her to my bosom, you are a sweet girl! Oblige me with the particulars.

Let me, Lucy, give you, as near as I can recollect, the amiable young creature's words and actions on this occasion.

Sit down, my love, said I.—What! When I am talking of a reconciled mother! And to dear Miss Byron!—No, indeed.

She often held out one open hand, while the forefinger of the other, in full action, patted it; as at other times both were spread, with pretty wonder and delight: And thus she began:

Why, you must know, it was about six o'clock yesterday afternoon, that my mother and her husband, and Captain Salmonet came. I was told of their visit but two hours before: And when the coach stopped, and I at the window saw them alight, I thought I should have fainted away. I would have given half I was worth in the world to have been a hundred miles off.

Dr Bartlett was there, and received them. My guardian was unexpectedly engaged in answering a letter sent him by Lord W. for which a gentleman waited: But they had not been there a quarter of an hour, when he entered, and made apologies to them in his usual gracious manner. Never, the doctor says, did any body look so respectful as the Major and the Captain; and they would have made apologies to my guardian, for their last behaviour to him; but he would not let them. And my mother, the doctor says, from the very first, behaved prettily.

The moment she asked for me, my guardian himself condescended to come up to me, and took my hand—Was not that very good of him?—My dear,

dear, said he, as he led me down stairs (and spoke so kindly), don't tremble so: Am I not with you?—Your mother is very calm and composed: You must ask her blessing. I shall ease your tender heart of every pang. I shall hint to you what to do, and how to behave to the gentlemen, as occasions arise.

He had no sooner said the words, but the drawing-room-door gave way to his hand, and I was in the room with him.

Down on my knees dropt I—as I now do to you: But I could not speak. Thus I did [And she kissed my hand, and bowed her face upon it]. And my mother raised me—*You* must raise me, madam—Yes, just so—And she kissed me *too*, and wept on my neck, and called me pretty names; and encouraged me, and said she loved me, as she loved her own *soul*—And I *was* encouraged.

My guardian then, with the air and manner of a gracious prince, took my hand, and presented it first to the major, then to the captain; and they each kissed my hand, and spoke in my praise, I can't tell how many fine things.

Major, said my guardian, when he presented me to him, you must excuse the dear child's weakness of spirits: She wishes you all happiness on your nuptials: She has let me know, that she is very desirous to do you service for her mother's sake.

The major swore by his soul, I was an angel!—Captain Salmonet said, that by his salvation, I was a charming young lady!

My mother wept—O Sir! said she to my guardian: And dropping down in a chair by the window, not a word more could she speak.

I ran to her, and clasped my arms about her. She wept the more: I wiped her eyes with her own handkerchief: I told her, it went to my heart

heart to see her cry : I begged she would spare me *this* grief.

She clasped her arms then about me, and kissed my cheek and my forehead. O, thought I, it is very good of you, my dear mother.

Then came my guardian to us, and he kindly took my mother's hand, and conducted her to the fire-side ; and he led me, and placed me by her, at the tea table ; and he made the major and the captain sit down by him : So much graciousness in his countenance. O madam, I shall be an idolater, I am afraid. And he said, Emily, my dear, you will make tea for us. My sister dined abroad, madam, to my mother.—Yes, Sir, I will, said I : And I was as lively as a bird.

But before the servants came in, let me tell you, madam, said he, what Miss Jervois has proposed to me.—They were in silent expectation.

She has desired that you, major, will accept from her, for your mutual use, of an additional 100*l.* a-year ; which I shall order to be paid you quarterly, during Mrs O'Hara's life, not doubting but you will make her as happy as it is in your power to make her.

My mother bowed, coloured with gratitude, and looked obliged.

And she begs of you, madam, turning to my mother, that you will accept, as from the *Major*, another 100*l.* a-year, for pin-money, which he, or which *you*, madam, will draw upon me for, also quarterly, if you chuse not to *trouble him* to do it : For this 100*l.* a-year must be appropriated to your sole and separate use, madam ; and not be subject to your controul, major O'Hara.

Good God ! Sir ! said the major—What a wretch was I, the last time I was here !—There is no bearing of this !

He got up, and went to the window : And the captain said, Blessed Jesu ! and something else, which

which I could not mind ; for I was weeping like a baby.

What, Sir, said my mother! 400l. a-year! Do you mean so?—I do, madam—And, Sir, to be so generously paid me my 100l. of it, as if I received it not from my child, but from my husband?—Good God! How you overpower me, Sir! What shame, what remorse, do you strike into my heart!

And my poor mother's tears ran down as fast as mine.

O madam, said the dear girl to me, clasping her arms about me, how your tender heart is touched!—It is well you were not there!

Dr Bartlett came in to tea. My guardian would not permit Antony, who offered himself, to wait. Antony had been my own papa's servant, when my mother was not so good.

Nothing but blessings, nothing but looks and words of admiration and gratitude, passed all the tea-time. How their hearts rejoiced, I warrant!—Is it not a charming thing, madam, to make people's hearts glad?—To be sure it is! How many hearts has my guardian rejoiced! You must bid him be cross to me, or I shall not know what to do with myself!—But then, if he were, I should only get by myself, and cry, and be angry with myself, and think *he* could not be to blame.

O my love! my Emily! said I, take care of your gratitude: That drew in your true friend.

Well, but how can it be helped, madam? Can a right heart be ungrateful? Dr Bartlett says, There is no such thing as true happiness in this life: And is it not better to be unhappy from good men and women, than from bad?—Dear madam, why *you* have often made me unhappy, because of your goodness to me; and because I knew that I neither could deserve nor return it.

The dear prater went on—My guardian called me aside when tea was over: My Emily, said he

[I do love he should call me *his* Emily!—But all the world is *his* Emily, I think], let me see what you will do with these two notes; giving me two bank-notes of 25l. each—Present pin-money and cash may be wanted. We will suppose that your mother has been married a quarter of a year. Her pin-money and the additional annuity may commence from the 25th of December last. Let me, Emily, when they go away, see the graceful manner in which you will dispose of the notes: And from Mr O'Hara's behaviour upon it, we shall observe whether he is a man with whom your mother, if it be not her own fault (now *you* have made it their interest to be kind to each other), may live well: But let the motion be all your own.

How *good* this was! I could have kissed the hand that gave me the notes, if I thought it would not have looked too free.

I understand you, Sir, said I.

And when they went away pouring out their very hearts in grateful joy, I addressed myself to Mr O'Hara: Sir, said I, it is proper that the payment of the additional annuity should have a commencement: Let it be from Christmas last. Accept of the first payment from my own hands—And I gave him one 25l. note: And, looking at my mother, with a look of duty, for fear he should mistake, and discredit himself in the eyes of the deepest discerners in the world, gave him the other.

He looked first upon one, then upon the other note, with surprise—And then bowing to the ground to me, and to my guardian, he stepped to my mother, and presented them both to her—You, madam, said he, must *speak*: I cannot, as I ought, God send me with a whole heart out of this house! He hurried out, and when he was in the hall, wiped his eyes, and fobbed like a child, as one of the servants told my Anne.

My

My mother looked upon one note, as her husband had done, and upon the other; and, lifting up her eyes, embraced me—And would have said something to my guardian, but he prevented her by saying—Emily will be always dutiful to you, madam, and respectful to Mr O'Hara: May you be happy together!

And he led her out—Was ever such a condescension! He led her out to her husband, who, being a little recovered, was just about to give some money to the servant, who was retiring from the offer—Nobody, said my guardian, graciously smiling, pays my servants but myself, Mr O'Hara. They are good people, and *merit* my favour.

And he went to the very door with my mother. I could not. I ran back, crying for joy, into the drawing-room, when *they* went out of it. I could not bear myself. How could I, you know, madam? Captain Salmonet all the time wiped his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, lifted up his hands, and cried out upon Jesu; and once or twice he crossed himself: But all the time my guardian looked and acted, as if those actions and praises were nothing to be proud of.

When he came in to me, I arose, and threw myself at his feet; but could only say, Thank you, Sir, for your goodness to my mother. He raised me. He sat down by me: See, child (said he, and he took my hand: My heart was sensible of the favour, and throbbed with joy), what it is in the power of people of fortune to do. You have a great one. Now your mother is married, I have hopes of her. They will at least keep up appearances to each other, and to the world. They neither of them want sense. *You* have done an act of duty and benevolence both in one. The man who would grudge them this additional 200*l.* a-year out of your fortune, to make your parent happy, shall not have my Emily—Shall he?

Your Emily, your *happy* Emily, Sir, has not, cannot have a heart, that is worth notice, if it be not implicitly guided by you.—This I said, madam; and it is true.

And did he not, said I, clasp his Emily to his generous bosom, when you said so?

No, madam; that would have been too great an honour: But he called me, Good child! And said, You shall never be put to pay me an *implicit* regard: Your own reason (and he called me *child* again) shall always be the judge of my conduct to you, and direct the observances of my advice. Something like this he said; but in a better manner than I can say it.

He calls me oftener *child*, madam, than any-thing else, when we are alone together; and is not quite so free, I think, at such times, in his behaviour to me (yet is *vastly* gracious, I don't know how) as when we are in company—Why is that?—I am sure, I equally respect *him* at one time as at another—Do you think, madam, there is any thing in the observation? Is there any *reason* for it? I *do* love to study him, and to find out the meaning of his very looks as well as words. Sir Charles Grandison's heart is the book of heaven—May I *not* study it?

Study it, my love, while you have an opportunity. But he will soon leave us: He will soon leave England.

So I fear: And I will love and pity the poor Clementina, whose heart is so much wounded and oppressed. But my guardian shall be nobody's but yours. I have prayed night and day, the first thing, and the last thing, ever since I have heard of Lady Clementina, that you, and nobody but you, may be Lady Grandison: And I will continue my prayers.—But, will you forgive me? I always conclude them with praying, that you will both consent to let the poor Emily live with you.

Sweet

Sweet girl! The *poor* Emily, said she.—I embraced her, and we mingled tears, both our hearts full, each for the other; and each perhaps for herself.

She hurried away. I resumed my pen—Run off what had passed almost as swift as thought. I quit it, to prepare to attend my cousins to St James's Square.

L E T T E R XXI.

Miss BYRON. In Continuation.

Wednesday Night, April 5.

MISS Grandison, as I told you, took with her my letter of yesterday. As soon as my cousins Reeves and I entered Sir Charles's house, the two sisters conducted us to the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-parlour, and congratulated me on the high compliment their brother had made me, tho' in preference to themselves, and his communicativeness and tender behaviour to me. Lord L. joined us, and he, having read the letter, congratulated me also—On what, Lucy?—Why on the *possibility*, that if the unhappy Clementina should die, or if she should be buried for life in a nunnery, or if she should be otherwise disposed of, why then, that your Harriet may have room given her to hope for a *civil* husband in Sir Charles Grandison, and *half* a heart: Is not this the sum of these humbling congratulations?

Sir Charles, when we came, was in his study with Mr Lowther the surgeon, whom he had engaged to go abroad with him: But he just came out to welcome us; and then returned—He had also with him two physicians eminent for their knowledge in disorders of the head, to whom he had before communicated the case of the unhappy Clementina; and

and who brought to him in writing their opinions of the manner in which she ought to be treated, according to the various symptoms of her disorder.

When he joined us, he told us this, and said very high things at the same time in praise of the English surgeons; and particularly of this gentleman: And added, that as nervous disorders were more frequent in England than in any country in the world, he was willing to hope, that the English physicians were more skilful than those of any other country in the management of persons afflicted with such maladies: And as he was now invited over, he was determined to furnish himself with all the means he could think of, that were likely to be useful in restoring and healing friends so dear to him.

Miss Grandison told him, that we were all in some apprehensions, on his going to Italy, of that fierce and wrong-headed man the general. Miss Byron, said she, has told us, that Mrs Beaumont advises not your going over.

The young Marquis della Porretta, said he, is hasty; but he is a gallant man, and loves his sister. His grief on the unhappy situation they are in demands allowance. It is natural in a heavy calamity to look out of ourselves for the occasion. I have not any apprehensions from him, or from any body else. The call upon me is a proper one. The issue must be left where it ought to be left. If my visit will give comfort to any *one* of the family, I shall be rewarded: If to *more* than one, happy—And, whatever be the event, shall be easier in myself than I could be, were I not to comply with the request of the bishop, were *he* only to have made it.

Lord L. asked Sir Charles, whether he had fixed the day of his setting out?

I have, said he, within this half hour. Mr Lowther has told me, that he shall be ready by the beginning

beginning of next week; and on Saturday se'enight I hope to be at Dover on my way.

We looked upon one another. Miss Grandison told me afterwards, that my colour went and came several times, and that she was afraid for me. My heart was *indeed* a little affected. I believe I must not think of taking leave of him when he sets out. Ah, Lucy! Nine days hence!—Yet in less than nine days after that, I shall be embraced by the tenderest relations that ever creature had to boast of.

Sir Charles taking his sister aside, I want, said he, to say a few words to you, Charlotte. They were about half an hour together; and then returning, I am encouraged to think, said he, that Charlotte will give her hand to Lord G. She is a woman of honour, and her heart must therefore go with it.—I have a request to make to her, before all you, our common friends—The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, Lord G. all join in one suit: It is, that I may be allowed to give my sister to Lord G. before I leave England.

I have told you, brother, that it is impossible, if you go away in nine or ten days time.

Sir Charles particularly requested my influence. I could have no doubt, I said, but Miss Grandison would oblige her brother.

She vehemently opposed so early a day.

In a most affectionate manner, yet with an air of seriousness, he urged his request. He said, that it was very proper for him to make some dispositions of his affairs before he went abroad. He should leave England with much more pleasure, if he saw his Charlotte the wife of a man so worthy as Lord G.: Lord G. said he, adores you: You *intended* to be his: Resolve to oblige your brother, who, though he cannot be happy himself, wishes to see you so.

O Sir

O Sir Charles! said she, you ruin me by your solemnity, and by your goodness.

The subject is not a light one. I am greatly in earnest, Charlotte. I have many affairs on my hands. My heart is in this company; yet my engagements will permit me but few opportunities to enjoy it between this and Tuesday next. If you deny me now, I must acquiesce: If you have more than punctilio to plead, say you have, and I will not urge you further.

And so this is the last time of asking, Sir?—A little archly—

Not the last time of my Lord G's—But of mine—But I will not allow you now to answer me lightly. If you can name a day before Tuesday, you will greatly oblige me. I will leave you to consider of it. And he withdrew.

Every one then urged her to oblige her brother. Lady L. very particularly. She told her, that he was *intitled* to her compliance; and that he had spoken to *her* on this subject in a still more earnest manner. She should hardly be able to excuse her, she said, if the serious hint he had given about settling his affairs before he went abroad, had not weight with her. You know, Charlotte, continued she, that he can have no motive but your good; and you have told me, that you intend to have Lord G. and that you esteem his father, his aunt, and every one of his family whom you have seen; and they are highly pleased with you. Settlements are already drawn: That my brother told you last night. Nothing is wanting but your day.

I wish he was in half the hurry to be married himself.

So he would be, I dare say, Charlotte, if marriage were as much in his power as it is in yours.

What a duce, to be married to a man in a week's time, with whom I have quarrelled every day for a fortnight past!—Pride and petulance must go down

down by degrees, sister. A month, at least, is necessary, to bring my features to such a placidness with him, as to allow him to smile in my face.

Your brother has hinted, Charlotte, said I, that he loves you for your vivacity; and should still more, if you consulted *time* and *occasion*.

He has withdrawn, sister, said Lord L. with a resolution, if you deny him, to urge you no further.

I *hate* his peremptoriness.

Has he not told you, Charlotte, said I, and that in a manner so serious as to affect every body, that there is a kind of necessity for it?

I don't love this Clementina, Harriet: All this is owing to her.

Just then a rapping at the door signified visitors, and Emily ran in—Lord G. the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, believe me!

Miss Grandison changed colour. A contrivance of my brother's!—Ah! Lord! Now shall I be beset!—I will be fullen, that I may not be faucy.

Sullen you can't be, Charlotte, said Lady L.: But *faucy* you can. Remember, however, my brother's earnestness, and spare Lord G. before his father and aunt, or you will give me and everybody pain.

How can I? Our last quarrel is not made up: But advise him not to be either impertinent or secure.

Immediately entered Sir Charles, introducing the Earl and Lady Gertrude. After the first compliments, Pray Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, drawing him aside towards me, and whispering, tell me truly: Did not you know of this visit!

I *invited* them, Charlotte, whispered he. I meant not, however, to surprise you. If you comply, you will give me great pleasure: If you do not, I will not be *dis*-pleased with my sister.

What *can* I do? Either be less good to me, Sir, or less hurrying.

You

You have sacrificed enough to female punctilio, Charlotte. Lord G. has been a zealous courtier. You have no doubt of the ardor of his passion, nor of your own power. Leave the day to me. Let it be Tuesday next.

Good heaven! I can't bear you, after such a— And she gasped, as if for breath; and he turning from her to me, she went to Lady Gertrude, who, rising, took her hand, and withdrew with her into the next room.

They staid out till they were told dinner was served: And when they returned, I thought I never saw Miss Grandison look so lovely. A charming flush had overspread her cheeks: A sweet consciousness in her eye gave a *female* grace to her whole aspect, and softened, as I may say, the natural majesty of her fine features.

Lord G. looked delighted, as if his heart were filled with happy presages. The Earl seemed no less pleased.

Miss Grandison was unusually thoughtful all dinner-time. She gave me great joy to see her so, in the hope, that when the lover becomes the husband, the over-lively mistress will be sunk in the obliging wife—And yet, now-and-then, as the joy in my lord's heart overflowed at his lips, I could observe *that* archness rising to her eye, that makes one both love and fear her.

After dinner, the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude desired a conference with Sir Charles and Lady L. They were not long absent, when Sir Charles came in, and carried out Miss Grandison to them. Lord G.'s complexion varied often.

Sir Charles left them together and joined us. We were standing, and he singled me out—I hope, madam, said he, that Charlotte may be prevailed upon for Tuesday next: But I will not urge it further.

I thought

I thought he was framing himself to say something particular to me, when Lady L. came in, and desired him and me to step to her sister, who had retired from the Earl and Lady Gertrude by consent.

Ah, my Harriet! said she, pity me, my dear!—Debasement is the child of pride!—Then turning to Sir Charles, I acknowledge myself overcome, said she, by your earnestness, as you are so soon to leave us, and by the importunities of the Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and my sister—Unprepared in mind, in cloaths, I am resolved to oblige the best of brothers. Do you, Sir, dispose of me as you think fit.

My sister consents, Sir, said Lady L. for next Tuesday.

Cheerfully, I hope. If Charlotte balances whether, if she took more time, she should have Lord G. at all, let her take it. Lord L. in my absence, will be to her all that I wish to be, when she shall determine.

I balance *not*, Sir! But I thought to have had a month's time, at least, to look about me, and having treated Lord G. too flippantly, to give him by degrees some fairer prospects of happiness with me than hitherto he has had.

Sir Charles embraced her. She was all his sister, he said. Let the alteration *now* begin. Lord G. would rejoice in it, and consider all that had passed as trials only of his love for her. The obliging wife would banish from his remembrance the petulant mistress. And now allow me, my dear sister, to present you to the Earl and Lady Gertrude.

He led her in to them. Lady L. took my hand, and led me in also.—Charlotte, my lord, yields to yours and Lady Gertrude's importunities. Next Tuesday will give the two families a near and tender relation to each other.

The Earl saluted her in a very affectionate manner: So did Lady Gertrude, who afterwards ran out for her nephew; and, leading him in, presented him to Miss Grandison.

She had just time to whisper me, as he approached her, Ah, Harriet! now comes the worst part of the shew.—He kneeled on one knee, kissed her hand, but was too much overjoyed to speak; for Lady Gertrude had told him, as she led him in, that Tuesday was to be his happy day.

It is impossible, Lucy, but Sir Charles Grandison must carry every point he sets his heart upon. When he shall appear before the family of Porretta in Italy, *who* will be able to withstand him?—Is not his consequence doubled, *more* than doubled, since he was with them? The man whose *absence* they wished for, they now *invite* to come among them. They have tried every experiment to restore their Clementina: He has a noble estate now in possession. The fame of his goodness is gone out to distant countries. O my dear! All opposition must fly before him. And if it be the will of heaven to restore Clementina, all her friends must concur in giving her to him upon the terms he has proposed; and from which, having *himself* proposed them, Sir Charles Grandison cannot recede.

His heart, it is evident, is at Bologna. Well, and so it *ought* to be. And yet I could not forbear being sensibly touched by the following words, which I overheard him say to Lord L. in answer to something my lord said to him:

“ I am impatient to be abroad. Had I not waited for Mr Lowther, the last letters I received from Italy should have been answered in person.”

But as honour, compassion, love, *friendship* (still nobler than love!) have demands upon him, let him obey the call. He has set me high in his esteem. Let me be worthy of his friendship.

Pangs

Pangs I shall occasionally feel ; but who that values one person above the rest of the world does not ?

Sir Charles, as we sat at tea, mentioned his cousin Grandison to Lord L. : It is strange, my lord, said he, that we hear nothing of our cousin Everard, since he was seen at White's. But whenever he *emerges*, Charlotte, if I am absent, receive him without reproaches : Yet I should be glad that he could have rejoiced with us. Must I leave England, and not see him ?

It has been, it seems, the way of this unhappy man, to shut himself up with some woman in private lodgings, for fear his cousin should find him out ; and in two or three months, when he has been tired of his wicked companion, *emerge*, as Sir Charles called it, to notice, and then seek for his cousin's favour and company, and live for as many more months in a state of contrition. And Sir Charles, in his great charity, believes, that till some new temptation arises, he is in earnest in his penitence, and hopes that in time he will see his errors.

Oh, Lucy ! What a poor, creeping, mean wretch is a libertine, when one looks *down* upon him, and *up* to such a glorious creature as Sir Charles Grandison !

Sir Charles was led to talk of his engagement for to-morrow, on the triple marriage in the Danby family. We all gave him joy of the happy success that had rewarded his beneficent spirit, with regard to that family. He gave us the characters of the three couples greatly to their advantages and praised the families on both sides, which were to be so closely united on the morrow, not forgetting to mention kindly *honest* Mr Sylvester the attorney.

He told us, that he should set out on Friday early for Windsor, in order to attend Lord W. in

his first visit to Mansfield-house. You, Lady L. will have the trouble given you, said he, of causing to be new-set the jewels of the late Lady W. for a present to the future bride. My lord shewed them to me (among a great number of other valuable trinkets of his late wife's) in my last return from the hall. They are rich, and will do credit to his quality. You, my Lord L. you, my sisters, will be charmed with your new aunt, and her whole family. I have joy on the happiness in prospect that will gild the latter days of my mother's brother; and at the same time be a means of freeing from oppression an ancient and worthy family.

Tears were in every eye. There *now*, thought I, fits this princely man, rejoicing every one that sees him, and hears him speak: But *where* will he be nine days hence? And *whose* this day twelve-month?

He talked with particular pleasure of the expected arrival of his Beauchamp. He pleased himself, that he should leave behind him a man who would delight every body, and supply to his friends *his* absence.—What a character did he give, and Dr Bartlett confirm, of that amiable friend of his!

How did the Earl and Lady Gertrude dwell upon all he said! They prided themselves on the relation they were likely so soon to stand in to so valuable a man.

In your last letter, you tell me, Lucy, that Mr Greville has the confidence to throw out menaces against this excellent man—Sorry wretch!—How my heart rises against him!—He—But no more of such an earth-born creature.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXII.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Thursday Morning, April 6.*

MISS Grandison, accompanied by Miss Jer-vois, has just left us. Lady L. has undertaken, she says, to set all hands at work, to have things in tolerable order, early as the day is, for Tuesday next. Miss Grandison (would you believe it?) owns that she wants *spirits* to order any thing. What must be the solemnity of that circumstance when near, that shall make Charlotte Grandison want spirits?

She withdrew with me to my apartment. She threw herself into a chair: 'Tis a folly to deny it, Harriet, but I am very low, and very silly: I don't like next Tuesday by any means.

Is your objection only to the day, my dear?

I do not like the man.

Is there any man whom you like better?

I can't say that neither. But this brother of mine makes me think contemptibly of all other men. I would compound for a man but half so good—Tender, kind, humane, polite, and even chearful in affliction!—O Harriet! where is there such another man?

No-where.—But you don't by marriage lose, on the contrary, you further engage and secure the affection of this brother. You will have a good-natured, worthy man for your husband, a man who loves you; and you will have your brother besides.

Do you think I can be happy with Lord G.?

I am sure you may, if it be not your own fault.

That's the thing: I may perhaps bear with the man, but I cannot honour him.

Then don't *vow* to honour him. Don't meet him at the altar.

Yet I must. But I believe I *think* too much: And consideration is no friend to wedlock.—Would to heaven that the same hour that my hand and Lord G.'s were joined, yours and my brother's were also united!

Ah, Miss Grandison! If you love me, try to wean me, and not to encourage hopes of what never, never can be.

Dear creature! You will be greater than Clementina, and that is greater than the greatest, if you can conquer a passion which overturned her reason.

Do not, my Charlotte, make comparisons in which the conscience of your Harriet tells her she must be a sufferer. There is no occasion for me to despise myself, in order to hold myself inferior to Clementina.

Well, you are a noble creature!—But the approaching Tuesday—I cannot *bear* to think of it.

Dear Charlotte!

And dear Harriet too!—But the officiousness, the assiduities of this trifling man are disgusting to me.

You don't hate him?—

Hate him—True—I don't *hate* him—But I have been so much accustomed to treat him like a fool, that I can't help thinking him one. He should not have been so tame to such a spirit as mine. He should have been angry when I played upon him. I have got a knack of it, and shall never leave it off, that's certain.

Then I hope he *will* be angry with you. I hope that he *will* resent your ill treatment of him.

Too late, too late to begin, Harriet. I won't take it of him now. He has never let me see that his face can become two sorts of features. The poor man can look sorrowful; that I know full well:

well: But I shall always laugh when he attempts to look angry.

You *know* better, Charlotte. You may give him so much cause for anger, that you may make it habitual to him, and then would be glad to see him pleased. Men have a hundred ways that women have not, to divert themselves abroad, when they cannot be happy at home. This I have heard observed by—

By your grandmother, Harriet. Good old lady! In *her* reign it might be so; but you will find, that women now have as many ways to divert themselves abroad as the men. Have you not observed this yourself in one of your letters to Lucy? Ah, my dear! We can every hour in the twenty-four be up with our monarchs, if they are undutiful.

But Charlotte Grandison will not, cannot—

Why that's true, my dear—But I shall not *then* be a Grandison. Yet the man will have some security from my brother's goodness. He is not only good himself, but he makes every one related to him, either for fear or shame, good likewise. But I think that when one week or fortnight is happily over, and my spirits are got up again from the depression into which this abominable hurry puts them, I could fall upon some inventions that would make every one laugh, except the person who might take it into his head that he may be a sufferer by them: And who can *laugh*, and be *angry*, in the same moment?

You should not marry, Charlotte, till this wicked vein of humour and raillery is stopt.

I hope it will hold me till fifty.

Don't say so, Charlotte—Say rather that you hope it will hold you so long only as it may be thought innocent or inoffensive, by the man whom it will be your duty to oblige; and so long as it will bring no discredit to yourself.

Your

Your servant, Goody Gravity!—But what *must* be, must. The man is bound to see it. It will be all his own seeking. He will sin with his eyes open. I think he has seen enough of me to take warning. All that I am concerned about is for the next week or fortnight. He will be king all that time.—Yet perhaps not *quite* all neither. And I shall be his sovereign ever after, or I am mistaken. What a duce, shall a woman marry a man of talents not superior to her own, and forgot to reward herself for her condescension?—But heigh-ho!—There's a sigh, Harriet. Were I at home, I would either sing you a song, or play you a tune, in order to raise my own heart.

She besought me then, with great earnestness, to give her my company till the day arrived, and *on* the day. You see, said she, that my brother has engagements till Monday. Dear creature, support, comfort me—Don't you see my heart beat through my stays?—If you love me, come to me to-morrow to breakfast; and leave me not for the whole time—Are you not my sister, and the friend of my heart? I will give you a month for it, upon demand. Come, let us go down, I will ask the consent of both your cousins.

She did: And they, with their usual goodness to me, cheerfully complied.

Sir Charles set out this morning to attend the triple marriages; dressed charmingly, his sister says. I have made Miss Grandison promise to give me an account of such particulars, as, by the help of Saunders, and Sir Charles's own relation, she can pick up. All we single girls, I believe, are pretty attentive to such subjects as these; as what one day may be our own concern.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXIII.

*Miss GRANDISON, To Miss BYRON.**Thursday Night.*

UNREASONABLE, wicked, cruel Byron! To expect a poor creature, so near her execution, to write an account of other people's behaviour in the same tremendous circumstances! The matrimonial noose has hung over my head for some time past, and now it is actually fitted to my devoted neck.—Almost choaked, my dear!—This moment done hearing read, the firsts, seconds, thirds, fourths, to near a dozen of them—Lord be merciful to us!—And the villainous lawyer rearing up to me his spectacted nose, as if to see how I bore it! Lord G. insulting me, as I thought, by his odious leers: Lady Gertrude simpering; little Emily ready to bless herself—How will the dear Harriet bear these abominable recitatives?—But I am now up stairs from them all, in order to recover my breath, and obey my Byron.

Well, but what am I now to say about the Danbys? Saunders has made his report; Sir Charles has told us some things: Yet I will only give you heads: Make out the rest.

In the first place, my brother went to Mrs Harrington's (Miss Danby's aunt): *She* did every thing but worship him. She had with her two young ladies, relations of her late husband, dainty damfels of the city, who had procured themselves to be invited, that they might see the man, whom they called a wonder of generosity and goodness. Richard heard one of them say to the other, ah, sister, this is a king of a man! What pity there are not many such! But, Harriet, if there were a hundred of them, we would not let one of them go into the city for a wife; would we, my dear?

Sir

Sir Charles praised Miss Danby. She was full of gratitude; and of humility, I suppose. Meek, modest, and humble, are qualities of which men are mighty fond in women. But matrimony, and a sense of obligation, are equally great humblers even of spirits prouder than that of Miss Danby; as your poor Charlotte can testify.

The young gentlemen, with the rest, were to meet Sir Charles, the bride, and these ladies, at St Helen's, I think the church is called.

As if wedlock were an honour, the Danby girl, in respect to Sir Charles, was to be first yoked. He gave her away to the son Galliard. The father Galliard gave his daughter to Edward Danby: But first Mr Hervey gave his niece to the elder.

One of the brides, I forget which, fainted away; another half-fainted—Saved by timely salts: The third, poor soul, wept heartily—as I suppose I shall do on Tuesday.

Never, surely, was there such a matrimony-promoter as my brother. God give me soon my revenge upon him in the same way!

The procession afterwards was triumphant—Six coaches, four silly souls in each; and to Mr Poussin's at Enfield they all drove. There they found another large company.

My brother was all cheerfulness; and both men and women seemed to contend for his notice: But they were much disappointed at finding he meant to leave them early in the evening.

One married lady, the wife of Sir——Somebody (I am very bad at remembering the names of city knights), was resolved, she said, since they could not have Sir Charles to open the ball, to have one dance before dinner with the handsomest man in England. The music was accordingly called in; and he made no scruple to oblige the company on a day so happy.

Do

Do you know, Harriet, that Sir Charles is supposed to be one of the finest dancers in England? Remember, my dear, that on Tuesday—[Lord help me! I shall then be stupid, and remember nothing] you take him out yourself: And then you will judge for yourself of his excellence in this science—May we not call dancing a science? If we judge by the *few* who perform gracefully in it, I am sure we may; and a difficult one too.

O!—And remember, Harriet, that you get somebody to call upon him to sing—*You* shall play—I believe I shall forget in that only agreeable moment of the day (for you have a sweet finger, my love) that I am the principal fool in the play of the evening.

O Harriet!—How *can I*, in the circumstances I am in, write any more about the soft souls, and silly? Come to me by day-dawn, and leave me not till—I don't know when. Come, and take my part, my dear: I shall hate this man: He does nothing but hop, skip, and dance about me, grin, and make mouths; and every body upholds him in it.

Must this (I hope not!) be the last time that I write myself to you

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON?

LETTER XXIV.

Miss BYRON, To Miss SELBY.

St James's-square, Friday Morning, April 7.

SIR Charles Grandison set out early this morning for Lord W.'s, in his way to Lady Mansfield's. I am here with this whimsical Charlotte.

Lady

Lady L. Miss Jervois, myself, and every female of the family, or who do business for both sisters out of it, are busy in some way or other, preparatory to the approaching Tuesday.

Miss Grandison is the only idle person. I tell her she is affectedly so.

The Earl has presented her, in his son's name, with some very rich trinkets. Very valuable jewels are also bespoke by Lord G. who takes Lady L.'s advice in everything, as one well read in the fashions. New equipages are bespoke, and gay ones they will be.

Miss Grandison confounded me this morning by an instance of her generosity. She was extremely urgent with me to accept, as her third sister, of her share of her mother's jewels. You may believe, that I absolutely refused such a present. I was angry with her; and told her, she had but one way of making it up with me; and that was, that since she would be so completely set out from her lord, she would unite the two halves, by presenting hers to Lady L. who had refused jewels from her lord on her marriage; and who then would make an appearance, occasionally, as brilliant as her own.

She was pleased with the hint; and has actually given them (unknown to any body but me) to her jeweller; who is to dispose them in such figures as shall answer those she herself is to have, which Lady L. has not. And by this contrivance, which will make them in a manner useless to herself, she thinks she shall oblige her sister, however reluctant, to accept of them.

Lady Gertrude is also preparing some fine presents for her niece-elect: But neither the delighted approbation of the family she is entering into, nor the satisfaction expressed by her own friends, give the perverse Charlotte any visible joy, nor procure for Lord G. the distinction which she ought

ought to think of beginning to pay him. But, for his part, never was man so happy. He would, however, perhaps, fare better from her, if he could be more moderate in the outward expression of his joy; which she has taken it into her head to call an insult upon her.

She does not, however, give the scope she did before the day was fixed to her playful captiousness. She is not so arch as she was. Thoughtfulness, and a seeming carelessness of what we are all employed in, appear in her countenance. She saunters about, and affects to be diverted by her harpichord only. What a whimsical thing is Charlotte Grandison? But still she keeps Lord G. at distance. I told her an hour ago, that she knows not how to condescend to him with that grace which is so natural to her in her whole behaviour to every-body else.

I have been talking to Dr Bartlett about Sir Charles's journey to Italy. No-body knows, he says, what a bleeding heart is covered by a countenance so benign and chearful. Sir Charles Grandison, said he, has a prudence beyond that of most young men; but he has great sensibilities.

I take it for granted, Sir, said I, that he will for the future be more an Italian than Englishman.

Impossible, madam! A *prudent* youth, by travelling, reaps this advantage——From what he sees of other countries, he learns to prefer his own. An *imprudent* one the contrary. Sir Charles's country is endeared to him by his long absence from it. Italy in particular is called the Garden of Europe; but it is rather to be valued for what it *was*, and *might be*, than what it *is*. I need not tell a lady who has read and conversed as you have done, to what that incomparable difference is owing. Sir Charles Grandison is greatly sensible of it. He loves his country, with the judgment

of a wise man; and wants not the partiality of a patriot.

But, Doctor, he has offered, you know, to reside — There I stopt.

True, madam—And he will not recede from his offers, if they are claimed. But this uncertainty it is that disturbs him.

I pity my patron, proceeded he. I have often told you he is not happy. What has indiscretion to expect, when discretion has so much to suffer? His only consolation is, that he has nothing to reproach himself with. Inevitable evils he bears as a man should. He makes no ostentation of his piety: But, madam, Sir Charles Grandison is a CHRISTIAN.

You need not, Sir, say more to me to exalt him: And, let me add, that I have no small pleasure in knowing that Clementina is a lady of strict piety, though a Roman Catholic.

And let me assure you, madam, that Sir Charles's regard for Miss Byron (his *more* than regard for her, why should I not say? since every-body sees it) is founded upon her piety, and upon the amiable qualities of her mind. Beauty, madam, is an accidental and transient good. No man better knows how to distinguish between *admiration* and *love*, than my patron. His virtue is virtue upon *full proof*, and against sensibilities, that it is heroic to overcome. Lady Olivia knows this: And here I must acknowledge myself a debtor to you for three articles out of your ten. I hope soon to discharge the obligation.

Your own time, doctor: But I *must* say, that whenever you give me Lady Olivia's story, I shall be pained, if I find that a Clementina is considered by a beauty of an *unhappier* turn, as *her* rival in the love of Sir Charles Grandison.

Lady

Lady Olivia, madam, *admires* him for his virtues, but she cannot, as *he* has made it his study to do, divide *admiration* from *love*. What offers has she not refused?—But she declares, that she had rather be the *friend* of Sir Charles Grandison, than the wife of the greatest prince on earth.

This struck me: Have not *I* said something like it? But surely with innocence of heart. But here the doctor suggests, that Olivia has put his virtue to the proof: Yet I hope not.

The FRIEND, Dr Bartlett!—I hope that no woman who is not quite given up to dishonour, will pollute the sacred word, by affixing ideas to it that cannot be connected with it. A *friend* is one of the highest characters that one human creature can shine in to another. There may be *love*, that though it has no view but to honour, yet even in wedlock, ripens not into friendship. How poor are all such attachments! How much beneath the exalted notion I have of that noblest, that most delicate union of souls! You wonder at me, Dr Bartlett. Let me repeat to you, Sir (I have it by heart), Sir Charles Grandison's tender of friendship to the poor Harriet Byron, which has given me such exalted ideas of this disinterested passion; but you must not take notice that I have. I repeated those words beginning, "My heart demands alliance with hers"—and ending with these—"So long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments *."

The doctor was silent for a few moments: At last, what a delicacy is there in the mind of this excellent man! Yet how consistent with the exactest truth! The friendship he offers you, madam, is *indeed* friendship. What you have repeated can want no explanation: Yet it is expressive of his uncertain situation. It is——

B b 2

He

* See P. 252. and 253. of this Volume.

He stopt of a sudden.

Pray, doctor, proceed: I love to hear you talk.

My *good* young lady—I may say too much. Sir Charles in these nice points must be left to himself. It is impossible for any body to express his thoughts as *he* can express them. But let me say, that he justly, as well as greatly, admires Miss Byron.

My heart rose against itself. Bold Harriet, thought I, how darest thou thus urge a good man to say more than he has a mind to say of the secrets of a friend, which are committed to his keeping? Content thyself with the *hopes* that the worthiest man in the world would wish to call thee his, were it not for an invincible obstacle. And noble, thrice noble Clementina, be thine the preference even in the heart of Harriet Byron, because justice gives it to thee; for, Harriet, hast thou not been taught to prefer right and justice to every other consideration? And wouldst thou abhor the thought of a common theft, yet steal a heart that is the property, and that by the dearest purchase, of another?

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